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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE INTERNATIONAL IRRITANT

G. K. CHESTERTON

IN considering the misunderstandings that lead to quarrels between nations, it will be well to realize first that there are some quarrels which are not misunderstandings. There is such a thing as real disagreement; and disagreement is not misunderstanding. It is understanding. There is no doubt that the Kaisers and the Czars did wish to dismember and destroy Poland; they desired to do it and they did it. A Pole who was also a patriot was not involved in any sort of misunderstanding with Prussia or Russia. He fully understood them, and he fought them because he fully understood them. It will be well to remember that situations of this sort are perfectly possible; because abominable crimes are always perfectly possible. A man does not say he has had a misunderstanding with a murderer in a dark lane; he understands and enters into and (I had almost said) sympathizes with the full mind of the murderer even in calling him a murderer. The sort of pacifist who imagines that international quarrels of this understanding sort are henceforth impossible is something much worse than a sentimentalist; he is a snob who supposes that crimes can be committed by poor men in dark lanes, but not by princes and premiers in high places.

But murder on the whole is rare, even in the highest political

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circles. And of the other differences that arise between peoples, a large number may truly be called misunderstandings. It is obvious that we must have a certain amount of sympathy with men to understand how they misunderstand. What is not perhaps quite so obvious, what is anyhow not so much observed, is that we must have some sympathy with the nations as nations, as well as with the men as men. It is not only true that we must be human in order to reconcile human beings. It is also true that we must be national in order to reconcile nationalists. This accounts for the common or comparative failure of nearly all internationalists. Instead of being like householders complaining of the house shortage or protesting against people being turned out of their houses, they become like mere gypsies or tramps, telling all men to become homeless and come and live together on a heath. A man who likes to choose his own wall paper will understand the same desire in another, even if the first wall paper is pale blue with pink cherubs and the second is scarlet more brightly varied with skulls and crossbones. But neither will be happy for very long sitting on the cold ground and listening to a lecturer who is so convinced that there should be no wall papers that he infers there should be no walls. If we are to remove misunderstanding, we must begin with understanding; with understanding of how tastes differ and why wall papers vary, and how it is that a man likes to be master in his own house. The world, in my view, is much better for such variety; but the variety does lead to many falsifications and fables and rumors; and it will be well to put them right where we can. But though liberty leads to variety, and variety leads to controversy, the curious thing is that one of the worst sorts of misunderstandings generally arises when two things are very much alike.

What commonly bewilders a man about a foreign country is not finding a thing where he is accustomed to find it. He is rather more bewildered when he finds the same thing somewhere else. So a man might live fifty years in a seaport and see the sea from every window and even on every side; and yet be none the less surprised to visit Venice and find the sea in the street. An intelligent Italian, visiting London, said he liked nearly everything there except the dirt and the beggars. He was quite surprised when he was told that this was exactly what many intelligent Londoners say on visiting Italy. But he was perfectly right. He saw something in London which Londoners do not see because

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they are always seeing it. By "dirt" he did not mean the dirt of such people as chose to be dirty, as in the social liberties of his own sunny land. He meant the dirt of *everything*, of things that nobody wants to be dirty, of white marble statues or baskets of flowers, or all the things that would sparkle spotlessly under an Italian sky. And by "beggars" he meant what we call touts; not honest beggars where beggars ought to be, asking alms avowedly for the love of God in the charitable shadow of the Church. He meant men who pretend to open cab doors and don't, or hover round expecting something for doing nothing — that is, at least, how the Italian felt about it. In other words, the Italian really felt exactly as the Englishman felt. Each of them felt he could put up with dirt where he was accustomed to dirt and with beggars where he was accustomed to beggars. Dirt, as the philosopher said, is only matter in the wrong place. This man wanted to have it (so to speak) in the "right" wrong place.

I once talked to a fellow countryman inside a French restaurant. He was very indignant because the Frenchmen would not allow him to open a window; and he snorted scornfully and said that the whole nation hated the open air. I said to him very mildly, "That being so, is it not singular that most of them are having their lunch in the street outside?" Now it never occurred to that man, when walking down Piccadilly or the Strand, to say, "None of these restaurants have got any seats outside, so that people who like the open air can lunch in it." He did not miss French fresh air in London. He only missed English fresh air in Paris. And almost all minor misunderstandings between nations are of that sort. They both really like the same thing, but they like much more the long ease and familiarity of their own way of getting it. In this matter of fresh air alone, for instance, there is a danger of a still more serious misunderstanding between England and America. Englishmen do not understand that in this sense there is no such thing in America as mere air. There is cold air and hot air; I use the term with no symbolical intention. To put the matter another way, Englishmen have never experienced any such thing as summer and winter. They have only experienced weather; and they grumble at that. But both peoples would like to moderate heat and cold to a reasonable extent; only the heat and cold they have to moderate are things totally different, like the atmospheres of different planets. And this, which is true of obvious material things like cold and heat, is equally true of the moral things that

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determine politics and social life. It is not so much a difference between black and white, as the difference felt by a man who finds black where he is used to white and white where he has always expected black.

The immediate moral from this may be stated roughly thus: whenever we find ourselves criticizing a foreign state, we should make the experiment of saying, not "Do I do this precise thing?" but "In what form do I do what is practically the same thing?" It is a hundred to one that we shall find that we do do it in some form. But all this involves an attitude in moral matters which is very much misunderstood because it is almost invariably misstated. We hear a great deal about international amity being truly Christian; which is commonly accepted merely in the sense of "altruistic." I happen myself to hold a type of Christian belief that has always made itself unpleasant (to many people) by insisting on altruism taking the practical and sometimes painful form of humility. And I do believe that in this question is the key to the whole of that international evil, which some call the failure of Christianity, but which I should call the failure of those who chose to break up Christianity.

What humanity hates is not hatred; at least it is not the mere accidental hatred we have for this or that enemy. What humanity hates is pride; or praise of ourselves uttered as if everything about us was praiseworthy. Men could easily forgive us for having believed that our foes were as black as they were painted; but not for continuing to believe that we ourselves were as white as we were white-washed. And we were not. Whether we are English or American or German or any other historical human beings, we most certainly were not. To judge by much of the international and idealistic rhetoric that surrounds this subject, one would imagine that people were always wicked when they quarreled and always good when they praised. One would almost deduce the absurd doctrine that it is always Christian to speak well of things and unchristian to speak ill of them. At the risk of an apparent perversity, I will assert the contrary. It is much more likely that people are right in cursing foreigners than that they are right in blessing themselves as utterly blameless beings. Their fury at the profligate private life of the Prince of Polybia or the gross oppression of the Jub-Jubs by the Jam-Jam of Jugga may really be an innocent indignation. Their conviction of their own complete innocence can never be completely innocent. Nay, if once this

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moral superiority is broken down, this moral indignation may really be a valuable force. Something may really be done on the day that an Englishman can say heartily and with warmth, "The Jam-Jam is oppressing the Jub-Jubs as abominably as we oppressed the Irish," or an American can say, "The corruption at the court of Polybia is as bad as the Oil Trust." Lest I be accused in my turn of preaching a pompous morality it is impossible to practice, I will say that I have tried to practice it, though I dare say with very indifferent success. When I wrote against a Sultan or a Kaiser, I have tried to remember Denshawi and the story of Sergeant Sheridan; and the book I wrote against Prussia in the crisis of the War bore the title of *The Crimes of England*. But though this ideal is as difficult for me as for everybody else, I am quite sure it is the right ideal. And the trouble with most of the idealists is that they are following the wrong ideal. Theirs is humanitarianism and a silence about all sins; ours is humility and a candor about our own.

I will take a recent example merely because it is recent; and is, thank God, about the nearest approach to an Anglo-American misunderstanding that has been popularly recognized of late. A great deal has been said, unfavorable as well as favorable, in America as well as England, about the patriotic outburst of Mr. Thompson of Chicago. As everybody knows, he said that the Anglo-American story was taught in American schools with a bias in favor of England. I do not know to what he was referring. I can only say that if the story has an English bias in American schools, it is more than it has in English schools. One of the quaintest of the curiosities of history is the fact that, on that one subject, English historians might almost as well be American historians, so warmly do they state all that could be said for George Washington and so little do they state all that could be said for George III. I do not boast of this either; it was due to bad causes as well as good; partly to the excessive power of the Whig aristocracy, which sympathized with the Colonists; partly to a troublesome myth invented later about the Anglo-Saxon race. But anyhow English history was almost as much biased in favor of its American enemies as against its French enemies. And as the two were allies, it is all the funnier. But perhaps Mr. Thompson may be referring to some more modern matters of which I am ignorant. The particular thing that interests me in his case is something else.

It is roughly this. Many Americans as well as most Englishmen

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would perhaps decline to defend him. But one thing about him that I should be inclined to defend is the one thing that seems to have been considered indefensible. It involves, indeed, an amusing case of the difficulties of this international candor and humor and humility. The one thing I really like about Mr. Thompson is that he said, to the general horror of all around, that we had to teach the young patriotism rather than truth. Then followed a typical comedy. While most Englishmen shrieked with disgust and derision, one Englishman saw the point. He was the very able journalist who writes under the name of "Beachcomber" in the *Daily Express;* and he said that all English young people were already taught patriotism rather than truth; so we needn't quarrel about that. He was immediately bombarded with correspondence from his countrymen, reproaching and reviling him for saying such a shocking thing about our noble English schools.

That illustrates how difficult it is to start this sort of mutual confession and common sense. Now of course "Beachcomber" was quite right; in a sense Mr. Thompson was quite right; in a sense the English schools are quite right. The thing is not rightly stated; but that is because all modern moral philosophy has gone to pieces. It would be truer to say, "Certain moral truths are a part of primary education and patriotism is one of them. Certain technical truths are a part of secondary education and historical accuracy is one of them." But, roughly speaking, we can accept Mr. Thompson's statement in principle; and there is no doubt whatever that we do accept it in practice. When I was a boy, I am very glad to say, I was taught any number of patriotic poems; even before I learnt anything, let alone the truth, about the events on which they were founded. But this is perfectly sound morality; even universal morality and Christian morality. The first thing to teach a human being is the nature of certain human relations and emotions without which he is not human. His life begins with a social introduction to a lady called a mother, and not with a book on matriarchy or marriage customs; and unless that relation is right, nothing else is right. In the same way the impulse which cries, "Let us praise famous men and our fathers that begat us," the song of the nurse about the land and its heroes, comes quite rightly before the teaching of any sciences, including history.

I do not think I was greatly deceived because my parents pointed to the statue of Nelson and said, "That is the greatest of our sailors; he fought gloriously for England and died in the hour

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of triumph," or because they did not say to a child of five, "That is the man who broke his word because he was bullied by his mistress (who was another man's wife) and hanged a lot of honest men who were prisoners of war in Naples." That is knowledge quite proper to a grown man; I am now a grown man and I know it; what is perhaps not so inevitable or universal, I say it. But it does not prevent my admiring the heroism of Nelson; and it certainly would not prevent me from presenting him to children as a hero. He was in fact a very heroic hero; but there are some things to be said about him when we have the direct purpose of arousing hero-worship, others when we are closely studying not a hero but a man. I am very glad I learnt the ringing war songs of Campbell; like that with the spirited opening:

> Of Nelson and the North
> Sing the glorious day's renown
> When to battle fierce came forth
> All the might of Denmark's crown.

And it can still stir me, though I am perfectly well aware that few episodes in English history were so discreditable as the pressure put upon Denmark round about the time of the revolutionary wars. But that was not Campbell's fault; and it was not Nelson's fault; and it was not the fault of my parents or schoolmasters. And I am not such a prig as to propose that Campbell's poem should be rewritten for children with scientific correction and amplification, in the *vers libre* manner:

> Of Nelson and the North
> Sing the somewhat dubious diplomatic conduct, not unconnected with
> some reasonable maritime renown,
> When to a battle more or less unjustly forced upon them came forth
> All the insufficient forces at the command of Denmark's crown.

I do not think that is the right way to sing songs to children; nor do I think it is the right way to teach history to grown-up people. I should like the two things kept separate; the former avowedly patriotic and only the latter avowedly prosaic. I would teach a child a song about the beauty of daisies or dandelions before I taught him the botany of them; and I would not mix up the two. In this sense, I think Mr. Thompson perfectly right, exactly where he has been denounced as particularly wrong. But certainly if English schoolmasters say such patriotism has not been the primary education of English schools, they are utterly and flatly wrong. Perhaps they do not tell these stories against England

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because they have never heard them. That only shows that their patriotic education has been very thorough indeed.

Now unfortunately the usual way of trying to avoid a quarrel between one nation and another, and especially between England and America, does not consist of this mutual confession of human weakness. It consists rather of a sort of patronizing expansion of pride. It consists of saying: "I hold this intelligent, idealistic, humane and high-minded view; and it is so manifestly superior that you, I am sure, will be only too ready to share it." So some Englishmen assume that Mr. Thompson must be considered a fool even in America, merely because he spoke against England. So some Americans not only talk as if they had a moral mission to purify the world, but seem to entertain the extraordinary notion that the world would regard prohibition as a form of purification. In other words, instead of saying, "Let us both confess our sins," each is saying, "Come you, and share my virtues." That is, I most firmly believe, the essential poison in almost all international irritations. It is spiritual pride: a thing far more venomous than spite.

We can all humorously reconcile ourselves to being shut out by the foreigner's necessity of exclusiveness. But the Lord deliver us from being included in the foreigner's notion of fraternity. He has a right to exclude us, but he has no right to include us; no more right than he has to conquer and enslave us. And so, in the moral and metaphysical sphere, he has no right to generalize about us; or include us in his universality, which is quite different from our universality. Nor have we any right to include him in our own equally universal generalization. That sort of intellectual imperialism has done far more harm than the most narrow nationalism. We can respect the zealot who died fighting in the narrow entrance to the Holy Place; he is far less offensive than the Pharisee who not only makes broad his phylactery, but also makes broad his mind. It is that narrow notion of breadth that is the chief danger to the real brotherhood of men. An international version of nationalism might perhaps have really marked out the rights of nations. But a national version of internationalism is the worst of all misunderstandings. It leads to a reaction and revolt in all healthy people of all countries. In a word, foreigners can forgive our vice; what they cannot forgive is our virtue. The instinct is so profoundly Christian, that so long as men feel like that, we cannot say that Christianity has been without effect.

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AL SMITH AND A CATHOLIC PARTY — A THREE-CORNERED DEBATE

"WILL there be a Catholic party in America?" asks Mr. Stanley Frost, Washington journalist, and answers that the political situation indicates that there will. American Catholics, he says, are disposed to make Governor Smith's candidacy a test case to see whether the highest office in the land can be withheld from an able man merely because he pays spiritual allegiance to the Pope. Mr. Frost thinks Governor Smith's chances of election are remote, for reasons other than his religion; but he says Catholics will be only too ready to interpret his defeat solely in religious terms. They will therefore be in a mood to form a Catholic party to demand the recognition which they will believe they cannot secure within the ranks of existing parties. The direful consequences of such a move Mr. Frost describes in no uncertain terms.

Mr. Michael Williams, who, as editor of the COMMONWEAL, *is an authoritative spokesman for American Catholics, describes this idea as fantastic. He says Catholics are the most difficult of all people to organize for other than religious purposes. The Vatican, moreover, looks with ill favor upon the formation of Catholic political parties.*

Mr. William Bennett Munro, as Professor of Government at Harvard University, considers the formation of a Catholic party unlikely on practical grounds. Catholics, he says, have less of a grievance than scores of other minority groups in America. Besides, American politics function along state lines, and though Catholics form a healthy leaven throughout the country as a whole, they are not strong enough in the separate states to make an impression in the electoral college.

I — WILL THERE BE A CATHOLIC PARTY?

STANLEY FROST

EVEN before the doors are opened for the Democratic Convention in Houston, it has become certain that the most vital issue of this year's campaign, as it will affect the future of the country, will be fought out inside the party, rather than between it and the Republicans. That issue is: What will the party do — what on earth *can* it do — with the Catholic question? This question has driven the two irreconcilable Democratic factions farther apart than ever, and the long-expected disruption of the party therefore seems imminent. The importance of this crisis has only recently become clear with the sudden appearance

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of a possibility that, should Governor Smith be beaten either in convention or at the election, the Catholic Democrats would bolt and form a straight Catholic party.

This possibility has been very gingerly handled by the newspapers, but they have recognized it clearly, though in language intended to obscure the fact that the Catholic issue is at the bottom of the situation. Mark Sullivan, for example, recently said in the *New York Herald Tribune*, that one of the arguments used by the Smith workers to line up delegates, is that "if Smith is denied the nomination, some 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 voters in New York and the East will leave the party not only in this coming election, but in future ones." The implication is obvious, for the number of voters he mentions coincides with the estimated Catholic vote. Certainly, if there is any injustice in suspecting certain Catholics of such a purpose, the blame must fall on the Smith workers, for they have definitely made the threat.

It needs no prophet to foretell the momentous effect such a movement would have on our political and social structure. The disruption of the party would be sufficiently unsettling if it came, as has been so long predicted, through a bolt of the "American" wing — the Western and Southern Democrats. But disruption in this form might presently work out into a better alignment of parties; and even if the Catholic question were the basis of the bolt, it would not be so advertised and there would be no open disturbance of accepted principles of government.

But the appearance of a definitely Catholic party would be a change of the first importance in our political system, and — if there is still any value in the American idea of the separation of church and state — of the utmost menace. In practical politics, if not in form, it would destroy that principle. It would put the Catholic issue permanently into our politics. It would put an end to the two-party system. Finally, it would throw an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of increased tolerance, and thus profoundly affect social as well as political affairs. In comparison with this question, there is no issue between the Republicans and Democrats that is of more than passing importance.

The possibility that this may occur has become worthy of careful consideration only in the last few weeks, since it has become more certain that Governor Smith will never reach the White House. Before then, the threats of the Smith workers might have been considered merely a bluff to influence the South

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and West; but with the practical assurance of his defeat, they are showing more and more bitterness.

Smith goes to the convention, to be sure, with many more delegates than he had four years ago, though not with the two-thirds which he must have to win. His partisans insist that he can pick up all he needs after the early balloting. But his opponents have been very carefully selected to stand fast till the end, and they number a few more than the one-third which can veto his nomination. Four years ago Smith proved against McAdoo that possession of even a considerable majority does not necessarily mean victory. If Smith *is* nominated, it is almost certain that it will only be after a battle as bitter and ruinous as that of 1924.

Even his chance of winning the nomination, therefore, is none too good; his chance of election is minute — if, indeed, he has a chance at all. It must be remembered that there is a great difference between having strength with the politicians and having it with the voters. The convention measures only strength with the politicians. Smith has gained at this point since the last convention; but so far there has been no evidence whatever that the attitude of the rank and file has changed in the least. There is no probability that any considerable number of voters has been converted from dry to wet, or from anti-Catholic to pro-Catholic.

The reason for Smith's increased strength in the convention is that delegates this year have been chosen far more often than before by politicians in conference and caucus, rather than at primaries where popular opinion could be shown. Leaders are often moved by considerations of political expedience or strategy, such as the threat of a Catholic bolt, or the belief that Smith could carry New York State and thus have a real chance for victory. But such considerations make no appeal to the voting masses. To a large number of Democrats — certainly to all the Ku Kluxers and their sympathizers — separation from the Catholics holds no terrors, and the defeat of Smith is more important than a Democratic victory.

As this situation has become clear, the conviction has grown that Smith's chance of election this year is not much better than it would have been in 1924 — and no one suggests that he could have won then. The only added hope is the oil scandal, and this is a frail reed — six years old, exploited once before, discredited by the extravagance of unproved accusations made against men of high standing. Moreover, the exposure has come only after five

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years of an administration in which the most vigilant fly-speckers have been unable to find an interesting scandal or prove any taint of oil. It will almost certainly have vanished before election day, as it did in the last campaign. Smith will have to run on his personal and party strength, and so far as can be predicted, will almost certainly be beaten, as would any other Democrat.

Then what?

The majority of people, and especially the vast majority of Catholics, will believe he was defeated because of his religion. I do not think that will be the true explanation: first, because it seems that no Democrat can have much chance, and the expected wrangle in the convention will destroy whatever there might be; and second, because not even the most stalwart Protestant could win if encumbered with Smith's wet record and Tammany connections. The fate of a Tammany-wet nominee will therefore be no fair test of the attitude of the Democratic party or the country on the Catholic question.

But of late there has been so much agitation and emphasis on this question that many Catholics are all too ready to consider it the only issue. The supporters of Smith have shown a surprising "will to believe" that, if the campaign were not complicated with the Catholic issue, he would certainly be the next President. They do not understand the Southern and Western mind. They will therefore be only too ready to interpret Smith's defeat solely on religious grounds. There will also be many of the extreme anti-Catholics who will hail Smith's defeat as a Protestant victory, and thus confirm the Catholics in their grievance. For both these classes there can be no cool analysis. Neither will be able to understand that there has been no clean-cut test. Catholics will consider it proved that, for at least another generation, religious prejudice will be such that no member of their faith dare aspire to the Presidency. They will attribute Smith's defeat to the Western and Southern Democrats' treachery to the party, and their feeling toward this wing of the party will mount to the breaking point. All the conditions will be ripe for a Catholic bolt.

If Smith is beaten in the convention, by the votes of a few more than a third of the delegates, the question of a Catholic bolt will arise at once. His following is in no mood to compromise, even on the nomination of another Catholic. Several Catholic politicians, including two who are personally hostile to Smith, have said privately that even the nomination of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of

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Montana would be resented by a large proportion of the Smith men, and that Walsh would not, if nominated, get any strong support from the Catholic wets. They add that Smith's nomination has become so personal a matter with many Catholics that these consider Mr. Walsh a traitor to his church!

Assuming that Smith is nominated, however, the question of a Catholic bolt would rest until after the election. The immediate danger would be a dry-Protestant bolt. If this did not occur — and it is unlikely because the Democratic tradition is far stronger in the South, and even in the West, than among the immigrant groups in the North — then the issue would become acute inside the party. One question would be on every Democrat's mind: "Will the party, as a unit, vote for a Catholic? Will the West and South remain 'regular' in spite of their convictions against Smith?"

It may be taken for granted that the Northern and Eastern Democrats will be for Smith, with few exceptions. It is almost a Catholic organization already, though there are Protestant-dry elements which might cut into its solidarity to the extent of costing Smith some close states. But the South and West are militantly anti-Catholic, as well as politically dry, and would quite certainly repudiate Smith in greater or less degree. The question would be how much, and how offensively.

Those who are anxious to see the break-up of the "Solid South" have speculated upon a new twist to the Negro question which might cost him some states there. The South is admittedly Democratic far more for the sake of "White Supremacy" than for any other reason. Its chief objection to the Republican party is that most Negroes have voted Republican — if at all. Recently, however, the Catholic Church has made many converts among Southern Negroes, and it is argued that if Catholic Negroes swarm into the Democratic Party in support of Catholic Smith, the Protestant Democrats will abandon it instantly. This argument is sound, granting the possibility that Negroes could break into the ranks of the Southern Democrats. Its fallacy is that the South has developed effective methods of its own to prevent trouble from the Negro vote, and would undoubtedly see to it that the Southern Democracy, somehow, remained lily-white.

The South's repudiation of Smith, however, would be shown in other and more effective ways. Many, and perhaps most, of the dry Protestants would content themselves with staying away

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from the polls; and in most Southern states there are enough Republicans so that if the number of recalcitrants were large, the state would go Republican by default. Also, there would probably be a movement of some kind to provide a home for those who would not vote either for Smith or a Republican — a sort of dry-Protestant-Democratic ticket, possibly with some such agitator as Senator Heflin at its head. This would react much as the Palmer-Buckner ticket did against Bryan in 1896, but more disastrously. It would not only permit whole Southern states to go against Smith, but it would make easier the desertion of hundreds of thousands of Northern Democrats, who oppose Smith as bitterly as does any Anti-Saloon Leaguer. These, added to the handicaps Smith already has, would prevent his carrying any "doubtful" state, doubly insure his defeat, and add insult to it.

It would also cement Catholic resentment against the rest of the party. They would refuse to accept any explanation that Smith's membership in Tammany or his wetness had anything to do with his defeat. They would believe it proved that they are only "half-enfranchised" and belong to "a secondary order of citizenship," as Mr. Walter Lippmann has stated. There would be a tremendous impulse for them to bolt the party, and, since they have nothing to hope from the Republicans, to form a party of their own.

Every Catholic politician with whom I have talked agrees that this tendency exists. Most of them believe it would be strong. But they also insist that no such party would be attempted. They point out that, with a clerical foundation practically excluding non-Catholic support, a Catholic party could never win a national election, and could win local elections only in places where conditions are already satisfactory to Catholics. They believe it could win a few senatorships, and elect a score or two representatives.

But they add that even in New York, Boston, and Chicago Catholics are in the minority, and are much more likely to achieve their desires if they hold to their present non-Catholic allies — especially the racial groups of other religions, and the rather considerable number of old-stock Americans who are Democrats. They insist that even a Catholic party could not draw the whole Catholic vote, and finally point out that it would prevent, for a long time, any success in national politics for the Democratic principles in which they say most Catholics believe.

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This is good sense, good logic, and good politics; but there is one flaw in the argument. The masses of voters will be more likely to act on their emotions than on any such considerations, and it is axiomatic that a leader must lead whither his followers demand, or cease to be a leader. It may be taken for granted that if the bulk of the Catholics should demand a party of their own, they will find leaders.

Even from a far-sighted political point of view, however, the plan is not so absurd nor so impossible as these commentators intimate. Catholic parties have been organized in other countries where, as here, they have no chance of winning a national victory. The Centre Party in Germany, the Action Libérale in France, and the Partito Popolare in Italy are ready examples. Though always in a minority, these parties often hold the balance of power and are able to control elections and force measures through parliament. They have, in fact, much more political power than American Catholics could hope to have, except in a party of their own — especially when Smith's defeat would be such a blow to them after they have made an issue of him. And in America the strategy of the balance of power could be made effective from city wards right through to Congress.

Finally, Catholics are not comfortably at home in the Democratic party. The rejection of "liberalism" by their church, in terms which condemn many American principles, leaves them often seriously at odds with a party which boasts of its liberalism. And, as has been stated, they have nothing to hope from the Republican party, which is so secure in its present strength that it is not likely to make concessions to win the Catholic vote.

Whether a Catholic party could succeed in the United States depends largely on the answer to the question which is at the bottom of the whole Catholic issue — whether the Catholic Church does, in fact, control or strongly influence the votes of its communicants. If it does not, any Catholic party would soon die. But if, as the anti-Catholics charge, it could and would throw to such a party *all* Catholic votes — including a few hundred thousand which are now Republican — then the party would have a solid foundation and might prosper. Incidentally, if this were done, the evidence would be fairly conclusive that the political charges against the Catholic Church are well founded.

On this assumption, the strength with which such a party might start would be considerable. Practically speaking, the

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Democratic party in most large Northern cities is already Catholic and would form a powerful nucleus. Catholics are the strongest religious group in America, and are gaining steadily, so that the party would grow yearly more formidable. With the accretion of the present Catholic Republicans — such as the bulk of the French-Canadians and Poles — and with a bit of good generalship, the party might often hope to carry several important states — New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maryland; and presently Connecticut and New Jersey in the North, Louisiana and the Mexican border states in the South. This would give it a powerful bloc in Congress.

These possibilities are not enough to turn the heads of the cooler Catholic leaders, nor to blind them to the dangers of a clerical party from a patriotic standpoint, or the present advantages they would lose. It is quite certain that nothing of the kind will be attempted if these men can prevent it. But if they should lose control, or their hands be forced, a Catholic party would be very likely to appear, and we could expect certain serious evils, and many interesting possibilities.

It would mean the opening of an entirely new era in our politics. In the first place, as has been stated, it would revolutionize the traditional American principle that church and state shall be separate. It would make the Catholic question a permanent source of political friction, and emphasis upon it would often divert attention from other important issues. It would add another chronic quarrel to the present causes of religious rancor.

It would cause a complete realignment of parties in a few years, and perhaps almost at once. The Republican party would, probably for years, have a strong plurality over any other, and could run the country unchecked by any competent opposition. This would naturally bring the dangers normal to such a condition: lop-sided legislation, neglect of the interests of minorities, and corruption. Meanwhile, Southern Democrats could be expected to join with the Mid-Western farmers in an Agrarian-Democratic party along the lines so much discussed in the last two years. In time, this would approach nearly enough to the Republican strength so that Catholics would often hold the balance of power, and be able to accomplish more in politics than ever before.

This phase would, in turn, pass as other minorities followed the example of the Catholics; and the two-party system, with its fairly well-fixed responsibility, would disappear. Instead, we

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would have an indefinite number of blocs, and might presently see Congress going through the kaleidoscopic antics of the French Chamber of Deputies, with coalitions forming, dissolving, and exploding, and with all the interesting if insecure politics and ill-considered legislation inherent in the system.

This discussion, of course, is speculation based on nothing more than threats from Smith partisans, and the obvious facts of the situation. No Catholic leader will admit, for publication, that it is even yet worth serious consideration. But it is well within the bounds of possibility, and that fact alone, in a country which so far has succeeded in keeping its politics free from the destructive enmities of religious quarrels, is a serious matter.

The appearance of a Catholic party is only one of several kinds of explosion that may yet come from the folly of those who raised that issue in the Democratic National Convention of 1924. But it seems the most likely one. And of course, the party may — as it has done before — swallow its enmities undigested, cover its disagreements with sonorous platitudes, and stick together somehow. Whatever happens, the very fact that developments such as have been suggested lie not far below the surface of the coming campaign, will make it the most sensational and crucial since the Free Silver fight of 1896, and probably since the anti-slavery campaign of 1860.

II — THE POPE AND A CATHOLIC PARTY

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MR. STANLEY FROST'S notion that a Catholic party is likely to be a result of Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidency is the second of two very curious ideas which the extraordinary political situation has so far brought to my attention. The first was conceived by a Baptist clergyman of North Carolina, who came to me a few weeks ago with a series of articles. In them he set forth his idea that he was but one of hundreds of Southern Baptists who were Democrats and drys, but who placed American principles above other con-

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siderations in politics and, therefore, were ardently in favor of Smith for President, and totally opposed to anti-Catholicism in politics. The anti-Catholic issue, in his opinion, was largely a smoke-screen anyhow; being raised and manipulated by none other than wicked Wall Street, who recognized, as he and his Southern Baptist Democratic friends recognized (according to him!), that Governor Smith first and foremost was the heaven-sent leader of the plain people against the "Interests." Hence the "Interests" were out to down him before he could get started.

I consider Mr. Frost's idea even more fantastic than my Baptist friend's theory. Mr. Frost, however, is nationally known as a journalist, especially in connection with Ku Klux Klan affairs. His theory, unlike the Baptist clergyman's, has found publication, and in answer to THE FORUM'S request for a brief reply to Mr. Frost's arguments, I offer the following remarks in support of my description of the idea as being merely a political grotesque.

First of all, I would say that his idea is purely personal; and that the "Catholic politicians" with whom Mr. Frost has discussed this pipe-dream no doubt had it brought to their attention first by Mr. Frost. I certainly cannot believe that Mr. Frost discovered the idea already existent as a political possibility and then went forth to its discussion. To me it has all the marks of one of those notions devised (by a futile Sunday special editor, let us say) to create interest, and which is then bolstered up by getting people to talk about it.

I think so because as editor of a journal owned, edited, mostly written, and for the most part read by Catholics — a journal which is non-political, numbering many prominent Republicans and Democrats among its supporters — I can testify that until Mr. Frost advanced the idea of a Catholic party as a result likely to be produced by the Smith candidacy, I had not heard a whisper of it. Not a single word. I have been in a good many parts of the country recently. I have heard from many other parts. Everywhere, of course, there is the liveliest interest displayed in Governor Smith. Catholics who are Democrats (but not dry) are for him. Catholics who are Republicans are not so much against him as against his party, and staunch for Republicanism and for — well, let us say for Hoover, or Mellon, or Hughes; some of them for Dawes, all of them for Mr. Coolidge, if they could get him. Catholic drys — not so many of *them*, but still a goodly number

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— whether they are Republicans or Democrats are against the New York Governor.

But the opposition raised against Governor Smith simply because he is a Catholic offends all Catholics — Democrats or Republicans, wets or drys. Catholics feel about this as decent men might feel if all women before being married were required to hear the press, and the pulpits (not all pulpits, of course, but the sort of pulpit that goes in for that kind of pulpiteering) discuss the question whether women are by nature chaste, or will remain faithful to their husbands. In other words, American Catholics simply are disgusted by the anti-Catholic issue raised in politics, against Governor Smith, or anybody else. Fortunately, they know that few, indeed, of their non-Catholic friends and associates having reasonable claims to be considered representative Americans are mixed up in this sordid exhibition of utterly unreasonable prejudice, the product of provincial ignorance. And the last idea that would be entertained by responsible American Catholics would be to make of Governor Smith's candidacy the occasion for dragging their religion into the dusty, not to say miry, arena of party politics.

For the sake of the argument, however, let us assume that there may be some such Catholics as Mr. Frost thinks there are — Catholic politicians, who, either through intemperate resentment, or (which would be more probable) through purely political motives, are seeking to capitalize for their own advantage any general state of indignation among Catholics that might result from Governor Smith's defeat, either in the convention or the election. Would Mr. Frost's pipe-dream have any chance to come true?

In my opinion, it wouldn't have the ghost of a show to be realized.

First of all, because Catholics are the most difficult people imaginable to be organized or swayed as a mass, politically or socially. Catholicism seems to do something to men's minds which makes those minds highly individualistic and stubbornly averse to manipulation by psychological hokum or ballyhoo. It is hard, indeed, to organize Catholics and get them to unite for the most apparent of legitimate ends other than purely religious ones. I know that a contrary belief is held by many. Because of the impressive age and obvious efficiency of the church as an organization, many people think that Catholics are, of all

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people, the most malleable and controllable of human material. I used to think so myself, before I became a Catholic.

I remember my amusement (and also my sympathetic understanding) at the time of the United War Fund Drive of the seven great welfare organizations. When the Catholics were linked up in this drive, rather late in the day, through the Knights of Columbus and the National Catholic Welfare Conference — the latter directly controlled by the American Bishops — my non-Catholic confreres on the various committees on which I served (representing the publicity interests of the Catholics) were most deeply impressed by the belief that the marvelous organization of the church would achieve untold wonders. Well, it was quite true that the church organization did function most efficiently so far as the main purpose of the drive was concerned. The Bishops of all the dioceses could and did get all their parish priests working at once, collecting funds, and providing members for all sorts of committees, speakers, etc. But the church organization was completely without that with which all the other organizations were most evidently well equipped, namely, publicity machinery.

The Knights of Columbus improvised a publicity bureau, which, because of the genius of a single individual — Mr. John B. Kennedy — accomplished wonders in putting the work of that society properly before the general public. The National Catholic Welfare Conference also had one man, in Washington, who handled the publicity as part of his general work of this kind. He himself was not a Catholic.

But when the war spirit died along with the War, and the National Catholic Welfare Conference tried to keep up its organization for social service work along the lines found so valuable during the War — what infinite difficulties were encountered! Even so obviously useful a work as the registration at headquarters of the names of all the Catholics who served in the War — a task which only the pastors could do — was never completely done. (It was done sufficiently well, however, to show beyond question that Catholic citizens had served their country in numbers far beyond those proportionate to the total population.)

Many people — probably Mr. Frost among them — seem to believe that all that has to be done to start a great movement among Catholics is for the Pope to push a button, which puts the Bishops at work; when they again push more buttons, communicating with their priests, these in turn pushing the final set which

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starts the laity going in the desired direction. Those who believe thus would do well, sometime, to sit down with a Bishop or priest or layman who has tried to organize American Catholics for other than parish or diocesan purposes — for other than strictly religious work — and listen carefully to what they have to say. It might be useful to send their answers to Mr. Frost.

The formation of Catholic political parties in foreign countries, advanced by Mr. Frost as an argument in favor of the possibility of similar action in this country, has nothing to do with his case. Rather, it tells against it. Those foreign Catholic parties, certainly the German and the Italian parties, were formed for two reasons. First, in Germany, for the defense of interests vital to the existence of the Catholic Church, principally, the right to educate its children. Secondly, in the instance of the Popolare party in Italy — which strictly speaking was not a Catholic party at all, but an organization formed to advance great social interests, particularly coöperative agricultural movements — that was grounded upon principles derived from Catholic social philosophy. The French party was, so to speak, a hang-over of French monarchial ideas, and has been disowned by the church, so far as it rashly ventured to act as a Catholic party.

In fact, the central authority of the church consistently opposes the formation of Catholic political parties. Only the gravest of reasons, when vital principles are at stake, justifies such movements in the eyes of the church. No such reasons exist in the United States. If Governor Smith quite plainly and unmistakably should be denied a nomination by his party because sufficient numbers of that party are un-American enough to allow inherited and baseless anti-Catholic emotions to rule their political actions, such a state of affairs is something for Americans as Americans to deal with. It would not attack any basic principle of the Catholic Church. It would be an offense against justice, and a desertion of American political principles on the part of a certain number of Americans. But certainly the Catholic Church would neither direct, encourage, nor welcome the formation of a Catholic party to readjust this situation. It would be for the existing parties to thrash out the matter.

A Catholic who has served his country in many highly important positions of official trust and responsibility, said to me when discussing this matter: "I happen to be a Republican. So was my father, and also his father. Like a great many other Catholics to-

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day, I am interested in the question as to whether a Catholic can be denied high office simply because he is a Catholic. Not because I am politically in favor of Governor Smith, nor because I am interested in seeing any Catholic elected President. But, like my fellow Catholics, I am wondering if Catholics — whether Republicans or Democrats — are hereafter to be forced to recognize that in the eyes of non-Catholics they are considered citizens of the second class."

But even if Catholics were placed in such a class, the formation of a political party to get them out of it would seem beautifully devised to keep them in it. So beautifully, so completely is it calculated for that end, indeed, that I cannot but go back to the thought with which I began, namely, that no Catholic ever started such an absurd idea. It was created by their enemies, or else (and more probably) is simply a pipe-dream of Mr. Stanley Frost.

III — POLITICAL SUICIDE FOR A CATHOLIC PARTY

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

ALMOST anything may come out of the impending presidential campaign; but the formation of a Catholic party is least among all the probabilities. We ought not to be misled by what has taken place in European countries, where the conditions are altogether different. The Centre party in Germany, the Action Libérale in France, and the Partito Popolare in Italy are all of them the outcome of Catholic resentment against oppressive and discriminatory laws affecting the church, its property, its hierarchy, and its economic freedom. They are the answer to anti-clericalism, the mechanism of self-defense against blocs of politicians who have sought to place the Catholic Church in vassalage to themselves.

But there is no basis for any such resentment, or need for self-defensive organization, in the United States. We have subjected the Catholic Church to no legal oppression or discrimination whatsoever. It has not had to fight a single skirmish in order to

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obtain all that the Catholic parties of Europe have been battling for. And it is amply protected, in its freedom and equality, by constitutional guarantees.

That being true, the creation of a Catholic party in the United States would not be a protest but a challenge. It would be a challenge unprovoked. If the Catholics of this country, notwithstanding their equal treatment with all others under the laws of the land, should insist on placing religion ahead of citizenship, because one of their number fails to reach the White House, they will have challenged the traditions of American democracy in a way which the rest of our people could not and would not ignore. Such action would raise the issue of church versus state, with all its mediæval implications. It would range American Catholicism on the side of a lost cause. There are too many shrewd politicians among members of that faith for anything of the sort to happen, if they can prevent it.

Now, there has been a lot of unstitched thinking on this theme. We have been told, for example, that Catholics are only "half-enfranchised" in the United States. Why? Because they are so often defeated when they run for office in non-Catholic communities. Human nature being what it is, that is not surprising. People everywhere prefer to vote for their own neighbors, friends, coreligionists, copartisans. Anyhow, the political chances of a Catholic in Tennessee or Texas are not inferior to those of a non-Catholic in Boston or New York. Taking the country as a whole, Catholics have had their relative share of political preferment, and more.

If Catholics are only "half-enfranchised," because they are only half the time successful at the polls, then our Southern Republicans, Socialists, Single Taxers, and a dozen other minority elements can fairly protest that they are not enfranchised at all. The women voters of the United States constitute almost half the total electorate. Yet they have been given less than one per cent of the elective public offices! The Catholics have fared immeasurably better than that. Indeed, among all the racial, religious, economic, or other minorities in the United States, they have the least ground for espousing a grievance and basing a new political party upon it.

Glance at the political situation as it is shaping itself to-day. There is nothing abnormal about it, which is another way of saying that the Republican party is fairly well united and has enough

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votes to win, no matter who the Democratic candidate may be. To win a presidential campaign the Republicans have only to stay harmonious and stand pat. The Democrats, to achieve success, must find either an issue or a candidate who can raid the Republican ranks and raid them deep. At the present juncture there is no rosy prospect of finding either the issue or the man. If Governor Smith had been the nominee of his party in 1920, or in 1924, he would have been overwhelmingly defeated — not because he is a Catholic, but because he is a Democrat. If he is defeated in 1928, it will be chiefly for the same reason.

There is no gainsaying the fact that Governor Smith is the strongest man in his party to-day. He is the only standard-bearer whom the Democrats can nominate with a fighting chance to win. If somebody else is nominated at the Houston convention, after a fracas like that of four years ago, the triumph of the Republicans in November will be as certain as anything in the realm of politics can be.

They will also stand to capture both houses of Congress by an easy margin. Every Democratic leader, big or little, wet or dry, Catholic or non-Catholic, is well aware of this. It is the one thing upon which they seem to be pretty well agreed. As between Smith and disaster, accordingly, it is a fair guess that the Democrats will take Smith.

What if they do? Mr. Frost is quite certain that if Governor Smith is nominated, he will be defeated at the polls. The odds are heavily against him, to be sure; but they can hardly be called insuperable. Republicans had better not lean too heavily upon assurances that the South will bolt. It is doubtless true that thousands of Southern Democrats will stay away from the polls rather than vote for a candidate with a trilogy of affiliations so unappealing to them; but the "Solid South" is likely to remain an intact constellation for all that.

Along the Atlantic seaboard, from Maryland to Massachusetts, it is virtually certain that Governor Smith would make a much better showing against any Republican candidate than the non-Catholic nominees of the Democratic party were able to do at the last two presidential elections. He could hardly do worse. From these two regions, "Solid South" and Middle Seaboard, it is by no means improbable that Governor Smith would pick up well over two hundred electoral votes out of the two hundred and sixty-six required. The balance, however, would be mighty hard scratch-

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ing in the great hinterland with its dry proclivities and religious fundamentalism.

In other words, it is difficult to figure a Smith victory, even if the Democrats do their best for him. And if they do their best, why should the Catholics of America wreak vengeance upon the Democratic party for having put up a better fight, under inevitable odds, when led by a Catholic, than it has been able to do under leaders of a different religious persuasion?

But let us for the moment brush logic, and probabilities, and even facts aside. Assume that the South splits asunder, that Smith comes out of the fight as the worst-beaten Democrat in a half century, that his Catholic supporters desert the Democratic ranks and form an ultramontane party of their own. The new Catholic party would forthwith pass under the domination of one racial group. For a Catholic party undominated by leaders of Irish extraction would be unthinkable in those sections of the country from which its main strength would have to be drawn.

Even if such a party were thinkable, the people who are now most enthusiastic for the election of Governor Smith would not think much of it. A Catholic party without Irish leadership would have no appeal to the only elements that could make such an organization effective. With such leadership, on the other hand, it would make no stronger appeal to the Italians, Poles, French-Canadians, and other Catholic racial groups than the Democratic party has been able to do in the North Atlantic states. The change from Democratic party to Catholic party, in this region, would be one of nomenclature only. The personnel would not change five per cent; the leadership would not be appreciably weakened.

The Democrats are stronger in the states than in the nation. It is a commonplace that if they could carry all the states which not infrequently elect Democratic governors or senators, their presidential candidate would win in a walk. The formation of a Catholic party would put an end to most of these local Democratic victories.

Mr. Frost is right in his belief that the formation of a Catholic party would give the Republicans a free hand for many years to come, not only in the nation, but in nearly all the Northern and Western states. When Catholics really desire that situation, to their own unmeasurable disadvantage, they may bring it to pass — but that time is not yet.

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Old Daddy

by HENRI DUVERNOIS

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

CLAUDE had taken no part in his father's and mother's recent divorce proceedings. He had a kind of disrespectful affection for his father whom he called "Old Daddy." It was, indeed, a very old Daddy, much bent, with a crestfallen mustache turning gray. One day he heard his *Fräulein* remark to the cook: "Matame haf all der money." Modern life is such that even a child of ten cannot escape the insidious attraction of that fatal word. Henceforth he contemplated his mother with awe and veneration, as a divinity in the temple of luxury in which he was worshiper. His father he regarded as a companion somewhat beneath him; his mother as a goddess. He looked up to her with unspeakable, boundless adoration and would softly whisper: "My *grand* mother!" — which brought an indignant denial from Mme. Ponton.

"What are you talking about? 'Grandmother,' indeed! You silly boy, you're putting twenty years on to my age!" And she laughed, showing her faultless teeth, confident of her beauty and perpetual youth.

M. Ponton vanished without leaving any sign of his individuality, while his wife filled the whole atmosphere with her mere presence. When she was away from him, the little boy sniffed at the perfume lingering behind her, as lovers do.

In reality and legally, Claude's Christian name was Jules — that of his paternal grandfather; but when the decree was pronounced, Mme. Ponton had taken her maiden name, which was Dutilly, and had given her son a more euphonious Christian name.

As for M. Ponton, he had resumed his occupation as a designer, and the tedious, dull, circumscribed life he had led before the brilliant Claire had conceived the curious whim of making him her husband. He seemed, moreover, perfectly resigned. He had little or nothing to complain of, and swiftly relapsed into his old Bohemian habits. His necktie reappeared above his collar; he

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shambled along with his shoes in holes and down at heel; his poverty felt as comfortable as those old shoes. And he saw his son once a week.

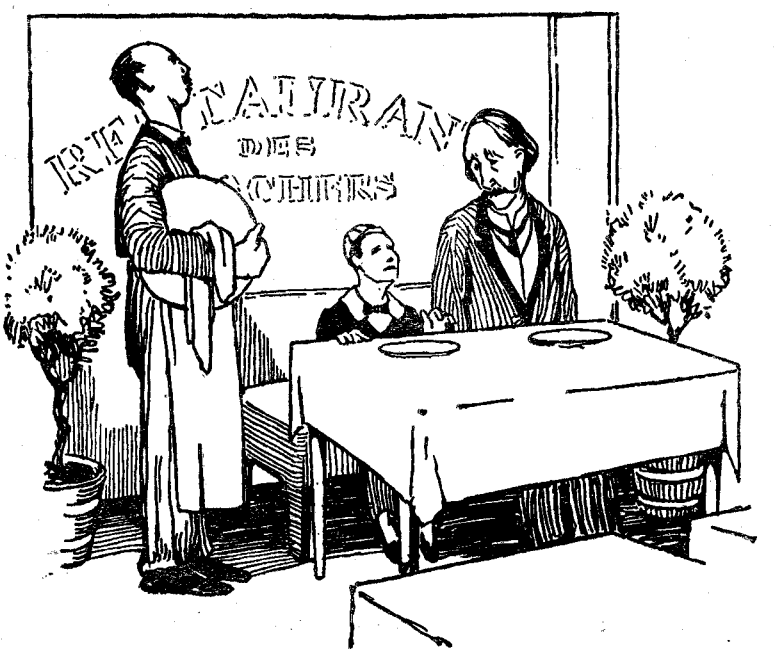
What a holiday it was! On Wednesdays he made his appearance in the courtyard of the preparatory day school, to which Claude had been sent. The boy watched for him at the window. At midday, the bent figure and dilapidated frock coat of the good fellow could be seen, the melancholy slouch of his footsteps heard on the pavement.

"How very common your father looks!" commented a small schoolboy, whose father was an aristocratic butcher.

Common, perhaps, but a very fine father just the same. First of all he gave his son a long hug, a hug like those which Claude lavished on his mother, and which made her exclaim, "Stop, you are stifling me! Good gracious, why such violence?"

"Well, what news, Lustucru?" asked M. Ponton.

He would not call him Jules, and he could not call him Claude; so he made it Lustucru by way of compromise. The boy bubbled over with interminable confidences full of dreadful lies. They would go into a cheap little restaurant, where they tasted fearsome things — snails, haricot mutton, tripe, all served on saucer-like plates.



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He had to get back by three o'clock. They lingered over their raisins, figs, almonds, and nuts; they sipped aniseed cordial in a foggy reek of absinthe, smoke, and oaths — an atmosphere which charmed the small diner. But M. Ponton became serious.

"Lustucru, are you getting on all right with your work?"

Lustucru answered, as if he had not heard his father's question:

"Look, old Daddy, your tie's over your collar again. Your shirt isn't clean. You have forgotten to brush your coat."

Claude, taking after his mother, was one of those who give orders, M. Ponton of those who obey them. The latter, in fun, lifted his elbow like a child warding off a blow; then he adjusted his tie, dusted the collar of his coat, and pulled his sleeves over his questionable cuffs. . . . At fifty-seven, just think, to have a child of ten! What pride and sadness in such a reflection! . . . To see him every day would have been too much to expect.

"You will thank your mother for me," were always his last words when he said good-by.

The governess was in attendance at the parting, stiff as a poker, for she sympathized with her employer. They were very glad in the servants' quarters to take no more orders from a master who dressed so shabbily. M. Ponton bowed to her obsequiously and resumed his drab existence until the following Wednesday.

He spoke of Claude to an old Spanish professor who lived on the same floor and who listened without interrupting, for he suffered from laryngitis and saved his voice for his pupils.

"What I like about him," repeated the father, "is that he has so much heart. Yes, Señor Gomezco, I have a youngster with a heart of gold, which, I can truly say, he inherits from me. The ladies you know, are a little selfish; they lack generous impulses. . . ."

In a short time, Mme. Ponton, who had just begun to extend her social relations, found the day school unsuitable, as much from the social as from the educational point of view. She decided

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to send her son to a first-class academy. She fitted him out with an English round jacket, pearl gray trousers, a jockey cap, and patent leather shoes, and gave him certain instructions, slipping a chocolate into his mouth, as into a puppy's, with the tips of her fingers.

"Listen, my dear. You are going to an Academy where you will be able to form splendid connections — splendid, you understand? There is a Cabinet Minister's son and a millionaire's son in your class. Try to make friends with them. Always keep your hair smooth and your nails clean, and I feel sure they will invite you to their homes. You are a man now, aren't you? One can trust you?"

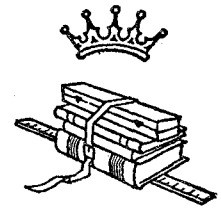
"Yes, Mamma."

"Your father will still come to see you on Wednesdays. I hardly know how to explain what I want to tell you. Well, you see, your father is an artist. He has never taken much care of himself, and your governess tells me he is worse than ever. . . . He neglects himself. . . . That did not matter at your old school. . . . At the Academy, with those parents coming to see their boys in their own cars, it is different. . . . I am anxious about it, and it may get you into difficulties. . . . If other people are present, you must call him 'Sir.' . . ."

"Sir?"

"Yes. You needn't look like an idiot, and stare at me with eyes as big as plates. Tell your young friends that he is a drawing master who is very fond of you. . . . When you are alone with your father, you will tell him that there's no use in their knowing at the Academy of your mother's divorce. What are you sniffling for? Wipe your nose. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mamma."



Wednesday came. M. Ponton was much impressed with the imposing appearance of the Academy. He found his way into a large courtyard. Would he be able to recognize his little boy

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among this crowd of young dandies, already weighed down with the responsibilities of approaching wealth? Walking between the Minister's son and the millionaire's, little Ponton came up to him more hesitantly than usual.

"I say, Lustucru, what swells we are! Well, have you lost your tongue?"

"No."

"No, what?"

"No . . . Sir."

Claude thought his father as old as it was possible to be; but he saw him grow suddenly older. Uneasily he said to his companions:

"Good-by, Pillois, good-by, Blumenfeld, see you later."

He felt a pang of self-reproach as he grasped his father's trembling hand. They were now in the street, and the boy tried to retrieve himself.

"And you, how are you getting on, old Daddy? Just think, Daddy, I have a school bag with a silver monogram. . . . And I have a beautiful green fountain pen. I'm going to learn to play the piano and dancing and riding! Do you know how to ride, Daddy?"

"No," replied M. Ponton, in a lifeless tone, "I don't know how to ride."

He discovered a restaurant where tables were placed out on the sidewalk. It seemed as if they were in the country, surrounded by a row of shrubs in flowerpots. Claude clapped his hands. How amusing it was! The company was made up almost entirely of coachmen. One of them, his whip between his legs as he dusted his plate, was taken up with the doings of his horse.

"You'll see, he'll be on the pavement directly. Damn it! Wait till I come and talk to you, idiot!"

M. Ponton, with a preoccupied air, broke his egg. He faltered out at last:

"Why did you call me 'Sir' just now?"

"Daddy — it was because of the others."

"Ah! it was your own idea then?"

Claude did not hesitate.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Your own entirely?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Your mother had nothing to do with it?"

The boy persisted in his lie, which he thought a fine thing to do. He wouldn't be a sneak; and he kept his candid eyes fixed upon his

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father's, the better to convince him that he was speaking the truth.

"No," he replied.

It was as if some tie between them had suddenly snapped. M. Ponton looked at his son with the bewildered astonishment that his wife used to awaken in him. Yes, the boy was her own, not his. He had her sweet ways and hard heart, her superficial charm. That evening he discussed foreign politics with his neighbor, the Spanish professor.

Going into the courtyard the following Wednesday, the boy did not find his father there. He discovered him outside, near the entrance, patiently waiting among a group of valets and chauffeurs.

"Good morning, Daddy."

M. Ponton replied:

"Good morning, Claude."

It was the first time that he had called him by that name. Hitherto he had always said "Jules" or "Lustucru." Then the boy's conscience pricked him. He wanted to tell the truth; but shame sealed his lips. Tears sprang to his eyes, and he began to cry quietly to himself, much as a man does.

M. Ponton misunderstood the cause of his emotion, and there arose between them one of those grave misconceptions that separate sensitive souls. But all he said was:

"Don't worry, old fellow: see, I have a beautiful dotted blue necktie, a necktie that can't ruck up. I have put on my new coat and gloves. I'm clean-shaven, and we shall go and lunch at a big restaurant."

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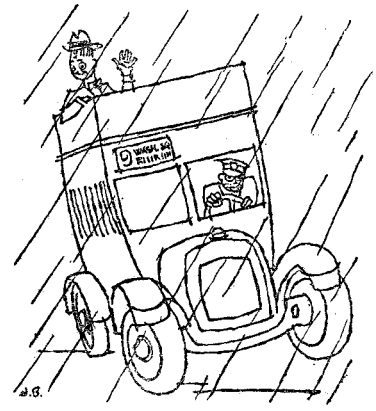
THE PLEASURES OF FEAR

FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

Forum Table Talk



Drawings by Johan Bull

FEAR, say the psychologists, educators, and clergymen, is the source of most of our weaknesses, inhibitions, failures, and perversions — the great burden and curse of our lives. Fear, answer the children, the sportsmen, the adventurers, the babies, and the athletes, is the vivid and essential quality that gives interest and excitement to most of our games and pleasures which, without it, would be dull indeed. Our most universal and enduring pleasure is the pleasure of fear.

What is the sensation that makes a small, tottering person scream with joy when some large grown-up pursues him on hands and knees and just misses grabbing him from behind? What makes him love those rushes down a long, dark hall or frantic runs past a sofa from under which a large hand suddenly snatches at him? What gives "mossy," prisoner's base, blind man's buff, hare and hounds, and eye-spy their thrill and glamour but just that fearful joy of being pursued and the shivery, delicious fear of being caught. And remember that in all these games the undesirable job is to be "it," the one who chases and inspires the fear, and the fun is to be the pursued and to feel it.

Take our early literature. Who ever had any interest in Little Red Riding Hood herself, a good, dull little girl? What we cared about was the wolf and the delightfully dreadful sensations that the thought of those big white teeth gave us. What child really cares for the modern version of the story with its denatured wolf and its uneaten little heroine? The shuddering children under the giant's bed, or following each other through the dark wood, little cold hand in little cold hand, were what gave Tom Thumb its zest. What are dragons and giants for but to give the hero and the

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heroine — and the shivering little audience — the rapturous pleasure of being very much scared and then, having fulfilled their destiny, to be killed? What is the pleasure we are looking for when we sit around the fire late on a dark night listening to ghost stories? The more fear they bring us, the more we enjoy them.

The games and sports of our later years have developed along just the same lines. Why do big game hunters consider their form of sport more satisfactory and glorious than that of little game hunters? Because the tiger brings with him the element of fear in which the hunter is sure to participate, while in the other case all the apprehension is felt by the rabbit. Such sports as steeplechasing, point-to-point racing, shooting rapids, flying, and high mountain climbing offer as their principal gratification the pleasurable exhilaration of feeling fear and of surmounting it. Many men probably go into these excitements with much the same motive as that of the darkey who said he liked to have his shins kicked because it felt so good when they stopped aching. And the more scared a man is, the more he enjoys thinking about it afterward. Alexander in his moment of triumph:

> Fought all his battles o'er again,
> And thrice he routed all his foes
> And thrice he slew the slain.

Thus our fears store up for us many of the greatest pleasures of our old age.

There are people who care for a sport or game only when it involves personal risk. In fact, most of their sports are evolved by taking a perfectly simple, ordinary form of exercise and adding danger to it; and the greater the fear and the more expensive the method of its production, the more distinguished is the sport. To them, a pleasure without the sensation of fear is no pleasure at all. Fear is the only salt that never seems to lose its savor.

The profitable financial possibilities of this product of fear have long been recognized. At Coney Island, for instance, the commercialization of the pleasure of fear has been carried to the highest perfection. Most of the diversions there are designed to produce the maximum of fright with the minimum of danger, and every year new and more ingenious methods for supplying this sort of terrified happiness are evolved. The roller coaster railway with its sudden turns, dark tunnels, sharp drops that bring — not your heart only — into your mouth, the fear-inspiring semblance

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of danger with which you are surrounded, intensified by the dim recollection of past accidents casually mentioned in the papers and by the shrill screams of terrified pleasure with which the passengers greet the last dark plunge of the car; the Giant Swing that throws you far out over the heads of the crowd, watching in the barely concealed hope that something will break; the Ferris Wheel that slowly suspends you in the air on a spider's web of rods and wires — all these things are just cleverly constructed methods for enabling you to indulge economically and democratically in the pleasure of fear.

New York is full of the realization of this kind of pleasure. Walking, for instance, has been gradually developed there from a mere method of locomotion into a sport, through the varied and unfailing fears provided at every street crossing, where skipping old ladies and surprisingly agile stout gentlemen illustrate daily the agreeable stimulus of fear and pursuit on the muscles of the legs.

Why do people dine in little out-of-the-way restaurants? Not, of course, with any hope that the food will be good or well cooked or attractively served, but just because that extra hazard of ptomaines and other more complicated germs adds to the meagre gastronomical gratification the vivid excitement and pleasure of fear.

Does not the fear of what is probably going to happen give added flavor to the fresh strawberry ice cream with which we follow up some lobster Newburgh?

And why do people drink so much more hard and spirituous liquor nowadays than they did a few years ago? Largely because, as a result of prohibition, there has been added to the age-old pastime of absorbing alcohol the new and powerful pleasure of dread, which has made our modern American drinking a dangerous sport as well as an agreeable indulgence.

Americans are as a nation so fond of enjoying this particular pleasure of fear that they object only very mildly to the enormous number of railway and automobile accidents which insure its

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constant renewal. There are even people who say that they like to live in Chicago, that life there has more go and pep and diversion than elsewhere, that they prefer it to Paris or London or New York. But the only pleasure that they can have there to a greater extent than in any other great city is this one of fear: fear for life and limb, for property and progeny, the enlivening result of Chicago's "permanent wave" of crime.

Why do we like to ride alone on the top of a bus in slippery weather? It is true that the shiny reflections from the gleaming pavements below are beautiful; but what adds zest to the experience is the feeling, as the bus skids sideways against the curb or whirls half around in trying to avoid a sliding taxi, that it might go entirely over, with the result that we would make our final appearance in the news next day in the statement that "fortunately, there was only one passenger on top of the bus."

Then there is also that enormous pleasure of enjoying vicariously the fear of others, on which so much of our art and literature and most of our plays depend for their main appeal. The detective plays and the melodramas of former days, when the audience thrilled with the hopeful dread that the hero would be sawed in two by the buzz saw or the heroine run over by the locomotive as she lay on the track, and the incredible exploits and the seemingly impossible thrillers made realizable to-day by the mechanical ingenuities of the movies and responded to daily and nightly by millions all over the world, all rely on this phase of pleasure for their main attraction. And what a great part this emotion plays in our enjoyment of tales of crime and mystery and adventure! If fear were eliminated from these forms of literature, they would be as tame as near beer and as dull as an expurgated edition of Boccaccio.

In sports the condition is exactly the same, as far as the audience is concerned. The more perilous the act is for the performer, the more fear and delight is felt by the spectators; and this was just as true in the days of the old classic Roman shows of gladia-

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tors versus gladiators or lions and tigers versus early Christians, as it is in the bullfights and the motor speed races of to-day.

Every year the circus has in the course of its show one great moment when everybody — even the band — hold their breath while some daredevil accomplishes a feat so hazardous and terrifying that the audience can thoroughly enjoy the full flavor of fear, to round out a pleasant evening's entertainment. Whether the lady is shot from a cannon or dives from the roof of the tent or turns double somersaults in a motor car, the spectators can always feel the hopeful, enthralling fear that she will not come through alive.

Our ancestors, who did not have the stage and the newspapers, the movies and the sports, the speed and the noise of to-day as producers of this pleasure of fear, filled the lack with remarkable efficiency by the enjoyment of one all-pervading terror — that of Hell. The way in which they enlarged upon the fear of Hell, gloated over it and dwelt upon it, shows what a real pleasure and diversion the thought of it was to them. Its boundless possibilities stimulated their imagination and their eloquence to astounding flights, and it was for its own sake that they delighted in thinking about it, and not, you may be sure, merely to enhance those peaceful and safe joys of Heaven over which they were rarely able to grow enthusiastic. Yet perhaps, after all, they were wiser than we are. Modern progress in thought and invention, by which Hell has been transferred from the future life to the present one, do not seem to have made our existence the complete success we would like to have it.

To sum up the whole thing in the most modern way, we always get a "kick" out of fear whenever it is an element in any kind of art or amusement. If it should finally, like so many of our other joys, be removed from our local world by the reformers, we should probably still enjoy a few of our pleasures for other and milder reasons, but the majority of them would be hung up with old armor, bows and arrows, flintlock muskets, sleigh bells, and high bicycles for future generations to stare at. But probably what would happen would be that we would bootleg enough fear to put once more that necessary kick into our pleasure, just as we have into our liquor. We can only hope that the result would be less violent and more amusing.

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PRAYER BOOK, PRIESTS, AND PROTESTANTS

England's Religious Crisis

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE

WHEN the House of Commons rejected the revised version of the Prayer Book last December, sage observers predicted the disestablishment of the Church of England. But Dr. Bowie views that crisis in another light. He sees the House of Commons as the last defense of the British people against the secret but steady encroachments of the Church of Rome. The suggested changes in the Prayer Book were unimportant in themselves, but they marked the efforts of the Anglo-Catholics to dominate the Anglican Church.

AN alignment in which the usual party distinctions disappeared; a debate in which members of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister himself, took part; a crowded floor tense with interest; and in the galleries the Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England; appeal and counter-appeal which vibrated at times with the passion of emotion and literally carried men by storm — such was the dramatic scene in the British Parliament last December when the House of Commons rejected the proposed new Prayer Book of the Church of England. Such an event, of course, could not have happened in America, for here no church is associated with the state. But across the Atlantic the Church of England is by law established. The reigning sovereign belongs to it, and by him, at the nomination of his Prime Minister, its Bishops and Archbishops are appointed.

The ancient cathedrals, around which so much of the romance of English history clusters, are in its hands. The people of England are free, of course, to belong to whatever religious bodies they may choose, but nevertheless the Established Church stands in the centre of the nation's life, historically as the church whose roots go back to the beginnings of England, and theoretically as still the church of the English people generally.

Therefore it remains true that any important change in the Church of England requires the consent of the representatives of the nation. The Church Assembly, made up of the Archbishops and Bishops and representatives of the clergy and laity of the church, together with the convocations of the provinces of Canterbury and York, may propose — as they now have proposed — revision of the Prayer Book. But such revision cannot go into effect until Parliament determines whether its suggested changes

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are true to those religious and ecclesiastical values which Englishmen believe ought to be normative in England.

The revised Prayer Book, which is the result of prolonged work of the Bishops, combines the present authoritative book, which dates from 1662, with new alternative forms containing "Permissive Additions and Deviations." These additions and deviations are many, but most of them are of a kind which would cause little or no controversy. The crucial matter is the alternative form proposed for the celebration of the Holy Communion, and, specifically and particularly, the permission granted therein for "reservation of the sacrament."

What does reservation of the sacrament mean?

Primarily, it is the practice of setting aside, after the communion has been celebrated, that portion of the bread and wine which remains after all the communicants in church have partaken, in order that these elements so reserved may be used for administering communion to the sick. Even this particular form of reservation is at present illegal in the Church of England, notwithstanding that it has been tacitly permitted by many Bishops.

In the present Prayer Book, it is provided concerning the bread and wine used in communion that "if any remain of that which was consecrated, it shall not be carried out of the Church, but the Priest and such other of the Communicants as he shall then call unto him, shall, immediately after the Blessing, reverently eat and drink the same." The same directions, with only slight verbal alterations, stand also in the Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

In the alternative order for the communion as now proposed in the Church of England, this unqualified direction for the consumption of the bread and wine is made subject to exceptions. These exceptions provide that, in cases where it is difficult to hold a communion service for sick people, the priest administering the Holy Communion in the church may reserve so much of the bread and wine as he thinks necessary and carry those consecrated elements thereafter to the sick. But this is not all. Even though there be no sick persons desirous of receiving communion that day, he may, with the Bishop's license, reserve the consecrated bread and wine in the church against the possibility that on another day some sick person may desire to have the communion.

Here then is the change proposed. Under the old rubric, no part of the bread and wine consecrated at the public service in

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church could remain after the service was completed. It should then and there reverently be consumed by the minister and other communicants. Under the change proposed, these consecrated elements may not only be carried out of the church that day to people who are sick, but they may be kept in the church continually, in case a call from the sick should come on any other day.

At this point many persons might bluntly ask: "What of it? What possible ground of important controversy is here? What real difference can it make whether communion of the sick shall be by means of a complete new service and a consecration afresh of the bread and wine, or whether the consecrated bread and wine shall be kept in the church to be carried to them when they need it?"

The answer is that many persons in the Church of England recognize, and the House of Commons very obviously believes, that the matter of a more convenient way of administering to the sick is not the real reason why reservation is desired. It is desired in order that it may be the focus for a particular kind of worship. Among extreme Anglo-Catholics, there has grown up a belief little, if at all, distinguishable from the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation — that the bread and wine which have been consecrated by the priest embody the very presence of Christ Himself; and in and through that bread and wine kept in its tabernacle in the church, Christ is to be adored. Is this the beauty of a great devotion, or is it a superstition full of dangerous consequences to religion and to the church?

The present Prayer Book of the Church of England would seem to answer that question in unmistakable fashion. The so-called "Black Rubric" which follows the communion office reads: "No adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any Corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored; (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians)." But the alternative order of the communion submitted to Parliament and rejected by the House of Commons in December omitted entirely the printing of this "Black Rubric" from the new service.

It is true that the Bishops have declared they did not mean their omission to reprint this rubric to be construed as abandoning it. It is true also that they now propose to insert it again specifi-

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cally when the revised Prayer Book is for the second time submitted to Parliament. It is further true that in the rubrics for the alternative order for the communion of the sick it is emphatically declared: "The consecrated Bread and Wine set apart under either of the two preceding rubrics shall be reserved only for the Communion of the sick, shall be administered in both kinds, and shall be used for no other purpose whatever. There shall be no service or ceremony in connection with the Sacrament so reserved, nor shall it be exposed or removed except in order to be received in Communion or otherwise reverently consumed."

But the difficulty is that men in the Church of England and men in the British Parliament know that at the present time in scores of English parishes the reserved sacrament is actually made the centre of worship in the church. Not singular, but typical of a great number of other parishes is the sign in one of the London churches: "The Blessed Sacrament is perpetually reserved on the north side of the altar; it is hoped that no one will leave the church without an act of homage to the Presence which is in our midst." The majority of the House of Commons evidently believes that as long as the revised Prayer Book proposes to permit the elements to be reserved in the open church, the Bishops either will not or cannot prevent the extreme Anglo-Catholic clergy from making it the centre of the cult of worshiping Christ as miraculously present in this bread and wine.

It should be clearly recognized that the desire for the reserved sacrament, and for private and public worship in its presence, may represent a spiritual hunger which no one should consider save with reverence. The instincts of life are deeper and wider than any of our little rationalizing. Especially in our clamorous and materialistic modern time, moved by a profound revulsion of soul from what often seems its crass this-worldliness, men turn to seek some mystic and ineffable assurance of another and a higher world. To some, that assurance comes in the presence of the reserved sacrament. They kneel there to seek, and as they believe to find, a sense of a divine communication which, in their need of something different from their common world, becomes all the more satisfying through the very fact that it is held to be miraculous and inexplicable.

Grant then the beauty of the impulse which may move some to desire reservation. Nevertheless, there are two grave dangers in the type of religion which it tends to produce.

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In the first place, it segregates and canalizes the idea of worship because it fosters the belief that religious experience at its best must be linked with the miraculous and the occasional, that God is remote and normally unreachable, and that Christ is only fully found at some specialized shrine. This drift of the extreme sacramentalists' idea of God away from the God of Jesus is curiously revealed in a sermon lately preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York: "The Catholic, whether Roman, Anglican, or Greek, believes in a transcendent God of infinite holiness who dwells in high and holy places. This all-holy, incomprehensible God has been made accessible to us through the Incarnation of His Son and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Church. By the Sacraments the Holy Spirit effects the extension of Christ's presence and activity among men."

But the truth which the world needs is another truth than this. It is that more shining truth which goes back to the words and ways of Jesus Christ Himself. It is the beautiful conviction of the nearness of God, Who is to be found in the lilies of the field, in the laughter of little children, and in all the common work of the day well done. The highest Christian consciousness of life will not unduly segregate its sacramental contacts. The "real presence" of Christ is not confined to the altar. It need not wait upon a priestly miracle, but it can go with His people in every common place and in every ordinary duty.

No one, of course, would be so blind or foolish as to deny that many who love the reserved sacrament do also seek Christ and find him on all the ways of their world. Many extreme sacramentalists, whether in the Roman or in the Anglican Church, have been conspicuous in the thorough-going Christianity of their interpretation of the whole of life. But a religious influence must be tested, not by certain individuals, but by its general drift, and philosophically and historically it is true that the religion which magnifies the miraculous as the vehicle of the spirit is likely to shut religion up into shrines and cloisters and corners, and leave the life of the mass of mankind unleavened. The Roman Church is the most conspicuous and thorough-going example of the same type of religion which extreme Anglo-Catholics desire. Wherever Roman Catholicism has been dominant, the growth of ritual piety has seemed to have very little consequence in right development of the civic life. One need look no farther than Mexico for a sufficient illustration.

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The second danger in the cult of the reserved sacrament is that it inevitably develops those authoritarian ideas of the church which also are most completely represented by the Church of Rome. The recent report of the conferences held in Malines between unofficial representatives of the Church of England and of the Church of Rome was a very revealing document. It made unmistakably plain what many had already begun to believe, namely, that the same Anglo-Catholic influences which insist upon the reserved sacrament are definitely bent upon the attempt to accomplish reunion with Rome, even at the price of submission to the headship of the Pope.

Here then we touch the heart of the resurgent opposition in England to the implications contained in the revised Prayer Book. The spirit of England, which believes that the Reformation was no unfortunate incident, but rather the recovery for our modern world of that "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," will not give its sanction to an ecclesiastical system which would forge the authority of the past into chains to bind the present. The average man in England — or in America — may not concern himself with theological subtleties; but he sees, nevertheless, those religious distinctions which make a practical difference. He sees that the cult of the reserved sacrament magnifies the peculiar power and importance of the priesthood, and his instinct tells him that personal religion languishes when priesthood is enlarged. He perceives that there is danger of creating in the Church of England that same sacerdotal overlordship and that discouragement of any free, independent, and creative religious experience among the laity, which have been characteristic of the Church of Rome. He is wary of that kind of ecclesiasticism of which the reserved sacrament is only a symbol — an ecclesiasticism which creates a peculiar spiritual caste and which insists that only at its hands can salvation be received.

Be it said to the credit of the Anglo-Catholics that they have not hidden their intent. In the *American Church Monthly* in June, 1923, there is printed an editorial entitled "Why We Are Misunderstood." These particular words now are nearly five years old; but they are as true to-day as they were on that yesterday as the declared programme of Anglo-Catholicism in England and America.

"If ceremonies are what we fight for — if it is anything less than the complete doctrine and practice of the Catholic religion

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— then God rescue us! Our ceremonies have come to be tolerated (and largely adopted) by those who still regard the sacrament of presence as somewhat improper and are suspicious of any intimacy with the blessed saints and their Queen. It is time for perfect frankness as to our aims. Toleration of Catholic faith and worship is not our aim. We most firmly believe that Catholicism is the Christian religion — the truth and the whole truth, as far as religion is concerned, and not a mere phase to be tolerated in the case of a certain sort of temperament. We believe this, not because we imagine Catholics more learned than other men, but because we know that the Catholic Church was founded by God, to be His mouthpiece, to teach men what to believe and do in order to be saved. Our aim is to convert men to this religion, not just to be allowed peacefully to practise it."

He who reads thoughtfully such a proclamation as that will understand why the House of Commons in England rejected the revised Prayer Book. It rejected that book, not because of unwillingness to show tolerance to forms of devotion which the majority of Protestants do not care for, but rather because it intuitively perceived that what the Anglo-Catholics ask for is not tolerance. They seek exclusive dominance, to the farthest limits to which their ecclesiastical influence may reach. They wish to control the religious life of the Church of England and to stamp it all with their unyielding pattern. This they would do in good conscience. But nations which have known the meaning of religious freedom know also that few things can be more deadly to religious progress than that kind of conscience which is driven by an inflexible dogma and believes that it is commissioned as God's "mouthpiece" to silence opposition, and to enforce its own way as alone the will of God.

When the Anglo-Catholics are willing to become catholic in the wide and simple meaning of that word; when they are ready to understand that God fulfills Himself in many ways, and that He has made none of us, nor any of our systems, so infallible that we can afford not to seek tolerance and to give it; when, in short, the Anglo-Catholics are willing to remember that the Church is meant to be a family of different brothers, and not a monarchy of undeviating laws: then there can be peace within the Church of England and within other communions affiliated with that church. But until that change comes, there is likelihood of much collision.

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TENNIS

Exercise for Everyone

HELEN WILLS

A CERTAIN American lady, who is very keen about tennis, went one year to England to take part in several of the June tournaments. She was a very good player. Both the players whom she met on the court and the onlookers who sat on the sidelines were impressed with her game.

One day she was in the locker room choosing a racquet for her match, which was about to start. Another player, a young English girl, also in the tournament, began conversation.

"What fine racquets you have there!"

"Yes, they *are* good."

"But you," the girl said, "a nut like you could win with almost any kind of racquet!"

"A nut?" The American's eyebrows rose. "So I am a nut!"

Annoyed, she left the locker room. Meeting a compatriot outside, she told her what had happened.

"I have never before been called a 'nut'!"

"Why," came the answer, "you've just received the biggest compliment of your tennis career and you don't know it!"

"A compliment?"

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"The girl thinks you are a wonderful player. 'Nut,' in tennis circles over here, is a term of distinction! 'Rabbit,' on the other hand, designates mediocrity. A 'rabbit' is one who plays bad tennis, but hops around the court in spite of poor technique. So you see, you should be pleased!"

Whether the little story interests you or not, it has served in one way. It has brought to your attention the fact that there are both "nuts" and "rabbits" in the world of tennis. A nut is an enthusiastic person who plays an exceedingly good game, and who can talk wisely about the "centre theory." A rabbit is an equally enthusiastic person, who plays mediocre or poor tennis, and who, off the court, can discuss just as learnedly the centre theory, or any other fine point of the game.

The proficient player and the mediocre player alike find tennis a fascinating game. It holds the attention of the beginner and of the champion. Sisters under the skin are rabbit and nut in their feeling for tennis. The reason for this is that both derive the same benefits from the game. Both have fine exercise, both know the thrill and pleasure of play. The less experienced player may get even more exercise than the proficient one because he has to use more muscle and more effort in making a successful stroke.

Although the better player experiences pleasure in the regular execution of successful strokes, the less skillful player may experience a greater thrill when one of his balls goes where it should, because it is, to him, a surprise.

I shall never forget my first forehand drive. I was a little girl with flying pigtails, playing on one of the side courts at the Berkeley Tennis Club. I didn't intend doing a drive, because I didn't know anything about strokes and their names. But when my ball went over the net, I knew that I had discovered a new and satisfying way of hitting the ball. I liked the feeling of racquet and ball when they came together. I thought that I should like to become better acquainted with that feeling. Since that day, nine years have elapsed. I have played on the average of five times a week. I still love tennis.

It seems to me that the love of play must be in the heart of everyone, that the spirit of play is the heritage of man. For this reason sport has become an important element in modern life.

Tennis has become one of the most popular sports. It is well-rounded, playable, adaptable to a great number of people of vary-

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ing ages and circumstances. Children love it, and older people, too, make good players. I know a man of sixty-nine who keenly enjoys his tennis. With its action and competition, it satisfies the craving of the sport-loving instinct. Its elements of excitement, of suspense, of risk add to the fun of play. There is the thrill of seeing a ball nick the line, the fun of a rally, the satisfaction of having a difficult return go in.

With the pleasure derived from the game, there are the benefits from exercise. The problem of keeping fit grows more and more difficult in modern life. In a short period of time, say even three-quarters of an hour, a great deal of exercise can be gained from tennis. By playing three or four times each week, one secures sufficient exercise to enable one to keep in excellent condition.

My reason for speaking of tennis in such enthusiastic terms is that I believe it to be an ideal sport, and to be particularly helpful in keeping one healthy and strong. Exercise is an investment that pays a high rate of interest. To good condition it is the key. A fine figure, a good complexion, strength, health are the results. "Health and happiness" are so frequently mentioned in unison that the phrase has become trite and timeworn. Yet is it not true that the person in good physical condition is usually good-natured, while the confirmed "grouch" is the one who doesn't know what it is to feel fit? To have a beneficial and lasting effect, exercise should be taken regularly, and in moderation. Emphasis should be put on "regular," for irregular or infrequent exercise has no real value.

One naturally finds that women who have taken regular outdoor exercise, and who have kept it up consistently, are young looking for a longer time than those who have not. Good complexions, young eyes, strong bodies are the rewards. No artifices of beauty, no matter how cleverly applied, no gowns from the smartest dressmakers can make up for the absence of health and good condition.

Moderation in exercise is another important point. Frequently, people begin violently before their bodies are accustomed to the strain, and serious injury is the result. This often happens in tennis. Torn ligaments and injured muscles are common among players who, not being hardened, begin too strenuously. Violent exercise is dangerous to one not accustomed to it. The muscles are not prepared, and cannot stand the strain. I have played tennis since I was thirteen, but always in modera-

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tion. I cannot recall a time when I was on the court until I was exhausted. Too much tennis can be very harmful. Furthermore, in becoming too tired, one loses the benefits of the exercise and the pleasure of the game. For a woman player, two sets in an afternoon are the ideal number. I always limit play to two sets, unless, of course, I am in a tournament and have to take part in several matches.

As one grows older, it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to get back into fit condition if exercise has been neglected or given up. That is why regular exercise in moderation throughout one's lifetime is an excellent thing. Exercise alone, however, will not help one attain good condition or hold it. For example, one who is not getting the amount of sleep that his system requires cannot hope to feel fit, no matter how much exercise he takes.

I have a few rules that I have found useful for health:

Nine hours of sleep.

No two late nights in succession.

Regular meals, and a well-balanced diet with fruits, vegetables, and meats that build firm tissue.

I think that sleep is the most important of all. Each person requires a certain number of hours of sleep and should get it regularly. Some may feel refreshed after seven or eight, others require more. It is something that one must determine for oneself.

The best sort of exercise is, of course, that derived from outdoor sport. Gymnasium exercise has its value, but it can never approximate that derived from a game played in the open. This is why tennis in the fresh air and sunshine is so beneficial.

Keeping fit in summer is easy, but in the winter the problem becomes difficult, unless one happens to live in California or in some place where the climate is mild enough for outdoor play. Fresh air and sunlight mean so much.

Much more attention is now being given to winter sports. Fashion magazines come out with suggestions for smart skiing costumes and "what to wear for winter sports." Skiing, I believe, most nearly approximates having wings. I spent a year in Vermont at school and loved the winter activities. All beginners on skis have probably the same experiences I had. I had countless falls. Then, suddenly, the trick of keeping my balance came to me. After that everything went beautifully except the climb up the hill. But it was all exhilarating exercise.

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Winter in cities is difficult for those who want regular exercise. For a woman who is engaged in business, it is a problem. By the time she has finished her work late in the afternoon, darkness has fallen. The week-ends are too far apart. Indoor swimming and gymnasium exercises are practically the only two available activities. In some of the larger cities there are indoor tennis courts, lighted for night play. But nothing can quite equal exercise in the open air. Fatigue that comes from being in a steam-heated office all day can be dispelled only by exercise out of doors. Walking is always good exercise. A mile or two at five or six in the evening, done very briskly, followed by a stimulating rub-down can chase away the weary feeling that comes from being in the dry, hot air of an office. Suggestions of this sort are regularly met with the answer that there is no time. Time should be made for exercise because it is so tremendously important to one's happiness.

It seems to me that exercise is the charm that clears one's mind, that makes one think more keenly. A balance between work and exercise is bound to increase the efficiency of work, as has often been proved in school and in business. From my own college experience, I can recall how too much study and no recreation affected the students. During examination time when finals were coming thick and fast, no one thought of anything but study. Students took examinations lasting from nine till twelve in the morning, rushed home for a bite of lunch, and then settled down to study until the small hours of the morning. Little sleep, black coffee, and continued concentration all produced an unnatural condition. At the end of the week all who had overtaxed their energies in this way were exhausted physically and mentally. By the time the last "final" came they did not care much what they wrote in their bluebooks.

Among the students I knew was one who refused to study the evening before a final examination. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and won some of the highest honors of the graduating class. Incidentally, he was a very good tennis player, and used to go out on the court for mental relaxation after he had finished writing an examination. For tennis furnishes delightful relaxation and change. I know, from my own experiences at college, that it makes studying easier. An interested and enthusiastic outlook on life can be maintained much more easily when regular exercise is taken.

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Exercise influences disposition and mental health. The person who is not really well, who does not feel strong and fit, cannot possibly be as good-natured as the one who thoroughly enjoys being alive. When one becomes accustomed to regular exercise, he wonders how he could possibly have lived without it. It becomes a part of his life. I should feel completely at sea if I should have to give up tennis suddenly. In fact, even if two or three days elapse without play I feel that something is missing, and I become restless.

Whether one is a beginner or an experienced player, one derives much that is of value from tennis. The benefits of exercise which enable one to keep fit, the pleasure of playing the game are both worth while. They both help to maintain good physical condition and a cheerful frame of mind. Among all outdoor sports, tennis is perhaps one of the most ideal. It can be played for years, and long after the team games of school and college are over. It is a sport that does not require much time. An hour and a half in an afternoon is enough for the player to change into tennis attire, go out on the court for two brisk sets, come in for a shower and rub-down, and return to whatever work he happens to be doing. In San Francisco, the largest tennis club is conveniently situated. It is only ten minutes from the business district. Many enthusiasts come out for a game at noon, and the courts are all taken at this hour. Another advantage in tennis is that the expense is not great, compared to that of other games. Racquets and balls are the main items. Unless a player goes in for intensive or tournament competition, two racquets are sufficient. Excellent ones can be bought for fifteen dollars. They are sold for ten dollars and for less — and as high as seventeen. The fifteen dollar racquet of standard make will answer the requirements of most players. Strings in a racquet are sometimes a bother. They should last two or three weeks, even longer, depending upon whether a player uses them frequently or not and whether or not he plays a hard-hitting game. Sometimes, however, for apparently no reason, a string will break on the court or even while the racquet is not in use. Climate — heat, cold, and dampness — affect the strings. The racquet may be used on a damp day, then put away in a warm place. The strings dry too rapidly, the tension becomes too great, and they snap. The thunder showers in the summer in the eastern states play havoc with racquet strings. In England, too, great care has to be taken. It is tremendously upsetting to

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take the cover from your favorite racquet and find two strings gone. Or worse still to be awakened from your sleep the night before an exciting match by the popping of the racquet strings in the closet! This is why it is necessary for the tournament player to be well supplied with racquets. The cost of restringing a racquet varies. It is never more than seven dollars, and good strings should be had for five.

Balls cost fifty cents each, and the player needs three. Balls should be good for at least six sets, and for a longer time when used by the average player. But if the rallies are long, they do not last even this length of time. There is a nap or fuzz on the surface of the balls that wears off on the hard court. The balls become slightly lighter, and the air resistance, because of the absence of the nap, is lessened. The ball then acquires a tendency to sail and is harder to control. With a beginner this may not be noticeable, but to one who has played for years, it is quite evident and makes the game less enjoyable. I have found that I must have three new balls each set, but I can remember when, as a beginner, I was delighted with any ball as long as it would bounce.

Tennis shoes last forever, at least I have found it so, since the crêpe rubber soles have come into favor for tennis. Besides wearing extremely well, the crêpe sole furnishes excellent protection to the foot and helps to prevent blisters and bruises.

So the expenses for tennis are not prohibitive. This is one of the reasons why tennis has become so universal. It is open to a far greater number of people than any other sport. At this point, I cannot refrain from mentioning the public courts and their great value to the community possessing them. In the playgrounds, in the parks, no better use can be made of space than by building tennis courts. The value of the healthful exercise and recreation that will be derived from them cannot be overestimated. Children and young people will find, on the court, a place where their extra time can be spent. They will be building strong bodies, healthy appetites, and learning the meaning of true sportsmanship. For example, in the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco there are a number of public courts. I do not remember the exact number, but there are at least twenty. These courts are filled from morning until night, every day in the year that tennis is possible. There are always people of all ages waiting their turn to play. "Sport for everyone" would be a wonderful slogan for every town and city. What value has a stadium, built for the

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contest of a few stars, compared with the value of facilities that enable each individual to take an active part in a sport?

One of the things that has impressed me perhaps more than anything else upon my visits to England is the fact that so many people take part in outdoor activities. Great stars, superteams, do not seem nearly as important as play for the individual.

If this idea could be borrowed for the American universities, it would solve a problem. In the university that I attended, in those that I have visited, it has struck me that great stress is laid upon the athletic achievements of a few students, and not enough attention given to all. Students, who take no active part in athletics themselves, sit on the grandstands and cheer themselves hoarse for their friends on the field. With that their athletic activities cease. It seems to me that athletics on a big scale in college, attended by tremendous crowds, bringing in enormous gate receipts, are destroying the chance of the individual in sport. Unless he excels, he is not greatly encouraged. Everyone should, if he can, have a sport of his own and make a hobby of it.

Tennis (Again I speak of tennis! You will think I am trying to sell you the game, the courts, as well as racquets and balls!) stands out as an ideal exercise, and as a game that is well suited to the needs and means of many people. Tennis is a sport in which the beginner and the champion find equal interest. The greatest point of all in its favor is that it is not a game for the star alone, but for everyone who can hold a racquet. The "nut" and the "rabbit" can share equally in its pleasures!

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GLANDS AND GROWTH

H. Munro Fox

THE processes of growth are mysterious. We know a great deal to-day about the structural alterations that go on in the body during growth. We know what changes each organ and part of the body goes through as it grows. And we have a detailed knowledge, too, concerning the microscopic changes taking place in the living substance as the animal or child grows up. But why does growth take place at all? And why does it stop after a certain size has been reached? These are the difficult problems.

Biological science may boast that it is well on the road to solve them, for enormous advances have been made quite recently in this field; but though the progress has been great, though the work is just now in an absorbing and intensely interesting phase, much remains to be done before we can say that we really see what is going on in the growing animal. In this modern work, it has become clearer and clearer that one part of the body influences the growth of another part, or that one gland in the body controls the growth of the whole.

What do we mean, in the first place, by a gland? We mean a portion of the living body, an organ which produces some useful chemical product. Its product we call a secretion. The liver is an immense gland, which produces bile, partly a secretion to get rid of harmful by-products out of the body, partly a digestive juice to deal with the food. Glands in the mouth produce saliva; glands in the skin form sweat.

Ductless Glands

But the glands concerned in growth are of rather a different nature. The liver, the salivary glands, the sweat glands, pour out their products through canals or ducts. The bile goes into the intestine, the saliva into the mouth, the sweat on to the skin. Seated deep in the body are other glands, which also manufacture their special secretions; but these products are not poured forth through ducts. Instead, they are simply passed into the blood, and the blood ferries the products through the body. These particular factories of secretion are called ductless glands — since they have no canals to the exterior — or, in the most modern

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language, endocrine glands. Their products are hormones or endocrines.

One of the most important of these endocrine glands is the thyroid, which is directly concerned in regulating growth and is situated in man just outside his larynx, or Adam's apple. In other vertebrate animals it is in about the same relative position. A most important part of our knowledge of the influence of the thyroid on growth comes from experiments on tadpoles. It is well known to all that after the tadpole has grown to a certain size, legs sprout out from its body, its tail disappears, and it turns into a frog. This is the process called metamorphosis. In the researches on growth, tadpoles were fed with the extract made from the thyroid glands of cats. When this was done, the tadpoles metamorphosed earlier than is normal, turning into frogs at a smaller size than usual. It is clear, then, that the thyroid does actually influence their growth processes.

The Thyroidless Tadpole

The opposite experiment, too, has been made. Tadpoles have been operated on and their thyroid glands removed. After the operation, these tadpoles continue to grow. And now we come to the curious part of the story. When thyroidless tadpoles have reached the size at which ordinary tadpoles turn into frogs, these animals do nothing of the kind. No legs grow out, nor is the tail lost. Far from it, these tadpoles continue to grow larger and larger. They become giants, but they never turn into frogs. The growth process has evidently been upset by the removal of the thyroid endocrine.

So, too, in the human race. When the thyroid is diseased or is lacking, the usual development of children is deranged, and they become what are called cretins, individuals with stunted growth, malformation, and idiocy — conditions which can be cured, in part at least, by administering thyroid extract.

The next question which interests the biologist is this: The tadpole, from the start of life, has a thyroid. Why, then, does this gland cause metamorphosis only after a certain time has elapsed? What prevents its acting sooner? It may be that a certain amount of the endocrine product must first accumulate in the blood, in which case only after the requisite amount has been formed would the change from tadpole to frog begin.

This may be so, but there is another possibility. It may be

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that, although the thyroid secretion is there in the tadpole's blood from its infancy, the substance cannot act until certain living structures have had time to form themselves in the creature's body. In other words, the endocrine acts only on certain definite living tissues, those particular ones which will turn the tadpole into a frog, and until these tissues are ready, the secretion in the blood is out of a job.

A Creature That Will Not Grow Up

There is another line of evidence pointing that this supposition just outlined may be correct. The ordinary mud-puppy of American waters is a relation of the frog, but it never undergoes metamorphosis of any kind. It breeds and grows old without ever, as it were, growing up. We may ask if this is because it lacks a thyroid. Not at all. It possesses what is apparently a normal thyroid gland. Moreover, an extract made from the mud-puppy's thyroid has been given to tadpoles to eat. It had the same effect on the tadpoles as the cat's thyroid had when they ate it. It caused them to turn early into frogs.

The mud-puppy's thyroid is, therefore, made of the right stuff. But it will not work in the creature's own body. The milieu is wrong. Nor has tadpoles' thyroid any effect on the mud-puppy when given to it as food. The beast persists in remaining infantile. Thus, while the thyroid controls growth and metamorphosis, it does so only when it has the right material to work on.

What is the nature of this mysterious secretion of the thyroid? A few years ago, this would have been a vain question. Now, thanks to one of the most brilliant researches of modern biochemistry, we can give the answer. The secretion has not only been analyzed, but it has also been synthesized. The endocrine product has been put together from its elements. It is what the chemist calls an amino-acid, one of the building stones of the complex proteins of which living matter is composed. This particular amino-acid in the thyroid secretion has iodine tacked on to it, and it appears that the peculiar virtues of the substance are due in large part to this iodine. For tadpoles which have been given simple iodine with their food turn early into frogs, almost as well as when thyroid extract itself is their meal.

There is a second endocrine gland which is just as important as the thyroid in controlling growth. This is called the pituitary. Though its position is underneath the brain, it has nothing to do

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with nerves. It is another gland of internal secretion, manufacturing a substance which it pours into the blood stream. This pituitary endocrine also has an immense influence on growth. In a certain diseased condition of the body it is deficient in the young, and as a result of this deficiency the animal remains in an infantile condition, without developing generative organs. On the other hand, in some animals and babies, this pituitary body is overdeveloped. Then growth to an abnormal size results. A giant with overgrown bones is produced.

Tadpole Giants

Here, again, the tadpole has given us invaluable information as to the action of this gland. By a delicate operation, the pituitary has been removed from these small creatures. When this is done growth is slowed down and the change of the tadpole into a frog is retarded. A further most interesting sidelight is thrown on the subject by the existence of certain strange and unusual tadpoles in nature. In the rivers of Spain and other parts of the world enormous tadpoles are found, ten times the size of the familiar tadpole beloved of schoolboys. It has been found that these natural giants have immense, overgrown pituitary glands. That is why they are giants.

All who have visited natural history museums have marveled at the immense size of some of the prehistoric animals. Skeletons of huge extinct reptiles are exhibited, all of which, it is known, are the descendants of smaller reptiles. As age after age passed in the history of our globe, in each reptilian family the creatures became bigger and bigger until suddenly they became extinct. What was the reason for this tendency — often repeated — to get more and more immense and unwieldy as time went on? We do not know. We can only speculate, for the bones alone are left to us as fossils, and all of the soft parts and glands vanished long ages ago. But knowing what we do of the causes which produce modern giants, it is a legitimate speculation that these prehistoric creatures had overgrown pituitary glands. These would cause the races of animals gradually to become gigantic in size, until finally they were exterminated by the competition of smaller and more agile rivals in the struggle for existence.

There is some evidence that these two important glands, the thyroid and the pituitary, are not independent. The one may do its work through the other. We have seen that removal of the

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pituitary gland in tadpoles retards their growth and stops their turning into frogs; but the operation must be completed at a very early stage in the tadpole's life. When this is done, not only is the growth of the tadpole slowed down, but that of its thyroid is stopped. If the operation is delayed, however, until a time when the thyroid is well under way, the effect is nil. Growth is not stopped. So the pituitary gland seems to act on growth by affecting the thyroid.

It is plain now what a vital influence the glands have on growth. They pour their products into the blood stream, and these secretions influence the growth of other parts of the body when the moment is propitious. But it is not only glands which produce secretions. Other parts of the body form them also. It is well known that, when examined under the microscope, living flesh is seen to be made up of innumerable small compartments or divisions, called cells. One type of cell forms muscle, another nerve, another glands, and so on.

The investigations of the last few years have shown that not only the cells of glands, but all cells in the body form secretions which control growth. Not only do the cells of the thyroid, pituitary, or sex glands manufacture endocrines, but all cells of the muscle, skin, kidney, and other organs produce secretions which stimulate the body to grow. And it is just the questions of how and why these cells stop producing their stimulating chemical substances after a certain time, which will throw a flood of light on the meaning of old age.

But first, let us inquire where we get the evidence that all cells in the body form growth secretions.

Tissue Culture

The body grows by the multiplication of microscopic cells, each of which grows to a certain size and then divides into two cells like itself. These again increase in size and in turn split into two daughter cells, and so on. It has been found possible to cut a small piece of living tissue out of the body of an animal and to keep this piece alive for a long time. Obviously a number of precautions are necessary. The work must be done under strictly sterile conditions and it must be what the surgeon calls aseptic. But if such precautions as cleanliness and sterilization of instruments and glassware are observed, our piece of tissue will continue to live. Of course, it must not be kept dry. It must be in

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serum taken from the same animal, just as it would have been if left in the body. Under these conditions, the piece of living matter not only remains alive, but its cells divide. In other words, it grows. For this growth food is required, a need which the experimenter supplies by providing fresh serum. Since the cells multiply and the isolated living tissue increases in size, it would soon fill up the small glass vessel in which it is kept for observation under the microscope. This, however, is obviated by the experimenter, who periodically takes out half of the newly grown tissue and throws it away, leaving room for more to grow.

This technique, which is called tissue culture, has in the last few years yielded surprising and immensely important results. Pieces of several different organs of the animal body have been grown in tissue culture, and the cells of nerves, muscles, heart, kidneys, skin, all have now been studied in this way.

It is found, in the first place, that if growth of these isolated cells is to continue successfully, not only must crowding be prevented, as just explained, but the serum in which the cells are living must be changed frequently. The old serum must be replaced by new. If this is not done, cell multiplication and growth stop. The reasons are two-fold. In the old serum, the foodstuffs for the growing cells are exhausted; and further, waste products or excretions accumulate, which slowly poison the living matter.

But by observing proper precautions, living cells have been kept alive for surprisingly long periods. Tissues of the chick, for example, in one laboratory in America, have now been grown for twelve years — considerably longer than the average life of the fowl. Yet the cells, showing no loss of vigor at all, have gone on dividing and growing without intermission; and, so far as one can see, there is no reason why they should ever stop.

In modern views of secretions and growth, these tissue cultures have a very particular importance. We have seen that for the isolated flesh to live and grow, serum is necessary, but not any serum will do. It must, in the first place, be serum from the same kind of animal as that from which the tissue fragment came, but — more than this — it is essential to have serum from a young and growing animal. It turns out that serum from one which has ceased to grow will not do either. From this fact it follows that in the body liquids of a growing organism there is something which stimulates cells to divide and grow, but this

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something, or secretion, is absent from the bodies of fully grown individuals. In our tissue culture experiments the growth-promoting chemical substance is supplied by serum from a young animal.

It is found, indeed, that the rate of growth of cells in tissue culture is strictly proportional to the age of the animal which has supplied the tissue extract, or serum, for the culture. The older the animal used for the supply, the slower the rate of cell division and growth of the fragment of living matter in the experiment.

Cancer

Now, what is actually the difference between young and adult body fluids? Why does the one stimulate, the other prevent the growth of cells? This we do not yet know. The particular chemical concerned has not been isolated, but there is every hope that in time this will be done, and researches in this direction are actively in progress. Meanwhile, several facts have been discovered which point in the right direction. It is found, in the first place, that when the extracted juice from adult flesh is allowed partially to decompose, it acts somewhat like the juice of young living tissues. From the tissues of fully grown animals, an extract can be prepared which, after it has been left to itself, to commence decomposing, then stimulates growth of cells in tissue culture.

Yet whatever chemical substance it may be which this incipient putrefaction has set free, it is not the same as that which excites growth in the young. The stuff from adult tissues resists heating to a greater extent and shows other differences. But it may well be that this product of the breakdown of adult tissues is responsible for the healing of wounds, for in wounds living cells are injured, many break down, and at the same time others suddenly begin to grow. Cells around the wound, which otherwise would never have grown again, multiply and heal the wound. This cell multiplication must be caused by the chemical substance freed from the cells which are injured.

Something quite comparable is known in plants. The cut surface of a plant heals, like that of an animal, by the growth of new cells which cover the wound and replace the parts cut away. If, however, part of a plant is cut and immediately the cut surface is washed, then no wound tissue forms. No healing occurs. The growth-stimulating substance has been washed away

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from the cut cells. But if, after this, the piece cut off is mashed up and put on the wound, then new cell division and healing result.

We know little as yet of the causes of cancer, but this much we do know, that cancer tissue resembles the growing tissue of young animals. It consists of cells which grow and multiply without restraint. When all parts of the adult body have ceased to grow, the cancer goes on and invades other regions. It is found that extracts made by grinding up tumors stimulate the growth of cells in tissue culture. They act like the body juices of a young animal in this respect.

Another investigation points in the same direction. When fragments of the kidney of a newborn rat are kept in the blood serum of an adult rat, they do not grow. No cell multiplication results. But when just these same kidney cells from a young rat are put into serum taken from a rat suffering from an experimental cancer, the kidney tissue is stimulated to grow and multiply. So that the cancer produces some growth-stimulating secretion, just as does the body of a young animal. Evidently this is in some way concerned with cancer growth.

Mysterious Growth Rays

Before concluding the fascinating subject of growth and these new researches helping to understand its mechanism, we must allude briefly to a truly startling development of the subject in the last year or two. It appears that growing parts of animals and plants give off rays which excite other parts to grow. Radiations are emitted which can stimulate parts of other organisms to increase in size. Not only animals, but the growing parts of plants and even of microbes appear to have this power of exciting others to grow. Plants can induce cell multiplication in animals by their radiation, and vice versa.

What is the evidence for these astonishing statements? The first indication of the existence of the unsuspected radiation came when it was found that the growing root of an onion could induce other roots in its neighborhood to grow. This was studied with the aid of the microscope, counts being made of the numbers of cells dividing on the side of a root toward the onion and on the side turned away. More cells were found to be growing and dividing on the side facing the onion root.

The next report stated that tadpoles could induce cell division in the root of an onion plant by their mere proximity. Then,

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more surprising, it was found that a whole tadpole was not necessary. The ground-up or minced flesh of a tadpole would serve equally well. Placed near a root, it caused the latter to grow. Next it was discovered that it was the brain tissue that was really active in this respect. Extract from tadpoles' brains made roots grow, but extracts from the remainder of the tadpoles' bodies did not.

Of what kind are these mysterious growth rays? It appears that they are of the nature of ultraviolet light. The rays will pass through quartz, but are stopped by thin sheets of gelatin. By this means the exact wave length has been fixed. Living tissues, then, when in process of growth — but not otherwise — seem to emit ultraviolet rays.

Is this after all so impossible? Living organisms are known in many instances to emit visible light. Witness the fire-flies, glow-worms, and numerous sea creatures, especially from the depths of the ocean. All research must be repeated and confirmed before science can accept its conclusions as proven. If further investigations confirm these statements about radiations from growing tissue, it would not be so unexpected to find that other cells are excited by the rays to grow and divide. For ultraviolet rays are most active in causing chemical combinations. And in ultimate analysis, growth consists of chemical recombinations.

Next month a second article by H. Munro Fox on "Why We Grow Like an S."

Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich

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TWELVE MEN IN A BOX

A Judgment on Juries

GEORGE W. MARTIN

OUT of the discard of things mediæval, trial by jury has survived in Anglo-Saxon countries as one of the first guaranties of liberty. But jury trial to-day is often a travesty of justice. Science has taught us precision. Psychology has discredited the powers of the average man to reach a balanced judgment. Technicalities of the law have multiplied. Why, then, do we cling to an institution that seems to have outlived its usefulness? Mr. Martin introduces a FORUM *series on this important question.*

RATIONAL search after truth in courts of law is a luxury of modern civilization. Until comparatively recently, decisions were reached by "compurgation," by "ordeal," or by "trial by battle"; and it was not till the fifteenth century that the ordinary citizen could invoke the provisions of Magna Charta that he be not taken or imprisoned except by the lawful judgment of his peers. As late as the seventeenth century the power of the King's Council (and later of the Star Chamber) of making jurors answer personally for their verdicts prevented the system from then developing into what it is to-day. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals remarked in a recent opinion [*Seiden v. U. S.*, 16 Fed. (2nd) 197, Dec. 20, 1926]: "If they will, jurors may set at defiance law and reason and refuse to find the accused guilty; when they do, he escapes, however plain his guilt. But though this is within their power, it is not within their right; they are as much bound by the law as a court. No judge is bound to recognize, or even to mention, that power in his dealings with them; on the contrary, he may and ordinarily should direct them to convict, if they find the necessary facts." This is a careful and accurate statement of the present power and legal duty of a jury by an unusually able court.

The real question is whether or not it is desirable to load a trial with twelve amateurs unversed in the chicanery of lawyers and witnesses and to clothe them with capacity to exercise this extra-legal power. The alternative is, presumably, to make the judge the trier of the facts, as well as arbiter of the law. If the jury becomes completely hypnotized, as in the late criminal trial of Doheny and Fall, and insists on acquitting, then the guilty escape. But if the jury, inflamed by the passionate discourse of the prosecuting attorney, convicts, then no irremediable harm is done —

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except possibly in Massachusetts and a few such mediæval jurisdictions — because the trial judge can set aside a verdict that is against the weight of evidence, and either let the accused go free or grant him a new trial. And if the trial judge, as well as the district attorney, is trying to make personal political capital out of a conviction, the accused can always appeal — which, in the event of an acquittal, the State can never do. The worst, therefore, that can be laid at the door of the jury system in criminal trials is the escape of the guilty. The experience of the Athenians in beheading all their generals by popular vote because of their defeat is not within the range of possibilities.

Of course, there is no doubt that the escape of the guilty afterward may result in serious injustice to the common people. Maitland remarks that in the period of the Wars of the Roses the great Lords not only kept bands of armed retainers, but maintained corps of lawyers; and so great was the popular dread of the consequences of convicting the hirelings of a powerful baron that these were habitually acquitted, to the scandal of justice and the terror of the countryside. The present possibility of thus influencing a jury in America or England is, however, most remote. Corruption is a handier tool — though it results in disagreements rather than acquittals.

Let us consider the position of one accused of a serious crime — particularly if the crime is notorious, or represented by the tabloid newspapers as having a dash of sex in it. If you are a widow, like Mrs. Hall, you may expect to be arrested by state troopers at midnight — although the crime is two years old — and locked in a cell; or taken forcibly to the scene and compelled to participate in a rehearsal of the event. But if you are a mere man, your position is far more parlous. If the police are ordinary police, you will be interrogated, howled at, and threatened by relays of detectives for thirty-six hours continuously without food, sleep, or access to a toilet. If you do not sign the confession which has been drawn up in writing, you will then be beaten with a hose or a blackjack. Under this treatment, a perfectly innocent schoolteacher in Chicago confessed to the murder of which Messrs. Leopold and Loeb were afterward convicted. If you have the ill luck to be a Chinaman — as in a recent case reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States — the torture may be expected to continue for seven days and nights. If you are well-advised, you sign any confession offered at once, and put your trust in a jury.

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In any case, you are then thrown in jail to rot while the district attorney gives interviews to the press and scours the countryside for evidence and witnesses, the police rehearse their parts, and your wounds get less conspicuous; for it would never do to let you come into the courtroom in your present state. Meanwhile your confession is published, and everyone except your lawyer is perfectly sure you are guilty. Nobody will speak to him, poor fellow, because he is defending a man he must know is guilty — an act universally condemned by an unthinking public, and furnishing the starting point for popular criticism of the bar. The prospects for the district attorney's becoming governor are bright and rosy, and he never allows the public to forget him or the case.

The trial begins. When the judge enters, everyone rises. The attendants make them. He takes it seriously, however, and bows. He regards himself as one of the coördinate departments of the government of the land. He is there to enforce the law. He may not actually have colluded with the prosecuting attorney beforehand to secure your conviction — as it was charged before Congress that Judge Cooper did in northern New York last summer — but he evidently is not there to protect citizens' rights from infringement by the executive, another coördinate department. Was he not appointed by that executive department? Or is this a jurisdiction where he has been elected by the mob who are now sure you are guilty? Anyway, he fears no man — except the press. And the press expects him to do his duty — have they not worked up this trial? How foolish they would look if there should be an acquittal!

The trial continues. Everybody who has an opinion, or ever had an idea, everyone who thinks — all Protestants, Jews, Irishmen, pro-Germans, college graduates, bankers, and manufacturers of universal-joint brass doorknobs — are thrown off the jury. After five days of hard work, a residuum of twelve morons is secured, and their pictures and biographies are duly published in the public prints. The judge reads all about what a great man he is, but the jurors are locked up and do not realize they are great. Nobody pays attention to them. Some of the witnesses may have a hard time, since the fashion has grown up of indicting them for perjury if they refuse to testify as the prosecutor expected.

By the time you take the stand, the jurors have endured two weeks of severe punishment. They know how you felt listening to the cross-examination by the detectives. They acquit you. The

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judge gives them a piece of his mind (a piece of gratuitous effrontery for which no remedy seems to exist), but they stick to their verdict — they were the only ones involved who had nothing to gain by convicting you!

The jury were told by the judge that if they found that you did, with malice aforethought, project, propel and/or otherwise with force and violence insinuate the aforesaid bullet in, on, against, and within the body of the *corpus delicti*, then they must bring in a verdict of guilty. The jury then retired (without, however, actually going to bed) and considered whether or not a citizen was justified in demolishing a villain like the corpse in view of the circumstances.

Senator Borah calls this kind of thing "nullification," and offers to get excited about it if anyone will run him for President. He thinks a constitution is a collection of words, and a nation is a synthetic formula rather than a living organism — just as some people think history is something made by historians. But juries have always done just this when they were unafraid. In the time of Elizabeth it was found impossible to convict men of poaching, because their peers were reluctant to have the prisoners' ears cut off. In the time of George III, smuggling was a respected calling, and so treated by juries.

The framers of the Volstead Act were quite rightly aware that, in large and civilized sections of the nation, juries would refuse to convict purveyors of cheer; and so they ingeniously provided for a system of judicial injunctions against violations, so that those accused would be deprived of a jury trial. This is literally the only way convictions under the Act can now be secured in New York; and has probably done more to bring the statute into popular hatred, ridicule, and contempt than any other provision in it. For law is not something written down; it is a system of philosophy based on custom and supported by public opinion.

On the Continent and in South America, they have revolutions. In English-speaking countries, they have nullification. It is sad; but even Machiavelli remarked that "no free government can last that is not often brought back to its first principles." And, as time goes on, it becomes increasingly evident that ours, and all other governments, are governments of men and not of laws. The judge is enjoying his passing moment of greatness; the prosecutor is exploiting his opportunity; and the humble clerk is chewing the everlasting cigar found in the mouth of every public

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employee, while he sleepily waits for the recess which will release him for the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, and the particular song and dance which awaits him in the evening wilderness.

Only the jury does not belong to the bureaucracy. Only the jury is disgusted and mad and impatient. Only the jury can cut the Gordian knots of red tape which bar the way to truth and to justice.

As Lord Brougham said, exactly one hundred years ago: "In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box."

Next month, "Jury, Democracy, and Efficiency," by Pierre Lepaulle.

TO AN AVIATOR

You who have grown so intimate with stars
And known their silver dripping from your wings,
Trod with the breaking day across the sky,
Known kinship with each meteor that swings —

You who have touched the rainbow's fragile gold,
Carved Lyric ways through dawn and dusk and rain
And soared to heights our hearts have only dreamed —
How can you walk earth's common ways again?

— *Daniel Whitehead Hicky*

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EDUCATION FOR SANITY

STEWART PATON, M.D.

Forum Education Series — VI

LAST month Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia said that education should deal, not with disembodied intelligence, but with the whole man. He urged every college to have a psychiatrist to help students adjust their personal tangles. Dr. Stewart Paton occupies this very position at Yale, and his experiment will surely be widely imitated when other colleges realize its importance. His experience convinces him that many students, while fitted for college, are in a larger sense quite unfitted for living.

AN anecdote that President Roosevelt greatly enjoyed telling was the account of a man who had invited a friend to take a ride with him in a new, recently purchased, high-powered car. The friend was cautioned not to speak to the chauffeur since the speed of the car was to be tried out on a rough road. As the car went faster and faster, the men on the back seat were jounced about and had great difficulty in keeping their places. Soon the motor swept furiously over a large mound in the road and then settled down to travel faster than ever. After having gone several miles, at very high speed, the friend on the back seat leaned forward and spoke cautiously to the chauffeur. He told the chauffeur that the owner of the car had advised him not to say a word that would take the chauffeur's attention for an instant away from steering the machine. "But," observed the friend, "I thought you might like to know that when we went over that large mound in the road about five miles back, your employer, Mr. Brown, left the car and has not been with us since."

In this over-coached, over-tutored, and over-lectured-to generation, we have less and less time to find out whether we shall be able to keep our seats in the machine that is being driven fast and furiously through life. We have little opportunity even to find out whether our fate is likely to be the same as Mr. Brown's, and whether we may expect to be bounced out of our own machine. Coaches, teachers, lecturers, reformers, prohibitionists, and promoters of various kinds drive us into and out of school, into college and out of it, into life, into society, into politics, and also into hospitals for the insane, and into courts and prisons. These well-intentioned people may succeed in fitting us for school, college, university, business, and various occupations

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and professions, while making us wretchedly unfitted to live. No wonder we are beginning to doubt whether our lives are really our own. Have we any legitimate right, to say nothing of excuse to offer, for being alive?

One of the chief functions of an education, as we see it, is to assist us to recognize the important fact that our lives *are* our own. Nobody but ourselves can lead these lives for us. If we expect to be successful in championing our rights to live, should we not know something about our living potential? What is our horse-power, and what is our brain-power? In order to have any idea of this capacity for living we should at least have time to sit still occasionally and think about our own special life problems. Success at present is measured too often in terms of perpetual motion. We have to be coached, taught, and organized to such an extent that we are not given time to think. We are bustled into educational institutions and hustled out of them.

An increasing number of people go through life without three essentials of a good education. *They have not learned to sit still, and stand still, and to enjoy their own society.* We are so busy loading our minds in much the same manner as freight cars are loaded that the average American does not have time in school or college, or in his home, to get even a superficial acquaintance with his real self. There are so many lectures, classes to be attended, and extramural activities to keep him on the run, he does not have time to get an education, to learn that living is an art. Conventional requirements and neurotic impulses force the human machine to be loaded with cargoes of rules, facts, data, and statistics. Originality is converted into mediocrity, while pretenders to originality are encouraged in their performances. Mediocrity has to be continually policed in order that it may put its best foot forward. An army of satellites of the Goddess of Mediocrity coach, tutor, and lecture us through life. We are encouraged to have everybody's opinion but our own, on sports as well as work. Our minds seldom get a chance to become the seat of abundant ideation.

The reforms that we should like to see introduced into our educational system are relatively simple ones. We believe, however, that the effect of these proposed changes on the American mind would justify their introduction. Educational institutions should encourage pupils to acquire the art of sitting still and standing still long enough to prepare their minds to know them-

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selves, and to find definite intellectual satisfaction when left to enjoy their own company. If these reforms were carried into effect, it would give a great many human beings an opportunity to find out something about the make of the machine they are trying to run through life. They would begin to ask themselves whether their engine was a high or low-powered one, whether the machine climbed hills easily and well, and whether the brakes were in good condition so that, if necessary, the machine could be stopped, or at least the speed slowed down on curves or while descending steep grades.

At first we should not expect many people to become greatly interested in the complex activities of the wonderful human machine. We might, however, hope that a few would get the idea that it is at least as important to have expert chauffeurs for the human machine as it is to steer the ordinary motor. Gradually the public would come to understand that there are certain guiding principles with which we must be familiar if we expect to run the human machine without unnecessary danger of accident. Soon people would begin to realize that it might be possible to educate without inflicting irreparable damage on both body and mind. They would also understand that if we started out to fit ourselves for life as well as for college, we should first have some competent physician tell us about our internal organs and their functions, and point out to us whether we have bodily or mental defects which make it necessary for us to modify our habits of life in order to make satisfactory compensation and not to add unnecessarily to our difficulties in living.

Once this idea was appreciated, then we might consider the traits or qualities expressed in temperament and character, which indicate whether the machine is pursuing a course adapted to its capacity, or whether it would be advisable to reorder our ways of living. Without this information we may be trained, but we never can be educated. It is high time that we should not look upon a man or woman as educated who graduates *summa cum laude* at twenty and has a nervous breakdown at thirty.

We do not wish to be misunderstood and have anyone think that we are in favor of adding amendments to the Constitution, making it compulsory for Americans to sit and stand still and enjoy their own company. If the average American citizen learned to sit and stand relatively quietly, and was encouraged to find pleasure in his own thoughts, there would probably not

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be a prohibitionist left in the country. Prohibitionists — and there are many others besides the Volstead type — are people who are driven through life by fits and starts and are afraid of the strange propulsive forces dominating human activities and shaping personalities. Probably no government has ever expressed itself so frankly as the American government in its fear that many citizens may become temperate and sane. The chief motives of prohibitionism produce anxiety and terror of temperate living. The heaven where temperate people live would be a hell for the prohibitionist.

Probably it is no exaggeration to say, that should we acquire the habit of living which makes it easy for us to sit and stand quietly and to enjoy our own company, we would be doing more to aid in the progress of civilization than if we proved our capacity to satisfy most of the intelligence tests that are now given indiscriminately to students in schools, colleges, and universities. The person who does not know what to do when he has leisure is pretty sure to skid whenever he tries to travel through life at a high rate of speed. A person who has to lecture to keep up his own enthusiasm, to reform other people in order to save his own mind or soul, to attend committee meetings merely to satisfy the neurotic craving to be of some use in the world, is practically engaged in the manufacture of explosives and may easily become a menace to public health and sane ways of living.

Our suggested changes in the educational system will not precipitate any revolution. The changes are more closely associated with the idea of evolution than of revolution. If we should learn to sit still and stand still, we might find time to face the facts of evolution. Revolutionary procedures are frequently the products of minds that have not the courage to face the facts of evolution. The emotional and mental attitudes expressed in our present educational system can only change gradually. It is absurd to think that we could suddenly do away with our present system and substitute one which will be a great improvement on what we have now. There are certain modifications in the present system, which doubtless can be made, which would be of certain advantage to educators and even of more advantage to those who are being educated. We cannot change habits and beliefs as quickly as we do our clothes. If we set out to bring about reasonable modifications in our educational system, why should we not use what intelligence we possess to introduce these changes? In

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order to show that we have qualities that belong to true educators, we must begin by endorsing methods requiring both skill and tact to make changes effective. Once we decide not to exhibit the fanaticism of revolutionists or prohibitionists, we should appreciate the significance of Montesquieu's words, that supreme skill is required in order "to suggest where you cannot compel, to guide where you cannot demand." For the present let us be satisfied merely to suggest to the American people to learn to sit still, stand still, and enjoy keeping company with their real and not their imaginary selves.

Of course, it will take time to make these changes effective. We shall find that many of the chief educators — the parents — require a good deal of re-education. The American mother travels at a pretty high rate of speed through life. She does not stop very long to consider the question of whether the family seated on the back seat will be able to keep their places in the machine. The average American father, partly driven by fear of himself and by the anxiety caused by trying to keep up with his wife, does not encourage his children to know either themselves or their parents.

Some of the representatives of the newer schools of philosophy tell us that we should not devote too much attention to the study of human beings, but should consider only their relations to society. This view expresses a half-truth, and is based on a half-belief. Man, no doubt, is a social animal, or, at least when he is on his good behavior, he tries hard to behave as a social animal should. During the period of embryonic development, before he has formed social relations, he is engaged chiefly in laying the foundations for his individuality. This first part of life is very largely taken up with learning to adjust his internal organs to each other, so that they will run smoothly without unnecessary friction after birth. On his success in establishing these decidedly individualistic relations, depends a great deal of his later success in becoming socialized, because, when anything goes wrong in the internal mechanism, later disorders of adjustment to the social environment usually are both numerous and serious.

We are bound to consider man first as an individual, and then as a social organism. Perhaps it is nearer the truth to say we cannot discuss the two sets of relations separately. At present, in certain quarters, too much attention is paid to the establishment of artificial distinctions. The emphasis placed on these distinctions is a method we often choose to make the memories of imperfect

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and troublesome internal adjustments less poignant. We deprecate references to theories that do not subordinate the individual completely to society. Frequently this way of expressing our selfishness diverts attention from vanities and follies. Our neurotic urges do not give us time to think about any of our own personal troubles. We resemble pacifists who talk continually about peace because their own unresolved personal conflicts, and not the hatred of war, have forced them to express their views in a form indicative of pervasive mediocrity.

Occasionally, when forced by unusual circumstances to sit down long enough to think consecutively, we get some idea of the nature of the conflicts encountered as we attempt to adapt ourselves to our environment. No living being should expect to avoid these conflicts. We should accept the idea of conflict as inevitable, and then try to walk, not on the clouds, but on the solid ground of facts. Among the facts we need to know are that we are alive, and have to exert ourselves, often strenuously, in order to live. Generally we are strenuous without being fully conscious of the reasons for our high-pressure activities. We settle a good many conflicts by eating, drinking, sleeping, making merry, and endeavoring to maintain some kind of an equilibrium. If we do not succeed in establishing and maintaining an equilibrium, we are flustered. Usually we do not appreciate that we are entitled to a certain amount of tranquillity and peace of mind. During periods of rest and tranquillity our batteries are being recharged. Life is made up of alternating periods of disturbance and tranquillity. Here in America success is measured largely by the number of disturbances we actually experience; the periods of tranquillity, which are just as essential for efficient and successful living, count for little.

One of our conspicuous failings is an inability to think through a question. We are driven by incongruous impulses and half-beliefs to pin our faith on the efficacy of advertising, or the carrying on of some special form of propaganda to compensate for the discomfiture caused by not wishing to make any prolonged efforts to be both logical and sane. Even in campaigns to stimulate interest in mental hygiene or eugenics we feel obliged to throw sops to Cerberus. The ideas we advocate have "to be sold" at any price. We prefer to peddle our supply of half-beliefs, rather than frankly call attention to the urgent need for encouraging investigators to find out more about the nature of mental dis-

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orders, or the laws governing heredity. The methods adopted to carry on any form of propaganda, particularly propaganda supposed to appeal to reason, should be above suspicion, and not even indirectly suggest humbug, dishonesty, and Jesuitical practices.

The tendency is increasing in schools and colleges to give pupils the kind of emotional preparation required by people who expect to encounter only disturbances and to ride through life only in high-powered cars or airplanes. Perhaps some day we shall be coached, tutored, and compelled to learn to walk. Complicated systems will teach us to walk and lead the simple life.

The question is often asked whether one of the functions of an education is to teach useful subjects. No one will pretend for a moment that a man who has been through school and college should not be useful to himself. His efforts to get a reasonable amount of food, drink, sleep, as well as peace of mind, are both commendable and useful. His education will also be useful if it assists him to get rid of harassing doubts and fears, and develop qualities indicative of intelligence when called upon to face critical situations in life.

A good illustration of a useless education is one that makes a person so ashamed and afraid of his own body as to wish to deny its existence. If the body has cut up such emotional capers that its owner does not wish to acknowledge ownership, he has to be satisfied with a split-off body and a split-up mind. The numbers of people who accept the doctrines of Christian Science show how many persons there are in every community who lack courage to face their personal difficulties. These intemperate wishers prefer to live temporarily in make-believe heavens rather than face the realities of life. Many of them really have excellent reasons for not wishing to meet their bodies. The Christian Scientist prefers bodily comfort to intelligence. He is so anxious to have peace of mind at any cost that he does not dare to face even the shadow of his own rebellious body. He adopts a very light-headed way of securing a certain amount of peace of mind. Peace of mind obtained by these methods is allied to the tranquillity that comes from fiddling while Rome burns.

Controversies as to whether useful subjects should or should not be taught in colleges no longer interest us to the same degree as they once did. This change began when we decided to be more

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explicit about the meaning of the word "useful." A genuinely useful education increases our chances for making satisfactory adjustments in living, prepares us to face difficult situations in life with some assurance of accomplishing what we set out to do, and also brings rewards for efforts in the shape of a definite sense of satisfaction. A good many people who consider themselves champions of whatever is useful, when asked to present their records of usefulness, can only show long lists of engagements, appointments, conferences, committee meetings, and hasty accounts of bustling through life. These people show little appreciation of the kind of usefulness which creates in us a desire to be left alone with our own thoughts long enough to recognize constructive and creative ideas and ideals.

We hear a great deal to-day about the meaning of a liberal education. Less, however, is said about the ways open to us to increase our liberal-mindedness. It is astonishing how little we do to encourage the formation of habits, outlooks, and beliefs, that give us a broader and saner outlook on life. If we have physical defects, short or farsightedness, difficulty in hearing, restricted breathing capacity, irregular heart action, delayed or incompleted digestion, it is important for our emotional balance and mental vision that we make the right kind of emotional compensations for these troubles. Unless reasonable compensations are made for physical defects, we are apt to see life in distorted perspective. Many people rely on the lifting power of wishes and take no thought of the question of compensations until disillusioned by dramatic episodes in their lives. At such times the emotional pressure is so great, they can only go with the currents, and, despairing, are plunged into periods when thwarted emotions are expressed in cynicism and hatred, or some other equally undesirable and destructive mental attitude.

Once compensations for defects are effected, then comes the problem of directing emotional and mental trends so pupils will feel the need of getting rid of the childish attitude of mind that is without intellectual interests. The average student in American colleges and universities is very immature, often childish in his lack of intelligent intellectual interests in life. This is one indication of the effects of triumphant mediocrity. Young people have to be fitted for college without much attention being paid to the larger, more important problem of fitting them to live. Having been made dependent upon so many props upon which to lean for

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diversion, amusement, and occupation, undergraduates do not feel any need to find expression for deeper emotional interests in life, except at levels that satisfy immature and mentally undeveloped persons. The bottle-fed and over-stimulated American college student readily falls a victim to cheer leaders who tell him when to shout or to sit quietly, and how to link emotions, but not intelligence, to the service of some particular college.

The emotional state of many American students toward their colleges or universities gives very little indication that any intelligent effort has been made to assist in the reconstruction of beliefs along lines that will encourage postgraduate mental development. Minds have not been prepared to accept the fact that doubts, not certainties, usually stimulate people to think. Students are viewed with suspicion if heard to express doubts about their particular college or university being *the* best educational institution in "God's own country." Alumni-made opinions are expected to replace personal views. Implicit, but not debatable beliefs, are encouraged to the extent of sacrificing interest in cultivating the kind of critical spirit necessary for the production of sound, constructive motives and ideas. No wonder America, in its intellectual life, shows the effect that cheer leaders as well as sob leaders have in directing public opinion into channels indicative of mediocrity. Standardized opinions are quickly substituted for critically constructive thoughts. Minds are prepared to believe sensational headlines, or advertisements painted in sufficiently striking colors, and to accept the race-betterment programmes of people manufacturing certain kinds of food.

So far as we know, there does not seem to be any reason to be unduly anxious about our future. Instead of going through life on wheels, we may still decide to use our legs and walk. If we employ this means of locomotion there is still a chance we may sit down in some attractive spot, and ask ourselves, "Why do we wish to be fitted to go to college?" When we have deliberately taken time to formulate a reasonable reply to that riddle, we shall then be in a better position to answer the still more important question, "What sort of a fitting do we require to live?" If the wingless Goddess of Mediocrity rides in an open automobile instead of a chariot, she may bounce out of the car, and then Democracy may still present us with a sane method of progression.

Next month, "The Junior College," by Marion Coats.

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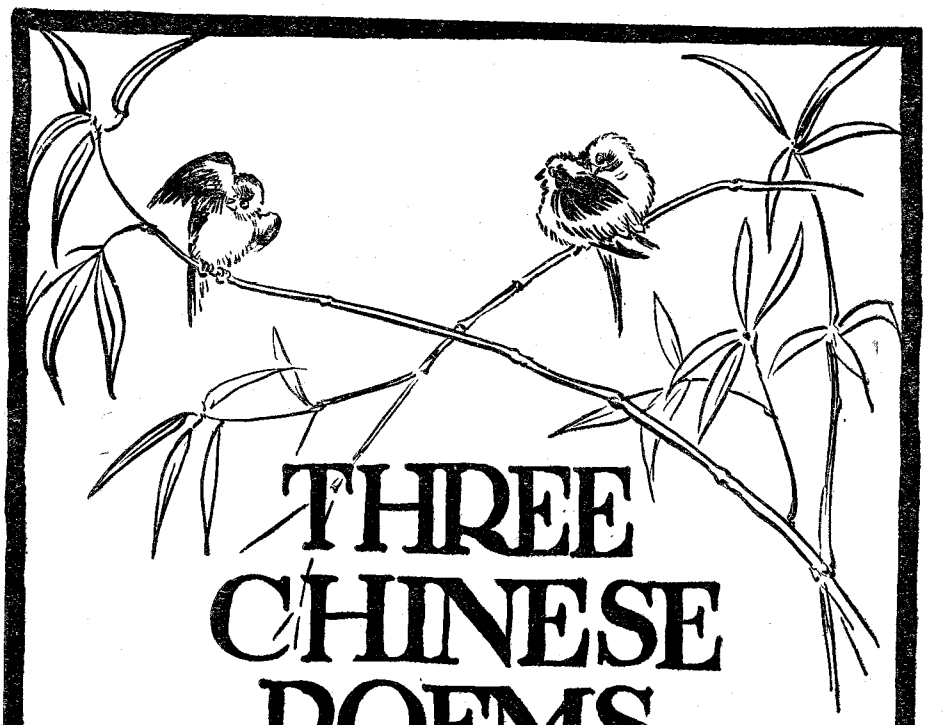

THREE CHINESE POEMS

TRANSLATIONS
BY
ARTHUR WALEY

BLOCK PRINTS BY L·L·BALCOM

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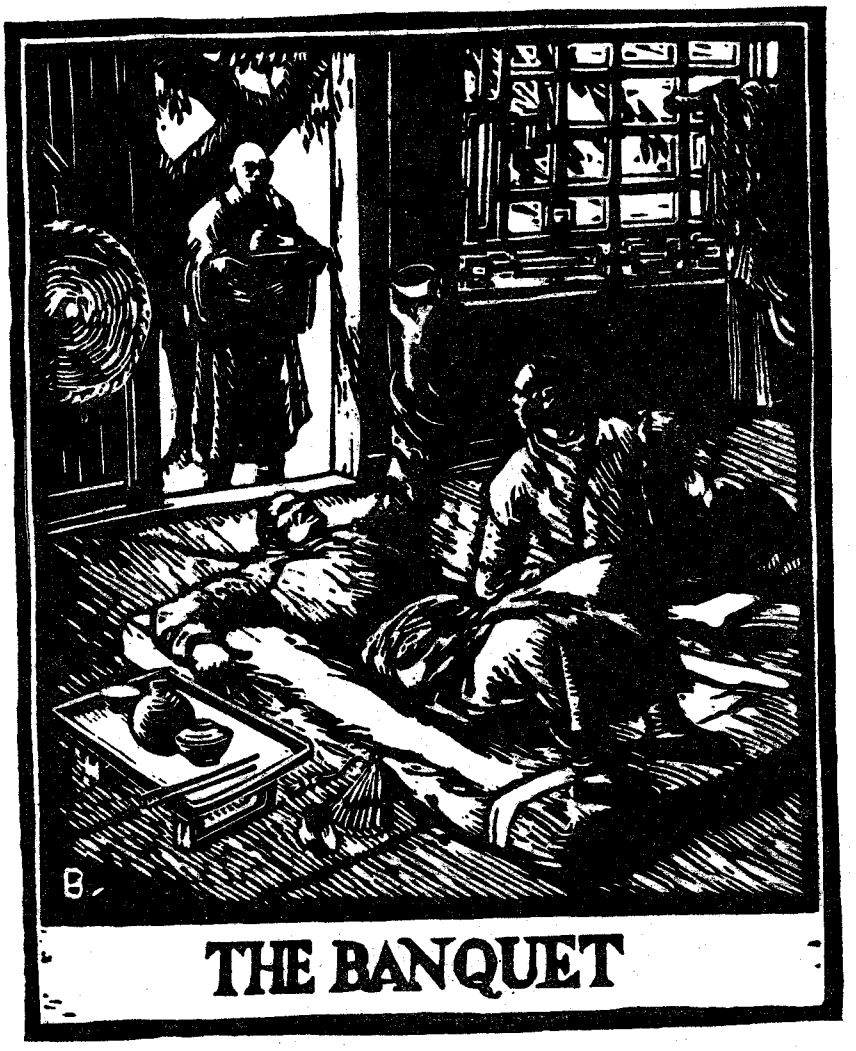

THE BANQUET

In the eastern quarter stars flicker pale,
Yet here we stay, far too drunk to rise.
At first we quarreled and some of us came to blows;
Now we are quietly laughing and playing on the floor.
The clothes on our backs are dabbled with spilt wine;
The letters we trace fall from our pens awry.
In all men's lives there are few such meetings as this;
Wine is cheap. Let us buy some more.

By Han Yu 768–824 A. D.

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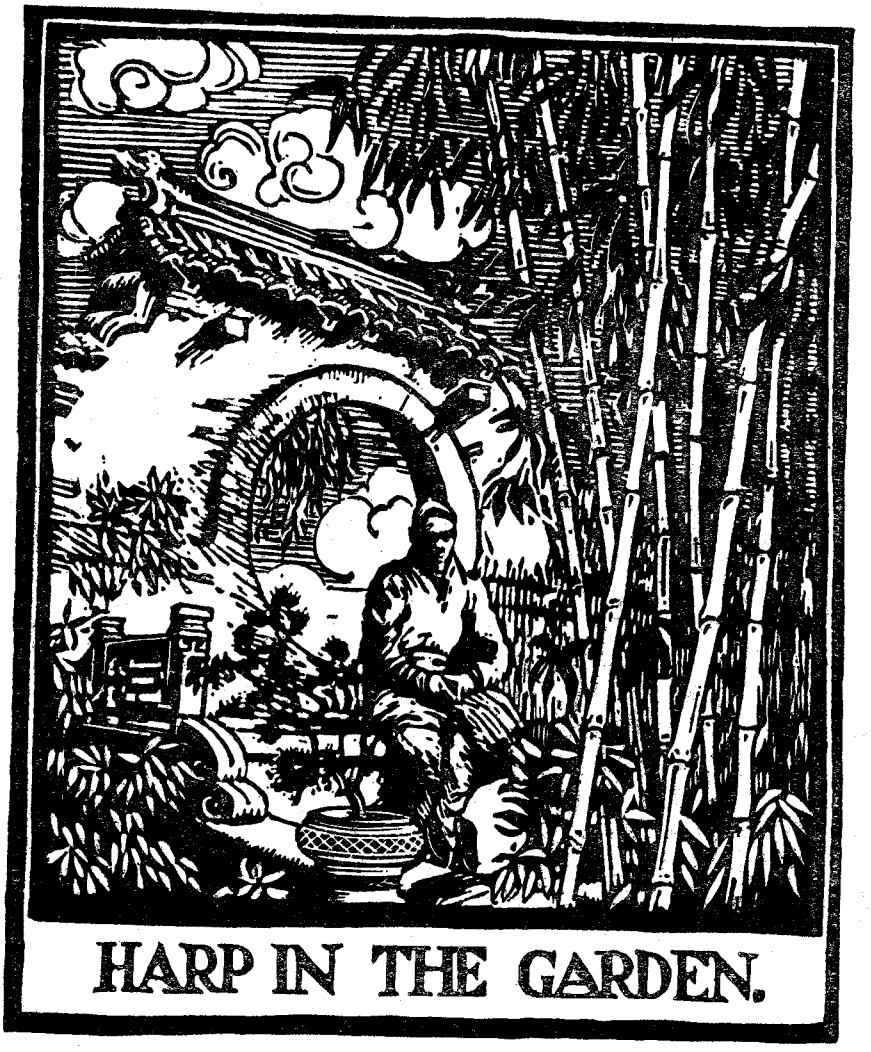

HARP IN THE GARDEN.

I took my harp and laid it on the slanting desk;
But sat idly, and the tunes stayed in my head.
Why should I trouble to stroke and twist the strings
When the wind jars them and makes a music of its own?

By Po Chu-i 772-846 A. D.

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THE MULBERRY TREE.

At the side of the road is an old rotten tree;
Since it withered many mornings have passed.
The bark is bright; outside it is still alive;
But the heart is black; for a tree rots from the core.
And so it is with the greatest sorrows of man;
The grief that slays him springs always from within.

By Po Chu-i 772-846 A. D.

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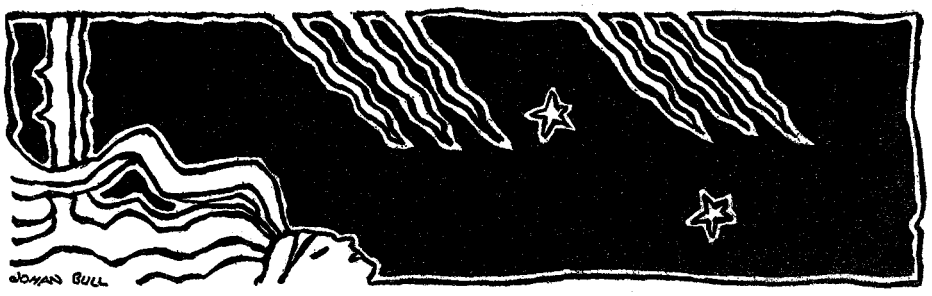

SLEEP

Part II

D. F. Fraser-Harris, M.D.

MUCH might be written about the hygiene of sleep, but common sense would dictate most of it. It is an axiom of personal hygiene that the bedroom should have some direct communication with the outer air. We should be able to open the window if we find that we do not thereby chill the room to such a degree that sleep is banished by the coldness of the air itself. A chimney in the room insures ventilation, even when the window is shut. Doubtless in a "dead" calm, no air is moving up the chimney, but the slightest breeze will draw air out of the chimney pot and cause the air in the room to be slowly changed, which is the essence of ventilation. The unventilated bedrooms of a past day were responsible for much tuberculosis — a bedroom disease. Some of the holes under roofs and in dark corners where domestic servants were in times past expected to sleep were hygienic outrages.

If possible, the bedroom should give access to the sun on account of the sterilizing effect of sunlight. During the day, air and light should pour through the bedroom. Its dust should not be stirred up by a broom, but be removed by a vacuum cleaner or a wet duster.

All these remarks apply with special force to nurseries or rooms occupied by children. The immune adult may come unscathed through conditions which would be very bad for children; but children ought to be allowed plenty of time for sleep, and never be roused from their slumbers to "do" lessons on empty stomachs

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before breakfast. In the schools of a past day much hygienic cruelty of this kind was practised, doubtless through ignorance of elementary physiology. It was refined cruelty to tear growing children from their warm beds and make them dress there and then, often in the cold and the dark, and go down to a cold school-room where, without food, they proceeded to "learn lessons" or "practise the piano."

The schoolmasters and mistresses have themselves learned some lessons since those days, so that schools are now, almost without exception, so well conducted on the lines of sound physiology that the boys and girls "just love" to return to school. Fifty years ago one would have been thought mad who prophesied that the future schoolboy would go *willingly* to his lessons.

That some eminent and highly intellectual men have been able to go through life with very little sleep is no precedent for the multitude. There have been some robust men of genius whom men of weaker clay should not try to imitate.

> The very *worst* way
> To lengthen the day
> Is to steal a few hours from the night,

we may be permitted to parody Moore by affirming.

The hygiene of sleep resolves itself into the prevention or treatment of insomnia, and we may first consider the forms which arise from more or less mechanical conditions. The mattress should, if possible, be what is called "springy," a condition which is fulfilled by some of the excellent wire mattresses — if they

Sleeping Schedule

(Arranged for schools by the late Dr. Clement Dukes, of Rugby)

	Number of hours for sleep	*Time preferred*
All under 6 years	13	6 P.M. to 7 A.M.
Between 6 and 7 years	12.5	6.30 " " 7 "
" 7 " 8 "	12	7 " " 7 "
" 8 " 9 "	11.5	7.30 " " 7 "
" 9 " 10 "	11	8 " " 7 "
" 10 " 13 "	10.5	8.30 " " 7 "
" 13 " 15 "	10	9 " " 7 "
" 15 " 17 "	9.5	9.30 " " 7 "
" 17 " 19 "	9	10 " " 7 "

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possess sufficient elasticity. That atrocious hygienic outrage, the feather bed has, let us hope, been banished from decent society forever. Mattresses of that type, stuffed with feathers, were unsuitable in every respect, for they were absolutely devoid of ventilation, allowed none of the body heat to escape, and were pretty sure to get into lumps which interfered with rest.

Owing to considerations of cleanliness, sleeping in sheets is preferable to sleeping in blankets; but sleep can be banished by too few clothes as well as too many, and in cold weather rheumatic people would be well advised to sleep in warmed (aired) blankets. Blankets of a high degree of smoothness and pliability are now on the market.

Cold feet are a tantalizing source of sleeplessness. The ordinary rubber hot-water bottle may be used without any fear of chilblains, for the liability to chilblains is constitutional; that is to say, those who are predisposed to chilblains will get them whether they use a hot-water bottle or not. It seems very absurd to waste several hours of the precious time devoted to sleep in waiting for cold feet to warm up.

By far the greater number of cases of sleeplessness, however, are due to psychic causes — a too active brain, as in writers, actors, men of science, and thinkers generally. Some cases, are of course, due to emotional disturbances experienced shortly before bedtime. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are a classic instance of one source of insomnia.

The principle of treating all these cases is the same, namely, to induce some blood to leave the brain by causing a flow of it to another part of the body. It is certain that there is less blood in the brain during sleep and that it is under reduced pressure. We may first try to bring the unwanted blood to the stomach. A warm, digestible, and not too large meal may be taken a few minutes before bedtime. Some people find that going to bed with the stomach empty is a cause of insomnia; they therefore eat a few biscuits kept beside the bed. A large glass of warm milk taken shortly before bedtime is another excellent soporific. People should always give these methods a trial before resorting to drugs.

In a great many cases, a warm bath just before going to bed is all that is required to draw blood from the brain to the skin. In only a few cases does the hot bath so stimulate the heart that its rapid action keeps the would-be sleeper awake. The soothing and soporific effects of massage after a hot bath are well known

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to athletes; and the hot bath and the massage together have the effect of warding off the stiffness and pain of the overworked muscles. Even massage alone is an admirable sedative.

When a person is sleepless from trying to go to sleep in a stuffy room in which, perhaps, he has been working all day (a bed-sitting room, studio-bedroom, bed in the study), a brisk walk in the open air is often all that is necessary. Exercise takes the blood into the skin and muscles and therefore away from the brain. When sleep will not come easily owing to lack of exercise, a nocturnal walk is often sufficient to put matters right. As to removing the causes of emotional insomnia, one cannot do better than quote the ancient exhortation — "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

One of the causes of sleeplessness of which people very often complain is the inability to "relax" their muscles. Now, the relaxation of muscles is not exactly a thing which can be done to order. Muscles are relaxed in consequence of the general diminution of their tone, which, as we have seen, is a concomitant of the process of falling asleep. When the functional activity of nerve centres is being quelled, then, as part of this, the innervation of muscles is less intense and they become relaxed. But for physicians to command their patients to go to bed and relax their muscles is about as sensible as telling an intelligent person to go to bed and think of nothing. It is bad psychophysiology. Anything like conscious, voluntary contraction of the muscles is highly undesirable, but it will not occur provided the would-be sleeper composes himself in a proper frame of mind in a suitable sleep-producing environment.

No doubt much can be done voluntarily to assist the coming of sleep; but the old recommendation to count the sheep passing through a gap in the hedge is good, in its way, and has been sufficient for the requirements of many generations of sleepless ones. Any form of slight mental preoccupation which tends to the withdrawal of attention from one's surroundings and definite trains of thought is to be adopted.

We can quite appreciate the one person included in *Who's*

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Who who enters under "Recreations" the word "sleeping." In some circumstances to be unconscious is as blissful as to be ignorant.

In the future, sleep will be recognized to be as necessary to bodily function as breathing, eating, drinking, or excreting. A man's right to eat and drink — that is, to live — has always been admitted even by the most primitive and faulty systems of laws. When a man steals food either because he is starving or because his wife and children are, the judge deals very leniently with him. The story goes that when a starving man who had stolen a loaf told Dr. Johnson that he must live, Dr. Johnson replied: "You must not steal, but I don't know that you must live" — or words to that effect. Johnson was, of course, jocularly reducing the matter to an absurdity. In the future, sleep will be acknowledged as a subject just as suitable for hygienic legislation as food, drink, or drains.

The right of children in families of all social levels to unbroken rest will become more and more self-evident. The physicians at the St. Andrew's Institute for Clinical Research, Scotland, have some interesting comments on this subject in their fifth annual report. They remark that "certain infants brought up in noisy and unrestful surroundings fail to thrive in spite of the most careful regulation of their diet. On their removal to quiet and restful surroundings, improvement is at once manifest." In the city of the future, any disturbance of the sleep of infants will be unthinkable. Insomnia will be regarded as a condition as serious in personal hygiene as asthma, indigestion, or constipation.

The right of all adult persons to eight hours of tranquil repose in full unconsciousness every night will be held as inalienable as their right to exist. Sleep is not a privilege of the few; it is a physiological necessity for all. It is such a necessity that it will supervene in spite of all things — hunger, wretchedness, the King's Regulations, or the certainty of being hanged next morning. It is capital crime in a military sense for a sentry to be found asleep at his post; but if "love laughs at locksmiths," then sleep spurns conventions and curses regulations.

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Sleep is a psychophysiological commandment. It is the twelfth commandment — "Thou shalt not be found awake." (About the eleventh, there seems some doubt; some authorities give it as, "Thou shalt not throw pearls before swine.")

In the scientifically planned cities of the future, there will be quarters where the hospitals and nursing-homes will be found together, so that they may be most especially protected from all noise. It will be recognized by the civic authorities of that time that the patients must be able to sleep soundly at any hour of the twenty-four; and that the night nurses must be enabled to sleep soundly through the day. Indeed, the whole city will be so planned that the bedrooms of the houses will look out on quiet places, not by accident but by design. Hitherto, the town planner or "city father" has not waked up to the conviction that sleep is not a luxury but an imperative function. At present we sleep how and where we can, usually in the midst of an auditory pandemonium caused by every kind of cacophony. We snatch at sleep as if it were something not only fugitive but actually interdicted.

The Agony of Noise

The mechanically propelled vehicles of our modern traffic roar and scream and hoot and howl like prehistoric monsters in their death agonies. A front bedroom in a London house is a nocturnal phono-purgatory. The "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal" of St. Paul are sweet melodies compared with the assaults on our ears which are nightly perpetrated in the interests of civilization. On Sundays, church bells add their clangor to the din and remind us that their use originated in futile attempts to drive away devils — which they have apparently not succeeded in doing.

As night draws on, the extra heavy traffic deliberately increases in weight and volume. Vast furniture vans, rushing to and from the country, boom along the streets, shaking the very houses. Steam engines of crude construction, dragging cars of cruder, rumble along filled with every imaginable material, and the heavier the better. Newsboys with damnable iteration in unintelligible accents shout something about races or murders, for the details of which we could perfectly well wait until the worries of the next day have begun. In certain of the less fashionable streets, men selling fruit, fish, and firewood from handcarts bawl over these things. Nor can we be certain at any distance —

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even if we wish to be — whether they are selling fish, flesh, or good red herring. Railway whistles shriek, steamer sirens yell, until one wonders whether these inanimate objects have suddenly come to life and are recoiling from the horror of it. Our neighbors on the other side of thin walls play the piano or practise the violin or French horn. The gramophone is "turned on," to the dismay of all who are outside the zone of distinct audibility. And when that grinder has ceased, the loud speaker of a radio is forced unwillingly upon our distracted attention.

Apropos of grinders, we have to confess that the wandering, ape-accompanied Italian no longer attempts to charm us as formerly with his sequence of sweet sounds. Nor do we now encounter the exiled sons of Germany, so far from the Fatherland, bringing, as they were wont, the music of the privileged country to our unmusical shores.

But the night advances, and the lower creation takes up the symphony. In the "silent" country the dogs bark with alternate insistence, and in the city cats fight — or if it is not fighting, it sounds indistinguishable from it — with an earnestness that seems out of all proportion to the cause of the dispute. Toward early morning, the factory whistles issue their peremptory summons; and if cocks have not crowed, it is because just here there are none to do so. Later, the milkman's boy, "light-hearted wretch," early as it is, "whistles as he goes."

We cannot but think of Thomas Carlyle's attempt to protect himself from his neighbor's poultry by building a room with double walls. Had his knowledge of the physics of sound been as penetrating as the noises he wished to exclude, he would have known that an air-filled space is a perfect conductor. That a soundproof room can be constructed has, however, been demonstrated by Professor Zwaardemaaker of Utrecht, who has constructed a room so perfectly soundproof that the sounds of one's pulse beats are audible in it.

At one time, the city of Berlin was a model for other places in the matter of nocturnal tranquillity insured by civic authority. Anyone shouting, singing, or whistling in any street after eleven P.M., was liable to arrest. It seems that this rigor has been somewhat relaxed; but at any rate the outward quiet of German cities at night is a lesson to cities nearer home.

A certain amount of legislation will be enacted in the near future in the interests of sleep — legislation exactly comparable

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to that already passed in the interests of pure air, pure food, and proper drainage. Noise will be regarded in the Public Health Acts as a nuisance, as certain stenches from the noxious trades are now regarded.

So important a factor is sleep in its relations to the public health that in the near future it will be granted recognition by the Ministry of Health. In the laboratories of Public Health in the future, men and women will conduct researches into the psychobiology of the onset of sleep, into the nature of fatigue toxins and into the causes underlying sleeplessness. In these investigations, the specially constructed, vertically vibrating mattress will be employed to discover what is the precise reason for the sleep-producing power of this mechanism. When the cause of sleeplessness is that variety of asthma called "anaphylactic," in which susceptibility increases, it is suggested that absolutely dust-free, odor-free air should be delivered to the interior of a specially constructed sleeping cabinet.

The Abused Brain Worker

The claims of brain workers might now and again come in for a little civic recognition comparable to the trouble that is taken over the well-being of the laboring masses. It is perfectly outrageous that in a street like St. James's in London, where intellectual people congregate, it should be necessary for a worker with his brain to have to go out and formally charge an itinerant musician with creating a nuisance. Where a band of men are producing unwelcome sounds on "musical instruments," it should not be necessary for the distressed "party" to have to prosecute personally, or at least be troubled to go to the police court and "charge" the noise producers. Some new by-laws are necessary, which will enlarge the category of auditory nuisance to include all assaults on the sense of hearing.

The police in the city of the future will have such enlarged powers that they will deal very effectively with cases of this sort. The same applies to dignified residential districts sometimes miscalled "quiet." In one of these, a person singing in the street

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

can disturb an entire square in which the fretful child is being coaxed in vain to sleep, the tired mother anxious for rest, the weary invalid craving repose, and the busy brain worker endeavoring to get some coherent ideas transferred from his mind to paper.

In the city of the future these disturbances will be regarded with curiosity as examples of what were once permitted in a cruder and noisier age. In that day, men will crave for quiet and enjoy auditory repose. Din and clamor will be considered not only wholly unnecessary, but as the expression of ugliness in relation to the sense of hearing. Just as now we protest more or less vigorously at having to live with what is ugly in a visual sense, so in that day sonorous ugliness will be quite as vehemently cursed. Already in the United States valuable research work into the psychophysiology of sleep has been done, notably at Johns Hopkins University and at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh.

Quite recently Professor Spooner, discussing "preventable noise and the thinker," has reminded us that continuous noise was really fatigue-producing, even though people believed they were getting accustomed to it. Professor Spooner referred to the noisy variety of music known as "jazz," with which we are assailed not only in dance halls but also in restaurants. He said he liked to converse with his friends in restaurants but often found this impossible. The very exasperating pneumatic drills for breaking up the concrete of the streets were also remarked on, and the serious depreciation in the value of house property in consequence of a district's becoming noisy.

In the city of the future those things will not be. In the restaurants, just as no one will be compelled to inhale someone else's smoke, so no one will be compelled to absorb someone else's noise. The streets will not be torn up, because, before they are laid down, thought will be taken for the hygienic morrow and they will be planned by prescient engineers.

The subject of *dreams* will be looked into systematically both by physiologists and psychologists.

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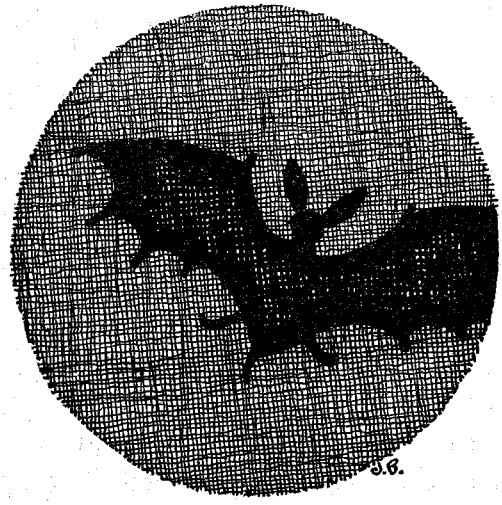
By extending Maury's experimental method, a great deal of new light will be thrown on the physical aspect of oneirogenesis, or the origin of dreams. Similarly, the psychical aspect of the problem will receive systematic and expert attention. Hitherto this subject has been largely in the hands of amateurs, of whom J. W. Dunne is so good an example. In his interesting book, *An Experiment with Time*, he gives much evidence that the content of certain dreams is that of events still in the future instead of in the past "experience" of the percipient.

Dreams will be viewed as the hallucinations of sane people asleep and, as such, will be investigated in a fruitful manner. The alleged telepathic nature of one class of dreams will be critically gone into, and some theory of dream production more satisfactory than we have at present will be elaborated. In particular, Freud's hypothesis of the production and significance of dreaming will be submitted to searching criticism.

These workers in the future will try to grasp the alleged relations of dreaming to personality as expressed either in the waking consciousness or in the so-called subliminal. The entire Freudian system will be asked to justify itself. Here neurologists, alienists, and criminologists will be invited to coöperate with psychologists, so that not only the medical profession but also the public may have some assurance regarding the value and permanence of the system associated with the name of Sigmund Freud.



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BED-TIME STORIES FOR GROWN-UP PEOPLE

With Apologies to Our Best Children's Writers

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THERE has come into being lately a new and very charming school of literature which deals with the animals, not as they are but as they might be. Skinko the Skunk turns into a merry little companion, a little saucy at times but without malice. Warto the Toad sits complacently under a broad leaf, talking with Squirmo the Worm. Old Mr. Hawk hovers gently overhead looking kindly down and wondering whom to eat. The whole animal kingdom is thus suffused with such a soft and drowsy atmosphere, that the little children lay their tired heads on the pillow and go to sleep dreaming of it.

Isn't it beautiful? And what a pity it seems that we can't do the same for grown-up life. The only part of our modern newspaper that breathes out this entrancing atmosphere of universal happiness is that little corner of the children's page. All the rest of it is filled with battles and crimes, with murder and sudden death.

Come let us see if we can't do something to straighten this out. Let us take a piece of news out of a modern journal, the first to hand and the first random item we see, and try if we cannot rewrite it with the human breadth of kindliness of a bed-time story. Here, what is this? This looks like the kind of thing that we want —

"DARING BURGLARY IN RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT
DESPERATE CRIMINAL DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED

"Friday Apr. 1. Last night at an advanced hour burglars broke into the cellars of the residence of Mr. Surplus Overall, the well known stock broker, and were in the act of ransacking the house when a sudden alarm brought the police to the scene. After a fusilade of shots had been exchanged the burglars made good their escape with the exception of one man who was desperately wounded in the fray and captured. The apparent motive was robbery."

But, dear me! that sounds altogether too harsh, too brutal!

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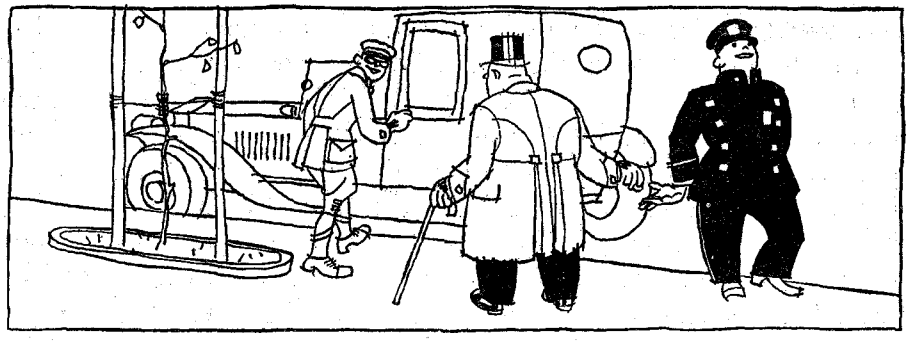

It is a criminal world indeed in which such things as that can happen. Let us see if we can rewrite it, so as to give it that soft and gentle touch of the bed-time story.

Try it like this —

Away down in the crowded part of the city lives Fuzzy the Burglar in a hole of his own that nobody else can find. He has an old fur coat with the fur nearly all eaten off of it and so he is called Fuzzy. He looks very different from Fatto the capitalist whose sleek fur coat glistens and ripples as he walks, and very different from Stocko the Broker who is all covered with rich fur and silk lining from his neck to his feet and his paws.

But Fuzzy hardly ever sees these because he doesn't get out by day but lies round in his hole and sleeps and only goes out at night. Fuzzy sees better at night. Sometimes he wanders at night away up into the part of the town where Fatto and Stocko live and where there are so many trees that it is like a wood. Often as he goes past their houses, Fuzzy's quick nose catches delicious smells wafted from the kitchens and he knows that Fatto or Stocko is having a feast, with nuts and elderberry wine. My! How Fuzzy would like to be in that feast! Only of course he can't be in it because Fatto and Stocko won't let him come in.

In fact, in order to keep Fuzzy out, they have Coppo the Cop walking up and down in the street outside, under the electric light, just to keep Fuzzy away.

Coppo likes to walk under the light because then everybody can see him and see what a sleek coat he has and how plump he is. Now and again Coppo will stand still and swing his arms so as to beat himself with his big paws: partly because his instinct tells him that that is good for his circulation. If Coppo didn't beat his arms like this perhaps he wouldn't have any circulation at all.

Now when Coppo stands on his beat, he sees all the people that

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live along his street come home in their limousine cars, and of course he knows them all. And when he sees Stocko the Broker go by, he says to himself, "There's Stocko coming home," and he puts his paw up to his hat to show that he knows him. Then presently he sees Skin the Lawyer and Scratchy the Notary drive home, and at last he sees Clubbo the Club Man come crawling home along the edge of the sidewalk, because it is Clubbo's instinct not to trust the sidewalk in case it should rise up and hit him. And at last Coppo says, "They are all home." And he goes and stands under the lamp and leans against the lamppost because he knows that that is good for his back. And he wishes that he was at home too. Away down in the deeper part of the city Coppo has a mate and a lot of little Coppos all round and plump like himself. But of course he can't be at home with them because he has to stay under the lamppost and then if anything has happened he can run off as fast as he can on his fat legs to the Station House and say, "Something has happened!"

But all the time while Coppo is standing there he is really watching for Fuzzy the Burglar. And he says to himself, "I wonder where Fuzzy is to-night," and, "I wonder what Fuzzy is doing." He looks up and down the street and toward all the dark corners and thinks, "Perhaps Fuzzy is in there."

So presently, on the night we are going to talk about, Fuzzy came along the street, only he didn't come along open-heartedly, like Fatto the Capitalist and Stocko the Broker. He came sneaking along and sneaking along, and when he saw Coppo looking he stood quite still in the shadow and growled to himself and showed his teeth with all the fur on his old coat standing up with apprehension.

And presently, when Coppo was looking the wrong way, Fuzzy got right past him and into the little dark lane beside Stocko's house. There he waited a little while to see that all was still, and then he knelt down in the darkness beside one of the cellar windows and began scratching at it with his clever little paws till presently the windows pushed open and Fuzzy slipped quietly down into the cellar.

My, but it was dark down there! At first Fuzzy could hardly see anything at all, but presently when his eyes began to get used to it he saw that he was in a room with a lot of coal in it. Fuzzy's instinct told him that this must be the coal room with the coal for the furnace that keeps Stocko warm while he is eating nuts

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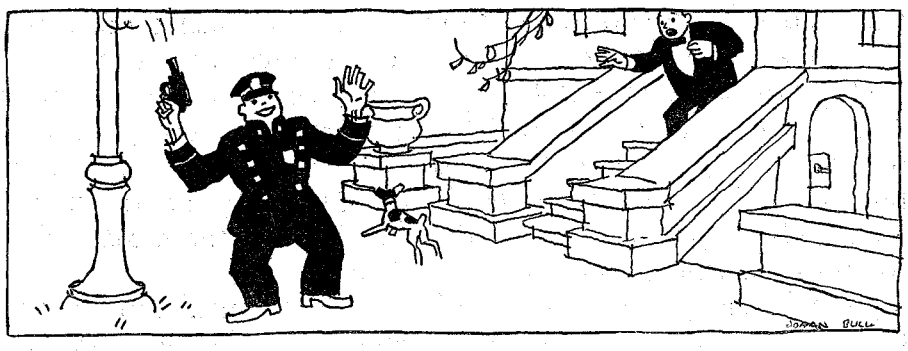

and drinking elderberry wine. Fuzzy knew that there must be a door somewhere and a flight of stairs to lead up into the house. So he crawled round quietly until he found the stairs, and then he waited and waited and he pricked up his ears and he listened and listened, because he wanted to find out whether Stocko was asleep. If he was, then perhaps he might have left his big gold watch somewhere on a table, or perhaps he had left ten dollars on a chair, or perhaps his long slick fur coat was hanging in the hall.

Fuzzy thought of all these things as he sat there in the dark, and he licked his chops when he pictured himself going home to his hole in the fur coat, with ten dollars in the pockets and the big gold watch and chain round his neck.

Only Fuzzy couldn't be *quite* sure that Stocko was asleep! Sometimes he thought he heard him snoring, and then he thought perhaps he heard him still moving about. So he waited and waited.

But Stocko wasn't asleep. He was upstairs sitting in his dressing gown at his library table counting his money. He was counting it because he wasn't quite sure whether he had made ten thousand dollars that day or ten thousand dollars and fifty cents; and he was sitting up to see which it was.

So at last Fuzzy made up his mind to crawl on up the stairs. In one hand he had a little wee light that he could shut on and off, and in his breast pocket was a cute little automatic pistol.

Fuzzy climbed higher and higher; and then just as he got near the top of the cellar stairs, he knocked against a lump of coal lying on the steps and away it went bump! bump! bump! all down the steps. And just at that minute Fuzzy heard a sharp wow! wow! wow! and he knew that dear little Helpup, Stocko's fox terrier, had heard the noise and was trying to wake the house. Fuzzy would like to have taken his automatic pistol and made a hole through dear little Helpup from one end of him to the other.

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But he didn't dare do it, and so he turned and rushed down the stairs again and seemed to fall over everything in the dark.

My, what a commotion began! Stocko came to his library door and shouted, "Who's there?" And somewhere in another set of rooms of the basement, Booze the Butler woke up and began putting on his evening tie again, and bells rang and the maids screamed and Fuzzy ran up and down among the coals trying to find the friendly window and he couldn't.

Then Stocko put his head out of the window and shouted out to Coppo, "Hi, there! thieves! robbers!!" and Coppo who had hardly been asleep at all called out, "All right, sir," and drew his big revolver and began firing it in all directions and hitting the houses and the trees and shooting at the people who put their heads out of windows.

And in less than no time other Coppos came running along, and then wagonsful of them arrived with gongs and bells. And when poor Fuzzy came crawling out of the cellar window they all fired their guns at him as often as they could shoot, and one of them actually almost hit him in the foot and at any rate tore the heel of his own boot off.

So when the Coppos at last got Fuzzy and put him in a wagon like a cage and sat in it with him, Fuzzy was quite sulky. At first he wouldn't talk at all, but all the Coppos just laughed and one of them gave Fuzzy a drink of huckleberry tea that he had in a flask (because all Coppos like huckleberry tea). So Fuzzy cheered up presently and when the Coppos told him he would get two years in the Jug he didn't mind so very much, but he only laughed. Because the Coppos really like Fuzzy and Fuzzy likes the Coppos and they both think one another real men.

Only Fuzzy made up his mind that after this he would never, never speak to Helpup again.

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FIRST FRUITS OF DAYTON

The Intellectual Evolution in Dixie

DONALD DAVIDSON

THE South, with its old traditions and new blood, with its ancient and leisurely culture and its new and booming industries, is now at the point of recovering from the Civil War and the greater blight of Reconstruction. Since October of last year, THE FORUM *has published articles interpreting the "New South" to the nation at large. And in this final article of the Southern Series Mr. Donald Davidson of Vanderbilt University sums up the intellectual situation and presents the Dayton episode in a new light.*

WHEN Austin Peay died not long ago during his third successive term as Governor of Tennessee, editorial writers were inclined to base his epitaph upon a single item of his career. He had signed the anti-evolution law, and therefore he surely must have been an enemy of what many well-intentioned gentlemen are pleased to call progress. They did not stop to remember that Peay had promulgated vast schemes of public education which will prepare the way for the heresies that Fundamentalism thought to check. They knew nothing of his great programme of improvements in state administration. They could not think of him as he really was — a grave, hard-working man with a dogged conscientiousness that chilled politicians to the bone.

Such an instance is but one of many that might be cited to show the risk of generalizing on intellectual progress in the South. But a great many writers have taken the risk during the past few years, with an innocent abandon which has produced bewilderingly various results. Their discussions range all the way from denunciation and satire to boastful symposia which detail the surprising phenomena of the New South in terms of such physical and cashable matters as water power, climate, mineral resources, and cheap labor. They are bitter, or they are enthusiastic. And all are right, yet all are wrong, for all have fallen into the easy mistake of simplification.

People do not like to think, of course, that the truth may be more sober and complex than a story in the *New York Times* or an editorial in the *Nation* would encourage them to believe. They prefer a simple myth to a complicated truth. Let Mr. Mencken announce that Tennesseans worship a God with whiskers, and his statement becomes gospel because it offers a dogma

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with the catchiness and news value dear to the American heart. In the sixties the Abolitionists did not find it hard to convince people that Southern gentlemen habitually flogged a Negro or two before breakfast. In 1918 it was equally simple to persuade Americans that Germans were baby eaters. We are always ready to entertain exciting notions when they require no mental labor more than believing the worst of our neighbors. And to-day a Southerner, emboldened to make the retort courteous, might ask whether he is invited to judge the East by the activities of the Watch and Ward Society of Boston, the Middle West by the zealotry of Mayor Thompson, or the Far West by the delicate maneuvers of Aimee Semple McPherson. But this process of charge and countercharge is ungracious and sterile. It obscures the real issues.

The difficulty of understanding the South is increased by the very variety of conditions in this section. Here, by and large, are the mingled phenomena of a period of transition. The earlier reconstruction, which was literally concerned with building up what had been torn down, has not ended; it has only passed into an advanced stage in which powerful economic forces, destined strongly to affect Southern life and thought, have freer play than ever. Hence the South is thickly sown with contradictions.

Gaudy filling stations edge their way among ancestral mansions. The Du Ponts build a rayon factory a few miles from the ancient residence of Andrew Jackson. North Carolina harbors (or has harbored) journalists as different as Gerald Johnson and Josephus Daniels. Atlanta produces Coca Cola and Frances Newman. The churches of Nashville unite for revival services under Billy Sunday or Gypsy Smith; and later Nashville entertains the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Tennessee contains both Vanderbilt University, with its modern laboratories and independent spirit of culture, and the newly founded Bryan Memorial University. Think of Cole Blease and Carter Glass, Jim Heflin and Oscar Underwood, Pastor Norris and Dr. Poteat, magnolias and billboards, colonial mansions and real estate developments, paved roads and pig tracks, horse races and Methodist conferences — and you have symbols that are a rebuke to quick conclusions.

Furthermore, the South is geographically and socially diverse. Grant that there is a distinct Southern tradition and a solidarity among the states; there are also marked differences. Southern

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tradition itself includes historically not only the genial, aristocratic ideal of leisure that belonged to the Old South, but also the more restless, democratic tradition of the frontier, embodied in "Old Hickory," and still far from moribund. Alabama is not like Kentucky, Tennessee not like South Carolina. The spirit of Charleston or Richmond is not the spirit of Birmingham and Atlanta. The mountain people of North Carolina and East Tennessee are not the same as the folk of the Delta country; the tidewater Virginians are but distant cousins of the bluff Texans.

The Value of Fundamentalism

If we remember these facts, and if we admit, too, the healthy Jeffersonian conception that anything *can* happen and probably *ought* to happen in a democratic state, we shall not use up all our grave concern for anti-evolution laws and Ku Klux outrages as having major meanings in themselves. What meaning they have is more relevant to the general state of society and government in America than to the special condition of the South alone. Anti-evolution legislation may even be taken as a kind of progress; for it signifies that Fundamentalism has appealed an issue of battle — already lost elsewhere — to law-making bodies, and that sort of appeal is characteristic of the American idea that law can effect what society in its inner workings cannot.

Or consider, too, that Fundamentalism, whatever its wild extravagances, is at least morally serious in a day when morals are treated with levity; and that it offers a sincere, though a narrow, solution to a major problem of our age: namely, how far science, which is determining our physical ways of life, shall be permitted also to determine our philosophy of life. No matter what the degree of pessimism in which we indulge our souls, we shall not do well to neglect considerations like these; and the longer we look, the more reasons we find for distrusting those scornful ones who cry, "Out, damned spot!" without knowing very much about the seat of infection.

The Fundamentalists, for example, argued with genuine moral fervor that they were out to save the younger generation, but they did not inquire whether the younger generation wanted to be saved. The younger generation, in fact, seems to be tending away from the kind of salvation that Fundamentalism proposes, and such matters as the Dayton flurry hastened rather than checked their apostasy. It is not merely that students in colleges

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and universities — where one naturally expects to find the forward fringes of intellectual progress — are being systematically exposed to the heresies of scientific and literary courses. The mental temper of the young gentlemen (and the young ladies, by all means!) is alert and quite sensitive, almost too joyously responsive, indeed, to what might be called alien influences. They are familiar with the pages and the preaching of liberal Northern journals. They are, for better or worse, much inveigled by the jeremiads of Mr. Mencken, and are often led to imitate him. They have read Mr. Cabell and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. They have fished in strange waters of sociology and economics. Many of them have brushed against the philosophers from Plato to Dewey.

The evidence will be found in their magazines, even the ostensibly comic sheets. These practise a sophisticated, thoroughly modern tone. They have a dashing, sometimes a recklessly critical spirit. They are likely to sandwich well-seasoned book reviews among college jokes and prepare state and local versions of the *Mercury's* "Americana." And there are also the debating teams, which go up and down the country, arguing with fine tolerance any side of dubious questions like prohibition and war — sometimes viewed with suspicion, but generally finding an audience. These, of course, are leaders and minorities. The great mass of college students doubtless remain intent on football now and good jobs eventually; but in these respects they are like college students everywhere.

The whole matter of education comes into the reckoning. The physical growth of institutions is important, though it is unspectacular and therefore not greatly advertised. We may take comfort in the creation — or re-creation — of Duke University, with its endowment of millions. We may recall that Chancellor Kirkland's answer to the Dayton episode was to build new laboratories on the Vanderbilt campus. We may rejoice in the press, the *Journal of Social Sciences*, the notable activities of the University of North Carolina. We may observe with interest the amazing growth of George Peabody College for Teachers, realizing its greatness among institutions of its kind and knowing the vast influence it is having on common school education in the South. Whatever education can do, it will presently have an opportunity to do in the South. Anti-evolution statutes are straw barriers against a great wind.

But we go astray if we dwell merely on the facts of mass educa-

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tion, which, after all, may be questioned on principle anywhere. It is far more important to realize that Southern educational institutions are the nuclei from which ideas work outward, impregnating the commonwealth of social thought. From them come editors, preachers, statesmen, and especially writers, for the student of the literary revival of the South must be keenly aware that Southern colleges and universities have been a great source of creative activity. Remember that Paul Green is a professor of philosophy at the University of North Carolina, that Edwin Mims and John Crowe Ransom are professors of English at Vanderbilt University; and you have an indication of resident spiritual forces that outweigh all the statistics of literacy or illiteracy that you may wish to compile.

It is the quality of intellectual progress, however, not formidable arrays of figures, that we should consider most attentively. Go into almost any department of Southern life, and you can make out a case for progress as easily as for backwardness, although you must do so with considerable assumptions as to the kind of progress that is being illustrated. I might discourse at length on liberal religious leaders like Bishop Mouzon, Dr. Wilmer, Bishop Maxon. I might list the progressive editors — Julian Harris, Grover C. Hall, Louis Jaffe, George Fort Milton, Douglas Freeman, James I. Finney, and others; or "point with pride" to the campaign of the *Birmingham News* against the Alabama floggers; or exhibit the work of T. H. Alexander of the *Nashville Tennessean*, whose widely syndicated column, "I Reckon So," gets in a bantering, humorous criticism of Southern life far more valuable than astringent gentlemen could effect. (In the South, said Alexander recently, there are Four Horsemen who rove the land with evil tread — the clergyman, the lawyer, the newspaper, the banker.)

I might write a whole essay on the progress of Southern literature, dealing with the activity of literary centres — Charleston with its Poetry Society of South Carolina, Nashville with its *Fugitive* group, Richmond with its *Reviewer* coterie, New Orleans, Dallas, and so on. There would be a vast list of Southern authors to catalogue who have gone into the ranks of the literary elect — Cabell, Heyward, Ransom, Stribling, Roberts, and many more. I could dwell on the movement toward de-sentimentalization among these writers, the prevalence of a "modern" tone, the gingerly step with which they approach the Southern scene.

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Finally, I could survey Southern opinion itself, showing that it is more self-critical and approachable than it used to be, and give as one illustration the popularity of Edwin Mims's book, *The Advancing South*, which ran through several editions, was syndicated in various Southern newspapers, and reached — to judge from vehement expressions of praise and disagreement — a host of people whom outside criticism never touches.

Whither Progress?

But all such exhibits are mere preliminaries to the real question, which is: Grant that the South is making progress, is apparently going to have progress forced on it, whether it will or no, what is the essential nature of that progress? Whose ideal of progress is the South to follow? The ideal of Mr. Mencken, if he has one? Of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard? Of Mr. Walter Lippmann? Of the late Judge Gary? Of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association? With so much advice offered gratis, the South can take its time and pick and choose. It has long been conservative. It has kept its old ways of life intact. It has clung stubbornly to traditions which have given it definite character. In this time of change it can and ought to be deliberate. Whatever the South may find to emulate in the example of other sections of the United States, it may also find mistakes to avoid. But deliberate selectiveness is impossible without proper leaders. And the two principles that are the core of the whole matter are these: first, the great intellectual problem of the South to-day is to find leaders and to follow them; and second, only that ideal of progress is justified which affirms and does not destroy the local individuality and true characteristics of the South.

The leaders must come from the South itself, and not from the "outside." I greatly fear that Northern criticism, which has in the main done little more than shout about ignorance and foolishness, has overshot itself and is of doubtful value in the present situation. The critic who begins his analysis with a flogging or a lynching may be on the side of the right, but he often misses his mark because he reasons from insufficient data or misplaces his emphasis. Southerners who try the same rôle accomplish more, but they are likely to fall into a purely critical attitude which is as dangerous as the old habit of belligerent apologetics. The South has had enough criticism to give it a healthy distrust of itself. But if distrust goes far enough, it becomes unhealthy. It is

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not good for any nation or part of a nation to lose its self-respect. Just now the South needs the declarative, interpreting eye of the sympathetic student, not the lashing tongue of the scold.

The task of the leaders of Southern thought is as much to interpret the South to itself as it is to distribute the various doctrines of sweetness and light that are being offered by excited spectators. Once we had in the South — and still have, to a large extent — a tradition of repose and *noblesse oblige*, ways of quiet, cultured life not surpassed anywhere. But what will happen to that tradition before the modern doctrine which insists that progress is novelty, is energy, is quantity? Once we had romantic notions about the beauty and goodness of woman, and we even believed in God and good manners. Now we are offered biology, behaviorism, a handful of fossils, a tabloid newspaper, Mencken's essay on the liver as the seat of artistic inspiration, the opinions of Arthur Brisbane, the vague, elusive thing called liberalism. Why should we not be slow to change? Why should we not search for certain accommodations? Surely it is the business of Southern leaders not merely to be progressive, but to study how to adapt the ways of progress to certain peculiarities of the Southern people which do not yet deserve to perish from the earth.

It is strange that the critics of the South have rarely if ever noted where the strategic key to the situation lies. We may as well be realists. The key is in the hands of the business men. They are the lords and masters of the industrial expansion which is the chief fact about the modern South, and they wield the balance of power here as elsewhere. Even the rural population, long unmanageable, yields to the sway of dividends when Kraft cheese factories and water power syndicates invade the countryside. Reconstruction made it respectable for a man to earn money by trade, and now the blood of the Cavaliers (as well as the canny Scots) promotes real estate subdivisions or manufactures a product with a fancy name — sometimes, perhaps, a little ashamed, secretly, of the vulgarities required.

The situation is not as new as it seems. Colonial Virginia was mercantile before it adopted the genteel tradition of its Cavaliers — a minority who set the tone for the majority of the population. The South has never blushed to acknowledge that the good life has its foundation in economic matters. But the plantation masters of old days and even the factory builders of the late nineteenth century mixed a considerable amount of civic re-

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sponsibility and generous paternalism with their business affairs. The Southern business men of to-day seem to be out of touch with this tradition. Their public activities tend to be limited to the familiar process of boosting the home town, or to minor civic enterprises like widening a street or supporting the community chest. Privately they look after their own interests. They will talk to the government, if it needs any talking to, and, through their agencies such as the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, they will exert a strong negative and repressive power on persons who come out with dangerous or heretical doctrines. Above all, behind their genial front is a determined, though not consciously formulated, policy of aggrandizement. They are ready to egg on their industrial revolution enthusiastically without ever counting the evils they may be dragging in with it, and without considering whether they are hurrying the South into an artificial prosperity.

It is in their power to cast the deciding vote in the matter of intellectual progress. They can, if they wish, inhibit free expression. They can be the bogey looking over the shoulder of the editor, who wonders if what he is writing will offend the Chamber of Commerce and the local advertisers. They can agitate for the repression of unorthodox journalistic views, as they did in Atlanta when a "colyumist" talked freely about the Sacco-Vanzetti affair, and as they have done in other and similar cases when somebody spoke out frankly. When burning issues arise, as in the Dayton unpleasantness, they can stand aside, with a don't-mix-in-politics attitude, although when child-labor legislation comes along, they do mix in politics with quiet, thorough-going coöperation. In short, they can make the efforts of all other leaders ineffective, by simply taking no interest in ideas or by being suspicious of them. In their behalf it must be said that the whole code of modern business in America does not encourage them to consider a definition of progress or to be very social-minded.

On the other hand, the mere presence of a few business men will make any cause respectable, whether it be an imitation of Gridiron Club frolics or a campaign for a stadium or an art museum. Whenever they have chosen to act in positive ways (and they often have), the results have been an impressive forecast of what can be accomplished when power and ideas work together. Under their touch art takes courage and independent

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opinion thrives. In Atlanta, there is grand opera. In Nashville a symphony orchestra enters its eighth season, and a beautiful replica of the Parthenon arises, to serve no use but beauty. In other cities libraries are built, or a progressive minister is sustained. A Birmingham newspaper victoriously assails the Ku Klux Klan. The "colyumist's" writings are retained in his home city, day in and day out, despite criticism, and are syndicated in many cities. A vocal genius is given a musical education and goes to the Metropolitan. A poetry magazine is supported by retail merchants. A university endowment is increased. These things have happened when business men give aid; and they should happen more often, for this is the way of salvation, and it is sad to see the business men and the intellectuals often in apparently hostile camps, where each side suspects the other of deviltries unmentionable.

Intellectual Dry Rot

But there are certain reasons for not blaming the business men and others who have not been attracted by intellectual issues. The weakness of the liberal cause is its lack of flavor, which is the result of its dry insistence on purely intellectual things. Look where you will — in politics, religion, literature — liberals fear emotion, as much as Satan himself, without realizing that they cannot make reason and the will of God prevail until they instill a little emotion into the process. The souls of men refuse to be stirred by logarithmic arrangements of ideas, and even the admirable editorials of a liberal like Herbert Croly leave a poor sinner a little cold. The leaders of intellectual progress in the South — whether they be novelists, teachers, dramatists — may use all the reason they want in reaching their conclusions, but they overlook the possibilities of their audience if they can make no emotional appeal.

And that appeal, for the Southerner as for others, begins with his homeland, to which he may well turn with a lump in his throat and yet not put logic and truth aside. The South has been damned for its provincialism, but there never was a time when the South needed its provincialism more — if by provincialism is meant its heritage of individual character, the whole bundle of ways that make the South Southern. The South needs to keep its provincialism (it can be both detached and generous) if only as a balance against the feverish cosmopolitanism affected in some

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other sections. Some little spirit of disunity and retirement might be a boon, as a refuge against the cruel conformity ordered by our always accelerating, standardizing civilization.

The South is asked to remold itself! In whose image, then, and after what heart's desire? What problems are to be visited upon the South, what strikes, agitations, nervous retchings of society, wage slavery, graft, mountebankery, idiocies of merchant princes? No, give the South leave first to discover its virtues as other sections have discovered theirs. For the progress that comes through disruption and haste is not always a civilized thing.

A Southerner visits New York, let us say, as Southerners do. He boards the train at Charleston, leaving behind the marshes with wild birds and deer, the trees heavy with moss, the close, white-fronted houses — a quiet land, gracious and full of ancient peace. He passes the sandy flats, the pines and turpentine camps, the cotton fields, presently the greener country with its different soil, and then the rolling fields and variegated hills of Virginia, where are houses placid, old in generous traditions. Not even yet is it a thickly settled country. There is ugliness around the railroad stations, but not much elsewhere until Washington is passed, and then come the miles of slums, factories, railroads, a hopeless wreck of the soil, a triumph of ugliness until one plunges into the bowels of the earth and, issuing breathless, feels on his temples the roar of New York.

The New South and the Old

To contend that there are different ways of progress is not to be a foe to progress. The Southerner who takes such a journey may well ask himself what sort of progress he is going in for. To make Charleston over into the precise image of Pittsburgh would be a crime worse than the Dayton crime. Those who advocate progress without any positive regard for the genius of the South may presently find themselves in the unenviable company of the carpet-baggers and scalawags of the first reconstruction. They shall be as persons without a country — barren and importunate exiles — dwelling in a land that loves them not, that they have helped to kill.

Does such a view of the situation imply that there is a special kind of progress, different from other kinds, which the South ought to make its own? The answer is yes — it must be yes, so

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long as the individuality of the South is a living thing, affirmed by the very vehemence of the critics who make its case a special case; so long as its character and heritage have anything valuable to contribute to the term American. The doctrine of States Rights has long been politically submerged, and shows little prospect of being raised to life. Spiritually, it is more important than ever; for while we live under the blessings of national unity, we must take care that unity does not become uniformity. In the day of standardization we have the moral obligation to discover the uses of variety, which is an aid to the good life in New England, the South, or anywhere you will. There is more than political truth in the Wilsonian word, *self-determination;* it is a fair mixture of differences that makes a tolerable harmony.

Thus provincialism means, not sectionalism, not insularity and bigotry of mind, but differentiation, which is a thoroughly ancient and honorable and American idea. And as Matthew Arnold was unable to define the grand style much further than to say it was the style used by grand poets, I should hesitate to say more than that the progress recommended to Southerners ought to be a Southern progress. It would be with danger hastily superimposed, but it ought to arrive naturally — and, in accordance with Southern character, slowly — from within. General and universal items of progress, such as modern education, religious tolerance, political liberalism, should be sought as a matter of course, like improved sanitation and good farm machinery; and in these things the South would be foolish not to accept intelligent guidance wherever it can be found.

But in the more particular items of progress, a man would be bold indeed who would offer, as for Southerners only, an exact and systematic prescription. One can readily see, however, that the social heritage of the South ought naturally and unconsciously to modify the course of progress — intellectual and material — if only the mind of the South can develop a wise self-reliance. Thus we can imagine a Southern industrialism, somewhat affected by elder ideals, that would be not wholly utilitarian in its philosophy and conduct. Or a clergy who could be liberal and yet command the fire and earnestness that the Modernists have left to be monopolized by their narrower-minded brethren. Or writers who could be in touch with all that is new in art and letters without ever allowing their own native character, idiom, consciousness of place to be obscured in their interpretations of the South —

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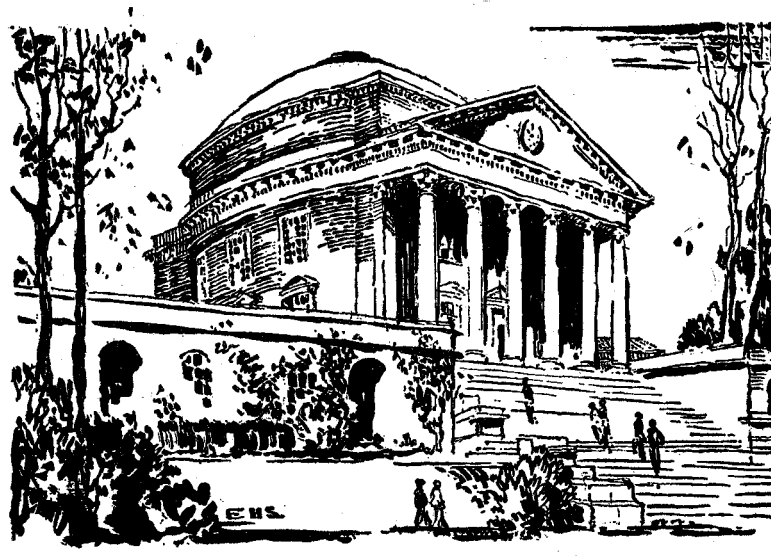
writers with positive Southern warmth and good humor rather than the painful acidity that passes for sophistication.

In short, the progress of the South deserves to be organic. It can be genuine progress only when, in the best sense of the word, it is growth. And as growth means improvement of what you have, not mere addition or change, the first step toward progress is for the South to turn back upon itself, to rediscover itself, to examine its ideals, to evaluate the past with reference to the present, and the present with reference to the past. We need to reaffirm the principle which Mr. Stark Young so happily ascribed to the University of Virginia — "a habit of allowing men to ripen of themselves and the vitality natural to their characters to achieve the growth implicit in it." For only thus can we retain "the old fragrance of civilization, which arose from public graces and a desire for those forms of moral beauty in which men may live best, not only to themselves, but in some sort of society together."



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THE FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

SINCE 1915 Mr. O'Brien has edited and published an annual selection of "Best Short Stories." In the accompanying article he lays aside all barriers of time and language and chooses the fifteen short stories which he believes rank above all others ever written. Readers will recall that Mr. John Cournos published a similar selection in THE FORUM *of last September, and that earlier still Professor William Lyon Phelps and Mr. Arthur Symons made corresponding surveys and awards in the field of the novel.*

IT is, of course, impossible to select with any certainty the fifteen finest short stories in the world for the simple reason that we have no such perspective of time in the history of the short story as we have in the history of the epic, the lyric, or the drama. The tradition of the short story has no age; furthermore, it has not yet achieved a settled classical form. When we are asked to choose the finest plays, we are able to look at Æschylus or Shakespeare against the sky of a long, deep tradition. But the short story as an organic literary form is not yet a century old, and that century has been one of such remarkable transitions and upheavals that it is well-nigh impossible for us to bring it into any framework of unity.

Such being the case, there would seem to be four methods of setting about our provisional choice. We may choose the stories we like best personally; we may choose the stories which have the most satisfying literary form; or again those which have the most significant substance grounded in experience and perception; or finally we may choose the stories which unite all three of these qualities so far as we are able to distinguish them. For the sake of my own honesty I have adopted this last method of choice, with the proviso that I do not wish my selection to be regarded as an *ex cathedra* statement.

There is no difficulty in expressing one's personal preference, and there is very little difficulty, granting sufficient training, in responding to what is the most satisfactory literary form. The real problem is to decide upon the substance of the stories which we select. Now there is one certain factor in literature the absence of which prevents a work of art from being really great, and that is the mirroring of something eternal. When we read *Agamemnon* or *King Lear*, the characters stand out against the play of eternal forces, while at the same time partaking of these eternal forces in the measure of their own significant life and action. There is a

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continuity of experience in history which links their fate and actions with our own. Each of them, to use Edwin Arlington Robinson's fine phrase, is a "man against the sky." It seems to me, therefore, that we shall be well advised if we choose those stories in which man plays out his part in the drama of life against an eternal sky, whose presence as a protagonist in the play the author has successfully perceived and conveyed to his readers. The fifteen stories I have chosen are, therefore, fifteen balances between the nobility of man and the nobility of the eternal powers.

1. *Benito Cereno* (1856) by Herman Melville. I regard this as the noblest short story in American literature. The balance of forces is complete, the atmosphere one of epic significance, the light cast upon the hero intense to the highest degree, the realization of the human soul profound, and the telling of the story orchestrated like a great symphony. Although it is the greatest short story in American literature, it has been practically inaccessible and is known to very few people. All Conrad's strivings reach fulfillment in this story, and its music lingers in the memory long after Conrad's music is forgotten.

2. *Ethan Brand* (1852) by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Apart from this story, it would be difficult to choose from Hawthorne's best work, but here we have Hawthorne at his moment of greatest perception after he had lived near Melville for a season in the Berkshires and had perceived one of the greatest and noblest tragedies in life acted before his eyes. Melville had finished *Moby Dick* and had found the great white whale than which there is no more terrible or impious discovery, if it has been made by will alone. The tragedy of this discovery, of man becoming Lucifer and seeing God for a moment, is one of the greatest and noblest tragedies possible to human experience and it struck Melville dumb. I think it has never been pointed out before that Hawthorne saw Melville's soul naked as it cast itself into everlasting fire. That final act is the story of Ethan Brand, and Hawthorne, whose heart was full of pity for everlasting evil, has chronicled it in a story of everlasting beauty.

3. *The Tell-Tale Heart* (1843) by Edgar Allan Poe. I suppose I shall be accused of heresy if I suggest that most of Poe's short stories seem to me meretricious. They are superb *tours de force*, in which the author flees from reality by means of rationalization, and constructs a mechanical universe according to his own pat-

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tern to replace the real universe which he has forsworn. He is hagridden by the furies and flees even from the acceptance of their existence. In *The Tell-Tale Heart* he has confronted them, however, as Orestes confronted the Furies, and made obeisance to truth which he hated, though that obeisance may have been against his will. As Mr. Cournos has already pointed out, this story anticipates Dostoevsky, and we know that Dostoevsky anticipated our life. It has faultless integrity, spiritual intensity which is not melodramatic but profoundly tragic, and inevitable form.

4. *The Turn of the Screw* (1898) by Henry James. The whole life of Henry James was devoted to drawing distinctions, to the assertion of quality against quantity, of the individual against standardization. His struggle was largely nullified by fear. In *The Turn of the Screw* he has confronted that fear, looked it straight in the eyes and, in my belief, walked through it. As a story I dislike it intensely, but the measure of my dislike is heavily overbalanced by the author's fidelity to what he knew. Henry James was alone against the sky when he wrote this story, and he confronted his own darkest secret intrepidly and won a victory. The length of *The Turn of the Screw* does not bar it from being classified as a short story. Its theme, its action, and its atmosphere are single, and its structure is cut to the bone of significance.

5. *The Three Strangers* (1888) by Thomas Hardy. The rumbling of great forces in this story is low and muffled at first, but increases steadily and surely until they control the drama enacted before our eyes. This is a god's-eye view of human nature, steady, sure, and compassionate, with eyes alert to the faintest shadow of secret meaning, with Greek pity, and on the losing side. It has no fear, it is proud, it is hopeless. Around it the forces of nature move indifferent to man's doom, yet one feels that that doom may still be transcended, that it may lead to the act of faith which will triumphantly conquer its pride.

6. *Youth* (1902) by Joseph Conrad. There can be no doubt that our test of substance warrants our choice of this story from all others that Conrad ever wrote. Here we have the struggle of man in his simplicity, courage, and faith against fate as embodied in the forces of evil and the natural elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Man accepts no challenge, nor does he perceive a challenge. In his simplicity he merely sees difficulties, and overcomes them so far as his soul is concerned, even in a losing fight. Seldom

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have the great natural forces been portrayed so truthfully, only perhaps by H. M. Tomlinson in his new novel entitled *Gallions Reach*. Mr. Tomlinson has the finer balance. His equilibrium finds it unnecessary to taunt God with the loyalty of men.

7. *El Ombú* (1902) by W. H. Hudson. I have chosen this story because of its perfect fusion of profound substance with incomparable form. No great story written in English has been told so quietly, almost secretly, as this. It is the story of a man and of a spiritual continent, with the skies of the Pampas as its background against which man rides on and rides alone. The rhythm of the story is the rhythm of wind and air, the melody of the story the melody of loyalty, suffering, and death. The tree is an eternal symbol; whatever happens, the light never dies out of that sky. *El Ombú* was told out of an inward necessity, for Hudson was not a short story writer. It responds to an inward necessity in all of us, which a machine civilization does its best to smother, though it will never succeed in doing so.

8. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* (1888) by Rudyard Kipling. This story is the reply of divine justice to all that Kipling's later imperialism represents. This reply has used Kipling's incomparable technique as a medium to affirm that everlasting law of justice which Kant finds comparable only with the movement of the everlasting heavens. The phantom in the 'rickshaw is more real and living even than Mulvaney, more sure, more restrained in its certainty, more living than the dead man who walks about believing that he is still alive. For that phantom is the only living part of that man, the undying part, the eternal remorse that follows a spiritual refusal. Compared with that phantom the man is dust, and British India is dust, and the question which that phantom silently asks is yet unanswered.

9. *The Fly* (1923) by Katherine Mansfield. This story is as inevitable as the passage of time from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year. It is an unhappy story, if you like, an untrue story, but it has a cry in it which has never been stilled from age to age, though that cry may be and should be transcended. The author sees with that terrible innocence of eye which children have, but here it is an old innocence deepened by suffering and by rebellion. Nothing escapes it, nothing is added to it, very little is said about it; but the total impression recorded is an eternal one, and the question which that impression rouses must be answered. Had Katherine Mansfield lived, I believe that

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she would have answered it, and that would have been the true measure of her final achievement.

10. *An Episode of the Reign of Terror* (1846) by Honoré de Balzac. I have found it difficult to select Balzac's finest story, and I shall quarrel with no one who makes another choice. For our purpose, however, *An Episode of the Reign of Terror* appears to lack that slight element of overemphasis which was Balzac's chief weakness as a story teller. This story contains nearly all the primal emotions of man in conflict with mystery, injustice, and suffering. The chief actors in the story are not men but forces, and these forces are never mentioned, scarcely hinted at; but they are the most important forces in the world. These forces are planted in the hearts of the most unlikely according to our human judgment, and they prevail silently, faithfully, and serenely, yet to the eye of every character in the story, they have been and remain forever invisible.

11. *Mateo Falcone* (1829) by Prosper Mérimée. This is the most primitive story of all those I have selected. It is pagan, too, if you like, with all the pagan virtues — hot, stark, staring justice under a hot, stark, staring sky. The story is told with a reticence which is like the electric stillness of air before a great storm. It has the relentlessness of the Old Testament, the breathless heat which aroused panic in the Greeks, the stern unalterable justice of Roman law, and the quick flaming passion of the modern Corsican. Nevertheless we feel that it might have happened anywhere at any time, and it conforms vigorously to Aristotle's definition of tragedy and its effects upon the spectator.

12. *A Simple Heart* (1877) by Gustave Flaubert. This story shares with *El Ombú* that quality of stillness which is identical with the greatest and deepest awareness. No form could apparently be simpler or less obtrusive than the form of this story; yet no simplicity is more piercing to the heart. No subject could apparently offer less inspiration to the artist than this poor old servant, seemingly so passive, so stupid, and so dull. Yet the answer to Melville's question, and the questions of Hawthorne and Poe and Conrad and Katherine Mansfield, is to be found here. This story is the greatest act of faith made by any story teller I know, and the form of it is as faultless as its substance. Its very simplicity makes it universal, but perhaps it will always appeal most to those who have hearts as perfectly simple as that of the old servant.

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13. *Two Friends* (1882) by Guy de Maupassant. The pre-eminence of Guy de Maupassant as a short story writer is that of intelligence only, and it is hard, therefore, to find a story of his which completely answers the qualifications I have set down. Remember, however, that he was a pupil of Flaubert and that Flaubert has nowhere else achieved in a short story the distinction of *A Simple Heart*, fine as his other short stories may be. I perceive in Maupassant's story, *Two Friends*, something of the same quality that I find in *A Simple Heart*. There is the same innocent dumbness, the same spiritual inviolability, the same inevitable irony, and in the death of these two friends we feel that they live far more intensely and completely than they have ever lived before. The technical form of the story is, of course, superb, the economy without bareness, the drama achieved without forcing the note anywhere, the overtones heard when the drama is over.

14. *The Black Monk* (1894) by Anton Chekhov. There are several other stories by Chekhov which nearly qualify for inclusion in this list — notably *The Darling* and *The Bet* — but *The Black Monk* achieves something more complete, nothing less than a synthesis of the spiritual life of our time as reflected in any great modern artist, Dostoevsky if you like, or Emily Brontë. Remember that the black monk is black, and that the protagonist of the story calls for Tanya at the end — two points which are usually overlooked by our modern temper — and you will find in this story the answer to the most obstinate modern questions of the greatest artists, the human answer to Lucifer, the truly heroic answer to life. Here all temptations are encountered, all sins committed, all hope for the time abandoned; but life makes its final affirmation from the brink of the grave.

15. *Lazarus* (1906) by Leonid Andreyev. If *The Black Monk* shows us life making its final answer from the brink of the grave, *Lazarus* perhaps goes a step further and suggests to us the answer life may bring back from the other side of the grave. This answer which has no words but glows in the eyes of Lazarus, confronts emperors, governments, philosophers, and towers, and overthrows them by a great unspoken question, nay more, by what is sensed as the ultimate test of reality. Worldly wisdom is declared bankrupt, pleasure a vain toy, life a trial only, and death the ultimate testimony. In that testimony life finds either its hope or its despair. The eyes of Lazarus burn all pomp and

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vanity away, and their flame turns inward to consume the soul, to consume it with love or with the fires of hell as the case may be. Andreyev gives us no answer to the question roused by the eyes of Lazarus. That answer is in our own hearts, and there only shall we find it.

LUCIFER

LUCIFER'S talon clawed at the Christian sky,
Dragging the red stars down with him to Hell,
And taught the passionate spirit to rebel
And spurred the broken dreamer to defy,
Streaming the blood-stained banner of his cry
In the hot flame his long hair made — the yell
Of the first martyr, the last infidel
Against the fat gods of the golden sty!

His black defeat is our bright triumph, his
Perpetual plunge our stirrup toward the sun;
The heart beats with belligerent emphasis,
Remembering how he fell and failed and won:
And still across bland Heaven echoes high
Man's answer to his Maker: "I am I!"

— *Joseph Auslander*

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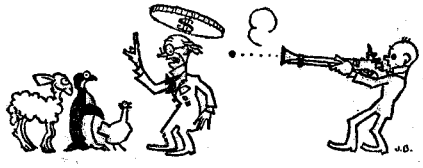
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

AFRAID OF IDEALS



"THE Western world is afraid of ideals," proclaimed Exacticus the other night at the club. "Perhaps," I replied cautiously — his conservative audience of one. "No, sir," roared the old fellow. "No reservations!" As usual, I agreed with this adversary quickly, but though I suppose my statement was largely pretense, to escape the usual lecture, I have been thinking the statement over, and I must admit that a good many of my reservations vanish into thin air.

The reason Exacticus gave (for, in spite of my pretense of agreement, I got the usual lecture) was that west of Suez, but more particularly west of Boston Harbor, people have the testing habit. They may constantly seek visions and ideals, but they appear to be so indoctrinated with the gospel of practical tests that they apply to ideals the same sort of yardstick they apply to machines. And of course that inclines them to discard everything they can't measure; like the Germans of 1914, they have no place for "imponderables."

Now what makes this statement interesting is that, contrary to appearances, we are not really a practical people. We are sentimentally, romantically disposed. In fact, Irving Babbitt insists that our muddy mental condition, without qualitative standards, derives from Rousseau and all his works. What seems to be the dilemma, however, is that we are trying to be practical and romantic at the same time. The old disposition of man to swing back and forth between romance and reason has been complicated by his recent attempt to swing in both directions at once. Nowadays, that is, the sentimentalist who mistakes himself for an idealist often lives in the same head with the pinchbeck scientist or the "practical" business man. Hence the familiar mixture of ideals and expediency which certain rather fatuous boosters hail as a sign of renascence. In their zeal they are roundly romantic, but they have this peculiar difference, that they refuse to be

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really round; they insist on being squarely practical at the same time. The result, on many questions, is the familiar but curious mixture of hard, small logic and soft, unnecessary tears.

This condition, according to Exacticus, springs from an unholy alliance between the theories of Rousseau and William James. In other words, without dethroning Romance we have set up the idol of Practical Tests. That seems to me a pretty large order — to charge the entire mongrel mind of to-day up against only two ancestors. But, whatever the genealogy of our way of thinking, whether it "derives," or whether — like Topsy — it "just growed," the way itself is fairly obvious.

An honest Pedestrian, however, must still insist on one reservation, in favor of the plain American citizen. This fellow is a good deal of an idealist, in spite of his effort to appear merely practical. The "American Spirit" still says of him, as in Kipling's verses:

> But, through the shift of mood and mood,
> Mine ancient humor saves him whole —
> The cynic devil in his blood
> That bids him mock his hurrying soul.

He is not so much afraid of ideals as of having someone discover his faith and make a public fuss about it; and he really lays his main course by them.

But the people who are not quite so plain — the people who do not hesitate to broadcast their theories in press, pulpit, and matinée lecture, together with their large and trustful audiences — they do seem astonishingly sentimental (rather than idealistic) and at the same time quite paradoxically devoted to the God of Practical Tests. Evidently they would fain color their "ideals" with reality. But suppose they succeed only in *discoloring* them! One wants an automobile to work. Is it wise to expect the same sort of efficiency from an ideal?

The most conspicuous example of discoloration, I suppose, is the church. For centuries it held before us the vision of a Christ whom we might adore but whom we could not wholly realize. A trifle remote, perhaps, a far ideal, but as such hardly less inspiring than the modern version — Jesus "stepped down" into a two-fisted go-getter, with a good sales organization behind him. A wiser generation agreed with Lessing and Browning —

> A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?

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But our modern enthusiasts intend to have the New Jerusalem let down right off, here and now. Does their plan work? Of course it does. Nearly everyone, barring the intelligentsia, atheists, and a pitiful, scattered minority, is greatly occupied with carnal ecclesiasticism. Who would take seriously a suggestion that the Christian sects burn their churches and office buildings and start afresh with no asset but good will and poverty? The suggestion may seem to derive, in some queer sense, from the Gospels, but — but — *it wouldn't work!*

Nor is it only the crude, booster Christian who applies the test. In a more subtle, more intellectual way, cultured people, without quite realizing what they are doing, cool religion off into sterilized ethics. They poke along somewhat sadly, with little to live for and nothing whatever to die for.

Education bears the same mark. The practical Western world has regimented it into a training, not in thinking, but in a set of conventional gestures. Certain individuals, of course, are making valiant efforts to save it from standardization and quantity production, but, taken by and large, our colleges are quite as much concerned with "running the plant" as with the propagation of ideas.* Well, that wouldn't be so bad if they frankly recognized two separate purposes; what defeats their ends is the juggling faith that these purposes can be compounded.

Political and social theory naturally reflects the mindedness of its day. Internationalism as now "practised" is therefore an excellent instance. It represents a vague humanitarian ideal, but put into practice it has become the mask for class war. In legislation appears the same sort of mental process, without standards, or at least with no standard but the practical test. Though prohibition was launched on a wave of idealism, its sponsors for the most part argue that it is a good law because it works, while its opponents generally argue that it is a bad law because it doesn't work. The sole problem, therefore, is one of fact, not of principle; the American people, one may conclude, will eventually accept or reject the law on the sole basis of fact. By the same argument they should also accept a Fascist despotism, which, given ten years of muddling practice, would probably "work" far better than wandering, aimless Democracy. At least they ought to give it a trial, if the question is only one of fact. Hang principles!

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*One might mention notable exceptions: Haverford, for example. "*Salve magna parens!*"

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By far the most conspicuous example in the political field, however, is Socialism. The real argument against Socialism is not that it would not work, but rather that its adherents in trying to make it work have compromised the ideal clean out of it. Based on the equality-brotherhood theory — which, if pushed to its logical conclusion, becomes a sort of romantic Christianity — it has made the most unchristian mistake of measuring that equality in hard cash and of putting forward, like the churches, practical "programmes." Its stirring gospel has degenerated into a *system*. The capitalist has condemned Socialism for what he deems practical reasons, and the Socialist, heir to the same logic, has pathetically attempted to find practical reasons in its support. There aren't any, but there might have been ideal reasons, if he had stuck to his guns!

As a final instance, the companionate marriage. Its champions insist that it is not the same as trial marriage, that it is really based on an ideal; and as part and parcel of that perverted humanitarianism which seeks to accommodate the normal to the abnormal, it certainly has a sort of fantastic "ideal" ingredient. But its sponsors, proud that they are "practical idealists," rest their case on the forlorn old test, "Will it work?" Other "practical idealists" retort that it won't really work, that it looks practical in the short view, but is not really so in the long view. Both sides, of course, by their insistence on this test as the sole criterion, are conspicuously disregarding ideals in marriage, are asserting, in effect, that ideals are a positive delusion. Naturally the result must be, not to square practice with principle, in spite of frequent failure, but to rename practice "principle" — save the mark! The only difficulty (just a mere trifle, I suppose) is that God, with or without evolution, didn't present us with a little puzzle to solve, but with a great mystery to live through.

The simple truth, to a slow Pedestrian mind, is that there are still things of God and things of Cæsar. We cannot glibly compound them. It merely confuses the issue to pretend that we can, to suppose that Ideals × Compromise = A Better and Brighter World. In many cases, to be sure, ideals are temporary devices and require compromise if they are to be worth anything at all. In some others their one virtue lies in the fact that they transcend practice. They may color it, exalt it, actually redeem it; but it cannot safely be permitted to color them, lest it discolor them.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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WHAT IS IMPORTANT?

Forum Definitions

IN the last two contests the Definitions Editor attempted to clarify the meanings of Democracy and the Scientific Attitude with reference to the assumptions which underlie our thinking. The same approach may be useful in determining what is Important.

In a broad way, things may be said to be Important in three degrees of intensity. A cinder in the eye has a momentary and intensely *personal* Importance. The election of the next President of the United States will be an event of historical and *general* Importance. Philosophers and moralists have always insisted that questions of God and right conduct are matters of timeless and *absolute* Importance.

It is evident that a cinder in the eye or the election of a President do not possess Importance in their own right. They are Important only in relation to something else — in the first instance, to an assumption that we as individuals are Important, and hence that our welfare, our pleasure or pain, is Important; and in the second instance, that we as a nation are Important.

In other words, the events of the day, the problems of the moment which we say are Important in this or that sense borrow their Importance from some assumption we make in regard to them. Hence the whole question of values boils down to this fundamental question of assumptions. In so far, then, as anything may be said to be absolutely Important, we must agree with the philosophers, for their postulates of God and the moral law are the greatest assumptions of them all.

But to say that the philosophers' answers to these fundamental gropings of the human mind are "pure assumptions" is not to belittle their Importance. The scientist starts with his hypothesis. Every sane human being makes assumptions and acts upon them every moment of his life. When action justifies an assumption, it is called truth; when it does not, error. The history of the human mind is strewn with outworn and cast-off assumptions. Nothing, therefore, is so Important in the economy of right thinking as to learn to make tenable assumptions, and when they are proved untenable, to discard them without regret and adopt others.

The following definitions are awarded the month's prizes:

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1 What is Important? To a God who notes the sparrow's fall, everything; in a purposeless universe, red in tooth and claw, nothing. To an Epicure, the pleasure of the moment; to an early Christian, death that puts an end to tempting pleasures. To Count Keyserling, only the meaning of things; to Gertrude Stein, only their lack of meaning. These paradoxes emphasize that the Importance of anything depends upon the scale of values by which it is judged. Hence, the most Important thing in life is to acquire an adequate scale of values. (*Marlowe Harris, Nashville, Tennessee*).

2 Important — having the quality of uncommon value in relation to some interest in view. (*Samuel M. Suwol, Portland, Oregon*).

3 All accomplished work of beauty, durability and merit is preceded by careful, correct thinking. In the degree that the thinking is exact, blunders are avoided, time is saved, and harmonious completion finally attained. Correct thinking is, therefore, the most Important thing in the world. (*James Ferguson, Pasadena, California*).

4 What is Important? To view life with a sense of humor which precludes an exaggerated sense of our own Importance, or an exaggerated sense of the Importance of anybody or anything else. (*David Boehm, New York City*).

5 Nothing is Important that does not make for happiness. Failing this, even such qualities as virtue, valor, generosity become mere foolishness. And even truth itself, when it is the truth of pessimists who would rob life of its beautiful illusions, had best not be spoken. So things are Important in the degree that they increase the sum of happiness. (*Dr. William R. Tymms, Fairfield, Maine*).

6 What is Important?

"Health," says the Doctor;
And true, we all agree.
"Money," says the Banker,
"The plainest thing to see."

"Art," says the Artist;
"Religion," says the Pope.
Such a diversity
But tends to give us hope.

For — most Important
In this, our earthly hike,
Is that *no two of us*
Should ever think alike! (*J. P. Marston, New York City*)

Next term to be defined: — THE IDEAL PRESIDENT. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by June 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM *(value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

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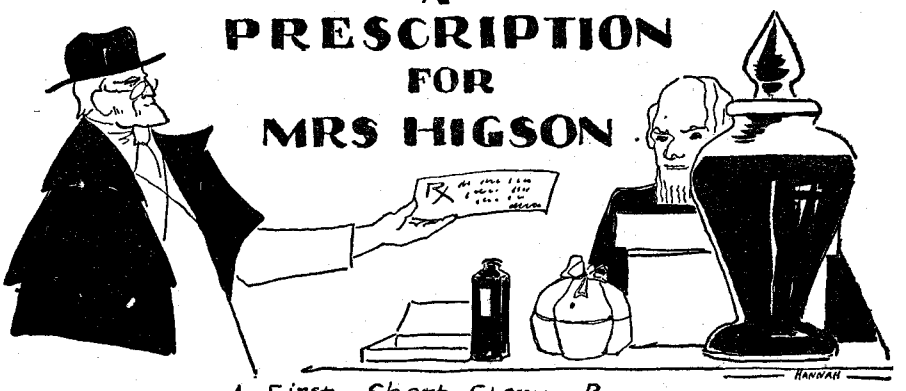
A PRESCRIPTION FOR MRS HIGSON



A First Short Story By

M. CURTIS BROWN

MRS. SILAS HIGSON swept from the already spotless porch two quite imaginary cobwebs and shook her broom over Mrs. Porter's adjoining fence.

"Spring," she remarked to the front steps, "always brings them spiders. And spiders," she added, equally inaccurately, "is a pest." With that Mrs. Higson adjusted a porch chair so that both front legs were on the mat but neither of the back ones, moved a second from one perfectly suitable position to another one equally so, and straightened the rug with her heel. Then going to the other end she bent down with great effort, which she showed audibly, and pulled it back to the precise position it had previously occupied. In fact the effect of spring was not apparent in Mrs. Higson.

"I've seen too many springs to know that they don't bring no good." And she said precisely the same thing about the three other seasons as they in their turn evolved.

She had married Silas when and because he had bought out his uncle's hardware establishment thirty years ago. Since that day she had been as devoted as any other wife in Willow Ridge in that she provided Silas with three meals a day and two healthy offspring who were called, inevitably, Henry and George. Until Henry reached the age of eleven Silas did the entire work of the hardware store, but after that Henry worked there from one until two while Silas ate dinner. As Henry's age increased, so did the length of his hours of service, although except for the dinner hour Silas was always there to keep a paternal eye on his assistant and to make change from the till. And from the year 1882 the business of Silas Higson grew more and more financially satisfactory and had produced no worrying difficulties in the path of its proprietor. Henry had, it is true, intimated in 1903 that he contemplated matrimony with Miss Blodgett — Miss Mabel Blodgett, the Sunday school teacher, and not for any sake to be confused with her sister Effie, who was said on very good authority to have been seen smoking a cigarette once with that awful Jay Benson. Henry had on this occasion timidly suggested either a share in the fortunes of Higson Hardware and Farm Implements, or alternatively an adequate remuneration in return for his daily services. But Silas, a father of the grand old days when father really meant something, negatived the proposal. In fact he negatived every proposal that Henry made that morning and, moreover, gave it to be clearly understood that whatever further proposal Henry attempted to make, he, Silas, would negative that also. So Henry refrained from making suggestions, and that evening expressed his regret to Miss Blodgett (Miss Mabel Blodgett) that he did not after all see his way to marry her as the prospect of his ever having more than what he saved out of the money he was allowed for the collection on Sunday was extremely remote.

In the course of time Willow Ridge grew until in the year 1910 it topped the one thousand mark, the event being pre-

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cipitated by Mrs. Alford Baynes who produced twins one morning. This momentous occasion was celebrated in fitting manner by a church supper and a half-holiday at the school, and the fact that one of the twins died before the day was out, thereby decreasing the population again to the modest hundreds, did nothing to dampen the gaiety of the proceedings. And with the growth of the now Incorporated Village, Silas Higson put away many thousands of dollars in the First National Bank of Willow Ridge of which he was duly elected president. It was on this red-letter day that he had said bashfully to Mrs. Higson,

"Well, Ma, what would you say to havin' that young Mattie Dixon in here to help you over the mornin's?"

And Ma had answered,

"Si, you talk as if you were a millionaire. My land, just because you was lucky to make money in that lumber company is no reason why we should give it away to that Dixon family. I've done the work in this house for thirty years and I don't want no Mattie Dixons fussing around my kitchen."

And so, although "that lumber company" had netted Silas Higson $25,000 and although his wife knew that they were worth almost thrice that, they continued to live on River street, and employ no help but Henry in business or the home. Which, after all is a most economical way to live. It was after this lumber deal, however, that Silas had put Henry on a salary of ten dollars a week. To do this Mrs. Higson thought they ought to give up either cereal or eggs for breakfast, but she was dissuaded from this on being assured by Henry that he would gladly pay five dollars a week board to his mother. This seemed thoroughly satisfactory to all parties.

George had disappeared at the age of seventeen. He had all the impulsiveness that his elder brother lacked. He evinced this with some vigor when he asked his father once for twenty-five dollars to buy a bicycle. Silas treated the request with the scorn it deserved. Whereupon George left the room and was never seen again. Nor was the fifty dollars he took from the cash register that night. His mother's only remark on the subject was that it would have been cheaper to have bought him the bicycle. From that day his name was never again mentioned by, or in the presence of, the Higson family.

Although from that day George ceased to function in the destinies of Willow Ridge, it is interesting to note that in the larger world outside he made excellent use of the fifty dollars. The first thing he bought after a twelve-mile walk into the nearby city of Bilmington was the best eighteen-dollar gent's suit that could be purchased for fifteen dollars. The second was a ticket to New York City, and the third was a seat in the parlor car. There, being a youth of pleasing countenance and quiet dignity, he made friends, by an offer of the morning paper to an influential looking gentleman in the next chair, who was so impressed with the countenance and dignity already mentioned that he offered George a job in his new automobile business — and the young man, in accepting, started his first million. He never stole from the cash register again, because it wasn't necessary. And besides he never, after that, wanted a bicycle.

During the War Higson's Hardware profited in a way that made Silas chuckle with delight. And when peace came he kept his prices up until there was talk of a rival establishment setting up in town. Actually no one would have dared to raise competition. All the youth of the place had gone to the cities and all the older people were either too awed by Silas to venture antagonizing him or else they were too lazy. So cent by cent the prices crept up again and each night Silas would count up the bills and the change in the register and take the whole lot home. He'd had one experience and that was enough.

It was in May, 1922, that Henry, who had made no suggestions in the family since the fateful day nineteen years before, startled his parents with a second. They were so flabbergasted by his audacity and by the colossal vastness of his proposal that they could not for a moment reply. Mind you, they were both getting on. Silas was seventy and Ma was sixty-nine; and although they still had tongues of fire, it took them a second or two, these days, to ignite. And in that second they both had visions, weak, worldly visions, unlike anything they had before experienced. But visions. Henry had, in fact, said, "Why don't you buy a car, Pa?"

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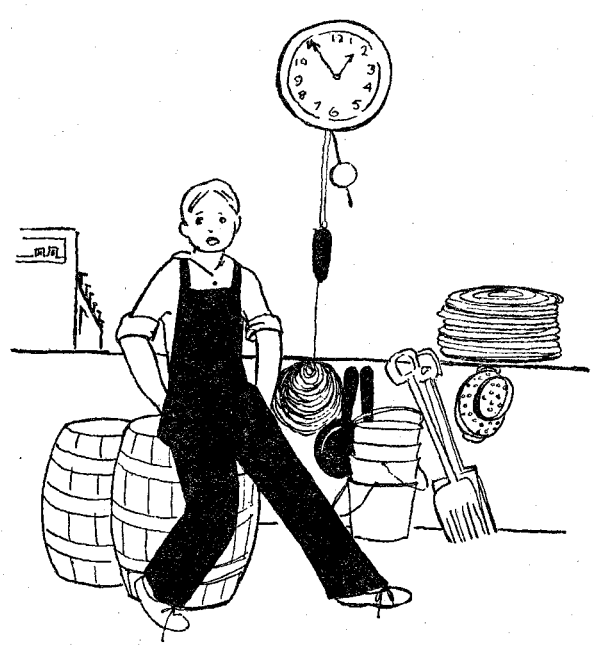
After he had spoken Henry was terrified, but like a self-conscious woman who has to talk on after she has made a fool of herself, he continued in the pause, "I could learn to drive you in no time."

That gave Silas the opportunity to vent his wrath without interfering with his visions.

"If I buy a car, young man" — Henry was over forty—"I'd like to know why you think you should drive it. It would be my car, wouldn't it? Do you think I'd let you go gallivanting about risking two thousand dollars' worth of my property, besides the necks of your Ma and myself? Huh? Do you think I'd let you come near it without me being there to see that you didn't run off with it and treat me like your brother George done?"

Ma had had time to think longer than Silas. And suddenly she had an experience. Never before had she wanted anything. No desire had ever registered itself on her mind. For generations her ancestors had saved, had never spent. They had got out of the habit of wanting things; what they had was enough. And suddenly this wonderful thing came to her, A Car. An automobile, shiny, luxurious. Drives through the hills, trips over to Bilmington. What ecstasy! Mrs. Higson's mind for the first time in her life became young. The feeling lasted until Silas had finished his demolition of the now thoroughly penitent Henry. By that time she had controlled herself. But all she could say was, "A car indeed. Who's to pay for a car, I should like to know?" But the seed had been sown. And though they did not speak of it again for some weeks, they thought about it all the time. Mrs. Higson would look furtively at the delightful, tempting things as they sped smoothly past her front porch. (Mrs. Porter called it the "piazzy" but to Mrs. Higson it was still the porch.) And one day a gorgeous, radiant thing stopped outside her door as she was sweeping the walk, and the occupants asked the way to Bilmington. Ordinarily Mrs. Higson would have jerked her head vaguely southward and grunted, "Straight on, can't you read?" To-day she hesitated and then walked slowly toward the beautiful thing. When she got near enough to touch the paneling, she put her hand to her ear and said, "Can't hear you." As they repeated the question and Mrs. Higson's hand fell from her ear to the polished handle of the door, the old lady knew the battle was lost. She must own one of these or perish. As the travelers were about to drive off, Mrs. Higson held up a compelling hand.

"Stop!" she shrieked, actually shrieked.



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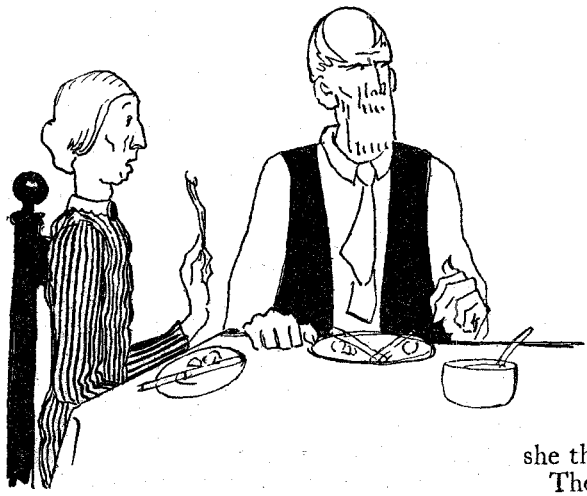

"How much do one of these contraptions cost?"

"Twenty-four hundred," said the driver letting in his clutch. And he, they, and It were gone.

Twenty-four hundred! They could live on that two years and a half. It was too much. Too much. It was inconceivable spending a sum like that. But she wanted it. Oh, she wanted it so. And she thought for the first time of the money, the thousands of dollars which Silas had in the bank. Then put the thought away as a sin. Money in the bank was as treasure in heaven, not for this world. She knew if she even mentioned her desire, Silas would buy.

But twenty-four hundred.

She would make a bargain with herself. If she could save $200 in the next year from the money she should get weekly from Silas for the housekeeping, she would let Silas buy her just such a car as the one she had seen.

That night she told Silas of her purpose and he had said, "Of course, I suppose I could let the money go right now if it had to be."

But Ma was stern, they must earn their reward, they must save to enjoy this luxury. And it was settled.

If Mrs. Higson had been in the habit of spending anything on herself, if she had been accustomed to buy a new bonnet or Easter frock or Christmas petticoat or whatever it is old ladies of sixty-nine use for clothing, money could have been saved in that way. But to an outsider there was nothing with which the Higson family could dispense. Their living was reduced to the minimum expenditure. It was only when Ma began to figure out just where the cutting should begin that she realized that she could not in justice to their digestions cut anything. Silas and Henry lived on the most modest of meals, and she suspected by an oft-caught expression that even now her son frequently got up from the table unsatisfied. She had even found him one evening eating cold potato from the ice-box and had to tell him what she thought of him in consequence.

There was of course Della. Della came in Mondays to do the wash. She was a big, strong girl and made the mangle hum. It was a big mangle and needed Della. She came at seven and stayed till noon, during which time she alternately quarreled with Mrs. Higson and washed the clothes. She also ate more breakfast than all the rest of the family put together.

Della, Mrs. Higson decided, must go. Ma would do the laundry herself. Then they ate too much meat. That was another thing. And they spent about eighteen cents a day on bread. Ma could make that. It would be hard though.

To give herself courage, Mrs. Higson went out onto the porch and watched a few cars roll by. The first was a Ford. Already Mrs. Higson had car-snobbery. She sneered at the Ford. And later when a big Packard passed, she almost forgot her dignity and curtseyed as if to royalty.

That night they had bread and milk for supper.

And the night after that they had bread and milk again. In fact, bread and milk appeared on the family menu more and more frequently as the weeks passed and Mrs. Higson found how inexpensive it was. They got their milk free from Mrs. Porter who had a cow, but no barn. Silas had a barn but no cow. So as Mrs. Porter lived next door you can see how simple it was for Silas to make that convenient arrangement about the milk. It was of course understood that Mrs. Porter should only be allowed one stall for her cow and that all the rest of the building should be at the disposal of Mrs. Higson. It was also understood that Mrs. Porter should take

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the barn by the year and that the milk — two quarts precisely — should be delivered daily throughout that period. This arrangement, though it suited the Higson family admirably, became a matter of some distress to the lady next door, for she found that during those weeks when for certain personal reasons Corinda gave no milk, she had to buy the usual two quarts from the dairy and hand them over to her neighbors. Each year she promised herself that she would find other quarters for Corinda the following season, and if she had lived anywhere else but in Willow Ridge, she probably would have done so. But she lived in Willow Ridge.

It may have been the bread and milk diet that made Henry suddenly break out. Or again it may have been the fact that he still lived after his automobile bombshell. Whatever it was, he broke.

He came home on a Tuesday evening, sat down to his supper and without preamble of any sort delivered himself:

"I'm marryin' Bess Porter."

"You're whaaaaat!?" his parents gasped.

"And she's bought a place up to Merton Creek and we're goin' to farm it. I always was one who liked the open air. And hens. I've allus had a hankerin' after hens, and they allus seem to like me. Got a kind of confidence in me, I guess."

Mrs. Higson's mind turned at once to the practical side.

"And what about our milk, I should like to know? How are we to get our milk if Bess Porter and you goes off that way?"

"I asked her about that," Henry replied. "She says her agreement is up the end of the month and you'll have to buy your milk because she won't be usin' the barn any more."

Silas had sat with his fists clenched on the table. He raised one now above his head.

"And where," he thundered as threateningly as it was possible for one of his age, "and where do I come in on this crack-brained scheme of yourn? When did you ask me about it? How do you think I can let you go foolin' around a farm when you've got to be around the store attendin' to customers? I'd like to know that. Huh! You, married! By Gosh."

"Well," Henry said, still game, "I guess you'll have to get somebody else."

"Yeah, and pay him fifteen dollars a week."

"You didn't pay me that," Henry actually smiled at the old man's wrath. The latter saw he'd made a tactical error.

"Well, you aren't worth fifteen cents."

"Then you won't be losin' much when I go."

"You ain't goin."

"I guess I am," But Henry was weakening. Silas had dominated too long. You couldn't turn around and knock him cold when he had had your nose under his boot for forty years.

"You see —," Henry began. But Silas grasped his opportunity. He knew the first signs of weakness.

"I don't see nothin' but this here. You are a empty headed young mule and you're goin' to stay right there in the store and that's that."

"But Pa, I told Bess — "

"I don't give two cents worth of string what you told that Porter woman. You'll do as I say."

And but for the fact that there was an unexpected interruption in the proceedings it is to be feared that Henry undoubtedly would have. The interruption was caused by the entrance of Mrs. Porter herself. It was perhaps less of an entrance than an explosion. Mrs. Porter was not of the build conducive to graceful entrances at the best of times, and this was obviously not the best of times. The fact that Mrs. Porter had been brought up a strict practising Methodist was not apparent in the ensuing conversation. It was as difficult a matter to rouse Mrs. Porter as it was to stir up Corinda to any violent action. Once roused, however, Bess had the demolishing capacity of a ton of dynamite. And Bess was now roused.

There was no doubt about the victory. It was conceded after the second round that Henry should marry Mrs. Porter and that the barn would house Corinda no longer. Henry followed his beloved out of the back door when she left and endeavored to show his manhood by slamming the screen behind him. The effect was unfortunately lost on all but himself as the screen door always slammed anyway.

The next day Henry moved out to the farm. Silas engaged Homer Paddon to help in the store, and the milk stopped. And

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with Henry went also the five dollars a week that he had paid regularly for his board. There also appeared that Wednesday in the Willow Ridge *Clarion* a message of cheer which ran as follows:

"A little bird tells us that two hearts are a-flutter down River Street way, and that the wedding bells will soon be ringing their joyous peals for Henry Higson and Mrs. Bess Porter. It will be recalled by our readers that Mrs. Porter lost her last husband just two years ago this October when he unfortunately fell down the cellar steps, injuring himself mortally. We extend our congratulations to Mrs. Porter on her new venture and to the blushing bridegroom. Here's looking at you Hank!"

But do not imagine that with all this domestic upheaval Ma Higson forgot her one passion. The excitement tended, if anything, to increase her desire. And now this matter of the milk and Henry's delinquency gave her food for serious thought. It meant that no longer could she afford to feed her husband on this inexpensive dish. In the six months that she had been saving she had accumulated one hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-two cents and that was all to the good. But the extra work was telling on her. Monday nights found her short of breath and wobbly at the knees. The ironing on Tuesday became a torment she dared not consider. Six months abstinence from any really strengthening food had made her haggard and pale. But in eight months she had saved one hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

It was typical of her character that when she realized what this terrible economy was doing to her and that after all it was absolutely unnecessary, that they could buy ten cars and still have plenty to live on, she still felt that having made her resolution she must abide by it. Otherwise she would get no pleasure from the result.

Half-way through the tenth month she fainted. When she came to, she was in bed and Dr. Crane was feeling her pulse.

"Did anyone take them beans out of the oven?" she asked him.

"Now don't you worry about beans. You can't eat beans for two months. You've got to lie still here and get rested up and I've told Della just what she's to give you and when. Now listen to me."

Dr. Crane then told her professionally what she had known instinctively for some months. She was too old to behave like a husky young woman of twenty and try to live on tea and crackers. A lot more did he tell her, but she was busy with the shattering fragments of her dream. Thirty dollars to make up and only two months to go. And she an invalid in bed unable to move — she had already tried and found it agony. Della would spend every penny of the weekly allowance, and here was this fool doctor talking about raw beef juice with steak at fifty cents a pound. Yet perhaps the best way would be to do as he said so that she could get well quicker and make a last desperate effort for that thirty dollars.

The next morning she awoke with every determination to fight this fool weakness and get up. She threw back the bedclothes and got her leg muscles all ready to lift her right foot out and onto the floor. But for some reason the leg muscles would not respond. So being a woman of ingenuity she tried the other leg. The pain that resulted only made her extremely angry. For want of anything better to do, she then shouted "Hi!" This was more effective, for Silas and Della both came running in.

She vented her wrath on Della.

"Who told you to come around here, I'd like to know? Eatin' up all the food in the house and using three eggs when one's enough?"

"Doc Crane fetched me and he says you oughn't to talk any."

Silas sat down beside the bed and scratched his ear.

"No, Ma, Doc says you got to be quiet and stay quiet till you get your strength back, says you're undernourished. Take a month, probably, to get you on your feet again. Gotta have raw beef juice and such. Della knows. I'm due at the store. That young Homer don't do a darn thing. You rest quiet now, Ma."

Della, a good creature, put up with all the ranting of the old woman that morning with bucolic indifference until Mrs. Higson, thoroughly exhausted, sank back to sleep again. After the initial outburst she did exactly as the doctor told her, so that slowly she began to regain the use of her legs. She lay quietly in bed pretending that she was riding in her car,

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rolling swiftly along the country roads, sitting back upon the luxurious upholstery. If she was well in four weeks she might still have time to make up the extra dollars.

One night Silas had said:

"Ma, I guess we'll get that autymobile anyway soon as you're up, even if you hain't saved the money."

But Ma raised herself in bed and said very slowly, "You won't do no such thing. I said I'd save that money in a year before we'd go to that sinful expense and if I don't, then it's God's way of showin' that it ain't right. You mind me, Silas."

And Silas minded as he had done for forty-four years.

But those days were long for Ma. Her strength was slow in returning. The month passed and she could barely crawl to her chair by the window. Slowly her dream faded, and as it faded her strength failed. But she made one supreme effort two weeks before the year was up. She summoned her indomitable will power and dressed and on her feet met the doctor at the door. Every nerve was tense. Her body stood upright and unfaltering. The doctor was dumbfounded.

"Well, I'll be damned," was all he could say.

"You are anyway," Ma replied. "I got sick of this invalid stuff, and I'm going downstairs to make some real bread. Don't you come 'round here any more, Jim Crane, I'm cured." She steadily walked past him to the stairs. Doc Crane left, confounding women. So did Della, under compulsion, and confounding Ma Higson. For six days Mrs. Higson lived on her nerves. On the seventh she fainted again. It was Monday. Six more days.

That week was spent in delirium with occasional moments of hypersensitive lucidity. Curiously enough she never mentioned her heart's desire even in her wildest moments. Doctor Crane never knew. Silas only vaguely suspected.

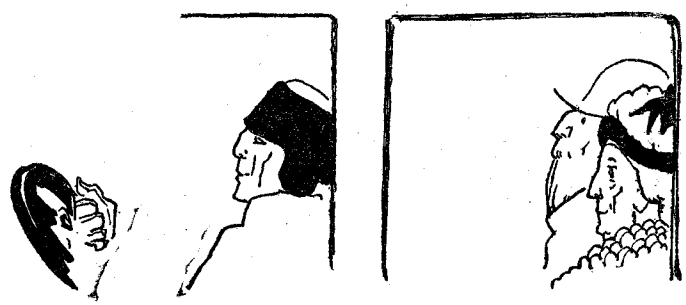
On Sunday, the last day, she was normal mentally. She lay flat on her back with the sun shut out by a heavy curtain, and outside she heard the purring of a car. She knew it was hers. She was not surprised, therefore, when she heard it stop in front of the house. She distinguished a man's voice saying something to Silas. Then Silas answering. And a woman's voice. Of course they were coming in. They were bringing her car. She tried to lift herself to meet them. They were all coming up the stairs talking. But she could not make out what they said. Blurred somehow. Funny. They didn't stop at her door. They had gone on up to the attic. What were they doing in the attic? Mistake somewhere. Anyway they had brought the car. How sleepy she was.

She awoke refreshed again. Silas was standing beside her. He was talking—"that old horsehair couch. Said they'd give you twenty dollars for it. Told 'em I'd have to ask you first as it was yourn, but as you were asleep I didn't wake you and told them it would be all right. They are coming to get it after dinner. They are city folks I guess, givin' twenty for an old sofy."

So it was her car! It hadn't been a dream! But "Silas, I won't sell that sofy for less than twenty-three dollars. Not a cent less than twenty-three dollars. Now mind me, Silas."

And Silas minded.

The next time Ma Higson wanted to go to Bilmington, she didn't take the train. Henry drove.



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OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

Republican Candidates — Selected by Forum Readers

Drawings by Johan Bull

AMONG the hundreds of predictions submitted in The Forum's *Presidential Contest, three leaders — Secretary Hoover, Vice-President Dawes, and President Coolidge — stood far ahead of all others, in the order named. Then followed former Governor Lowden of Illinois and Senator Borah. Half of the contestants foretold the election of Mr. Hoover.*

In this issue are printed the five best papers predicting Republican victories. Next month the best papers selecting the Democratic candidates will be published, and the Editor will award the prize of one hundred dollars to the winner of the entire contest.

I — HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

Lee Ward

BARKER, my neighbor across the street, came over and sat on the front steps while I sprayed my lawn. His face was a yard and a half long by actual measurement. He was chewing gum and letting out sighs most lugubrious.

"What's the matter?" I asked after an extra heavy gust. "Your radio busted or car on the blink?"

He pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and pointed to a big scare head.

"That says Calvin Coolidge meant it when he said he wouldn't run for President again." He offered me the paper.

"I read that this morning," said I, quite unconcerned. "Instead of crying about it, you ought to be glad he's man enough to say what he means and stick to it."

Barker looked glummer than ever and stirred up the atmosphere with another sigh.

"I don't know what will become of the United States," he said gloomily. "There ain't another man capable of carrying on the government like he does."

"Rats!" I remarked cheerfully. "They said that about G. Washington, but the United States still survives after one hundred and thirty-two years."

"Times were different then," he grumbled.

I gave the hose a flirt that sent a little shower over him. He seemed to need freshening up. While he shook the water off his hat and wiped his face on his shirt sleeve, I fixed the nozzle so it would run slowly in the pansy bed and sat down beside Barker. He's a good neighbor and a carpenter, and I wanted him to put a new spring on my screen door.

"After the shower, let's look for the rainbow," I said comfortably. "I hate to see President Coolidge go out of office, but he's doing the square thing and there are other men just as capable of running the country." Barker sniffed.

"Show me the man who can fill Coolidge's place," he challenged.

"Haven't you any state pride?" I demanded. "What kind of Californian are you, anyway?" He stared.

"You don't mean —"

"I sure do. He's going to be elected next fall," I said decidedly.

"But you said you wouldn't vote for him," Barker insisted.

"I never said anything of the kind," I declared.

"You did," he retorted. "You said if he was the only man in California —"

I laughed and shifted the hose a couple of feet.

"You're barking up the wrong tree,"

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I told him. "The man you mean won't be our next President, not by a long shot. The man I mean isn't a skyrocket politician. He is a man whose motto is service. He took over the problem of food distribution during the World War and handled it in a way that proved his ability and common sense. Since then he has been in the Cabinet, getting trained for what's coming to him. He understands the political whirlpool in Washington thoroughly and will not be drawn into it. He has the wide outlook that living at both ends of the continent gives. He knows the United States is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, not by the Rocky Mountains, and he is big enough to spread over the whole country. There will be no geographical divisions in his administration. Maine or California, Michigan or Florida will all be one and the same to him when it comes to the good of the nation. He won't be like President Coolidge, because no two men can make the same kind of President, and we don't want 'em to. Variety is the spice of life. But in honesty, fair-dealing, and patriotism, all good Americans are alike.

"When Calvin Coolidge lets go of the steering wheel on March 4, 1929, the machinery of this great government will move on without a tremor, for the hand that takes hold will be strong and steady and we can all go to sleep that night feeling sure that Herbert Hoover, the thirty-first President of the United States, is the right man for his job."

I heard the gate slam and looked around. I had "moved my audience." He was making a bee line for home. When I went in to supper, my wife asked if I spoke to Barker about the screen door.

"I plumb forgot it, I was so busy telling him who is going to be our next President. But there's lots of time between now and November," I added, apologetically.

"November!" exclaimed my wife in a tone most husbands would recognize. "I should hope so!"

II — CHARLES GATES DAWES

J. Donald Kingsley

"WELL," said the Senator, biting the end off a five-cent cigar, "the next man to smoke his pipe in the Blue Room'll be Charley Dawes."

He leaned back in his chair on the porch of Robert's General Store and held a match to the cigar with an air of finality.

The Senator is highly respected in our town. His six years at Albany gave him a keen insight into things political. But in spite of this prestige there was a snicker as he made the remark. Now snickers don't usually bother him; he grew used to them as a legislator. But this seemed to get under his skin. He pulled himself up in his chair and with characteristic good marksmanship spat squarely on a dried leaf before the porch. It is a habit with the Senator, whenever he has anything important to say.

"I repeat," he said with dignity, "that General Dawes'll be the next man to wear a ten-gallon hat and git presents from the Girl Scouts."

"But what about Hoover and Smith?" I asked.

"Hoover kin never git himself nominated and no Democrat is gonna be able to win this skirmish."

Lem Travers tore off a chew of tobacco

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and we waited for the Senator to continue, for now that we had him started, he was good for most of the day.

"Dawes," he said softly, "Dawes is the man the Republicans are goin' to put their money on. He's a dern good party man, and though he's talked more'n a politician ought to, he ain't talked as much in the past as Herb has. And Herbert's too liberal to suit the big men, while Charley's right in with the bankers."

"But," Lem put in, "this feller Hoover's already got a sight o' delegates."

The Senator spat disdainfully.

"Sure," he said, "and he and Leonard Wood had 'em in 1920 and so did Teddy when he split with Taft. Naw, the G. O. P.'s makin' a grandstand play with Herb. While people're watchin' him in the show window, they'll nominate one of the clerks from behind a counter. Dawes is playin' smart politics in not makin' any noise, even the kind that don't say anything. The American people don't like a man that talks above a whisper, just before elections. They like political conventions to be kind 'o surprise parties."

"Well no man usin' the kind o' language Dawes uses is gonna git my vote," Lem remarked.

The Senator, aside from a contemptuous glance, ignored him, and continued.

"And another thing," he said, "The Republicans still look upon Cal as the great symbol of prosperity and he and Charley are thicker'n a bushel o' rats. The Coolidge men and the Dawes men'll git hitched up before this pep fest is through."

"Hmm," said Lem, "but even so, where do the Democrats come in?"

"They don't," said the Senator, "unless things change a heap. The Republicans've got the country so believin' that it's on the crest of prosperity that it'll take a mighty strong man to wake 'em up. There ain't but one man in the Democratic line-up that could do it, and that's Governor Al. And he can't."

The Senator paused to light a fresh cigar.

"What about Teapot Dome?" I asked. "Won't the Republicans find it hard to explain that?"

He snorted.

"Did you ever know the American people to remember anything like that 'round election time? And if they did, they never blamed it on the party. Political parties in this country are like constitutions; they're above the weaknesses o' men. The oil scandal didn't bother the last election none, did it?"

He paused expectantly and I admitted that I didn't know as it did. Then he really began to warm up to his subject.

"Now I'll tell ya why Smith could never be elected. You've heard of the solid South? Well, the South is solid because they're afraid of lettin' the Republican Negroes into power. But it's dry fer about the same reason. They're afraid to have the 'cullud' folks goin' on sprees. That's the reason that all the Southern states but Louisiana, Maryland, and Delaware were arid ahead of the Eighteenth Amendment. All the rest of 'em had voted fer parched throats. And the interestin' thing is that all but those three states 're strictly Protestant, too. So, it'd look like there might be a two-way split there."

"I thought Al Smith come out in favor of enforcin' the Eighteenth Amendment," Lem interrupted.

"You're right," said the Senator, "he did. But he was a little late in doin' it and actions speak louder'n words. Also, that statement didn't change his feelin's toward the law none. He's agin the whole idea of tryin' to make people temperate."

"It doesn't seem as though his loss of votes in the South would be enough to carry the election against him," I remarked.

"No," the Senator answered, "the

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South'll always be more er less solid. It's the West that'll break the Governor's winnin' streak, and the South'll jest finish the job. The West, exceptin' the Eastern state of California, is narrerly Protestant and bone dry. They still think democracy is a great success. And no wet but Will Rogers could scrape votes out there, and he'd have to lasso 'em."

The Senator paused once more and looked us over critically.

"And in ordinary times," he continued, "there are four important states: New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Illinois. If Al could carry those he might have a fightin' chance. But he can't. New York he'll git without difficulty, and probably New Jersey. But Dawes'll carry his home state of Illinois and have little trouble makin' Ohio fall his way. Yeah, Charley Dawes'll be the next man to claim he's the choice of the American people."

The Senator spat vigorously again and put on his battered felt hat, which was his way of saying that the matter was closed, as far as he was concerned.

III — CALVIN COOLIDGE

BERNARD KELLY

WELL, sir, if you ask me, I'll say that this thing of electing a President is getting to where people don't take it seriously. What the country needs to-day is a man with ideals, like Bryan, now. There was a man that'd win hands down to-day if he was alive to run. Of course, I don't approve of prohibition, but then I don't think we ought to let the saloons come back either.

Why, just last night I was talking to my wife. I'm married, got three children, all boys, and I said "Honey, I'm glad we got prohibition, because look at the boys, now. I'd hate to see 'em hanging around a saloon." And that's why Al Smith won't get it even if the Democrats nominate him. Now there's a lot of people who won't vote for Smith on account of his being a Catholic, but I don't think that feeling amounts to much among people like us. Why I'd just as soon vote for a Catholic as anybody else, but as I say, Smith's wet. Lots of my best friends are Catholics, and I think they're as good as anybody else. Of course, lots of people aren't broad-minded enough to see that, but it's the fault of the Ku Klux Klan. I'm not knocking the Klan, you understand; it's a good organization and does a lot of good work — like keeping the Negroes in their place.

Well, I guess it's going to be between Hoover and Smith unless Reed gets in; he's too radical, I think, and while our boys were fighting overseas he tried to keep us out of the War. Not that there wasn't a certain amount of graft during the War, like ship-building and the railroads, which ought to teach the government to stay out of business and let business men run things right, because if you let the government go running things you get socialism and it's just a step to free love; but I think it's a patriotic citizen's duty to close his eyes to his country's faults, especially at a time like that. I was on the exemption board and couldn't go across because I had flat feet; but there were a lot of strapping young fellows came up before me and tried to worm out of it, and I sure told them which side their bread was buttered on. "Your country needs you," I told them. "Are you going to do your duty?" I changed many a young fellow's mind and some of them — a few of them — came up afterward and thanked me.

Anyhow, Reed doesn't appeal to me as being the sort of man we want in that job. And I think we're all agreed that a Republican ought to get it. The way I look at it is that business conditions are best under a Republican administration. Four years ago I sent a notice around to the help in my store — I'm in the sporting goods game — telling them that if Cox was elected business would drop so that I'd have to cut the force. Now, I don't believe in trying to force anybody's vote, but I think that a working man owes something to his employer — don't you gentlemen?

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— and you'd be gratified to know that we had a hundred per cent vote for Coolidge.

Now, Hoover is a problem. Lots of people think he's a little too friendly with England; but we're all brothers, after all, and he's a good silent business man, the kind we need to cut out all this monkey business about the government taking over Muscle Shoals. But then, he's going to want to spend millions of dollars to protect the Mississippi against floods, and we can't afford it if we're going to keep our army and navy up to par like a great power. Another thing, Hoover would want strict enforcement of prohibition and that wouldn't be right. I can take a drink and hold it, and I don't think it's wrong, but as I told our pastor — I'm a Congregationalist — I'd like to see the law hang a bootlegger that sells to kids. I told my oldest boy that I'd kick him out of the house the next time, one day when he offered me a drink; and believe me I haven't caught him with any since, either.

Anyhow, it's a problem for the business man to solve. As I told Helen — that's my wife — when Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run" — and by the way, that sure caused a lot of talk, didn't it? The other day Harvey Gilmour — he's in the boot and shoe game — the other day he called me up and wanted me to play a couple rounds of golf before dark. I told him "I do not choose to play golf to-day." Laugh! I wish you could have heard him. I went around in ninety-six that day. Anyhow, I don't think the country could do any better than draft Coolidge and make him run for reëlection

IV — FRANK ORREN LOWDEN

John H. Deniston

OUR next president will be Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois. That is not an idle guess. It is a logical conclusion, reached after consideration of conditions as they are. Soup and bread lines and three million idle men in industrial centres are not good omens. And back in the smaller cities are as many more idle or partly idle workers, while there are to-day more vacant houses and apartments, more empty offices and store rooms, than ever before in the history of this "prosperous country."

Unemployment and discontent in urban centres mean millions of votes for the "outs" in a national election, and the Democrats are heirs to that gain this year. It is a loss which cannot be avoided by the Republicans, since it is the product of factors now working which cannot suddenly be reversed. And it is already discounted by party leaders in their forecasts.

That loss narrows the margin of safety in the East sufficiently to make certain that the G. O. P. will avoid a greater loss in the West at any hazard, which would result from the disaffection of the farmer vote; for the West goes as the farmers vote. Nominally Republican, yes. But twice within the memory of many men still voting the Western farmers kicked out of the harness that hooked them to the G. O. P. band wagon and started rival shows of their own, with less provocation than they now have for quitting the G. O. P. circus. "How did it happen?"

Well, for years such professional optimists as Arthur Brisbane and the *Nation's Business* have flaunted stories of this "unprecedented era of prosperity" in the

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faces of millions of farmers who have been working their farms at a loss. They feel that they have been "gypped" by their friends, who should have shared the melon with them. Such "prosperity" should have been passed around, but its delicious core was "hogged" by favored classes in financial circles and industrial centres.

There are now hundreds of thousands of abandoned farms in the West, not all of them poor farms in thin-land sections by any means. And in country towns and cities, too, to some extent, are hundreds of thousands of middle-aged and elderly people who were driven from those farms and are now existing on meager wages or charity of relatives — on a plane of living far below that to which they were accustomed when there were living upon the farms.

Who are they — these quitters? They are the army of loyal Americans, men and women, who won the War; who gave first their sons to the armies that marched away, and then took up the doubled burdens at home, toiling as they had never toiled before, to produce the food which, they were told, would win the War. Now, robbed of their homes through no faults of their own, disheartened and hopeless of retrieving their losses, they hang on as the pitiful "remnant" of the defeated army of the prideful Americanism that is passing in the West from resident farm-ownership. But they still vote as farmers.

Again, to-day in much of the West, you can rent a good farm cheaper than you can own it, with the tax burden upon the owner. And, another anomaly, upon thousands of farms, the "hired hand" who lives with the farmer's family as one of them, is making more money than the farmer-owner who employs him.

Thus it comes about that the Western farmers are not satisfied with their share in "national prosperity" nor content with what Congress has done about it. And they have decided to elect a President who will at least try to do something more than talk about it. They have decided to quit playing the rôle of scapegoat in the desert, while all the other sons and daughters are sitting in at the joyful prosperity feast. And before the Republican National Convention picks a standard bearer, it will discover that the farmers think they know what they want and that it will be the best

kind of politics to hand it to them. That means the nomination of Frank O. Lowden, and if nominated he is practically certain of election in November.

Why Lowden in preference to Hoover or some other? Lowden is a farmer, knows farmers' problems, and, moreover, is tried and proved. As Governor of Illinois he increased efficiency and lowered costs by consolidation of boards, commissions, and bureaus. He has also, alone among public men with friends to reward with offices, dared to point out what is speedily coming: a taxation which means the confiscation of property that pays the taxes — killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Thousands of abandoned farms, millions of acres of land on delinquent tax rolls, millions of farmers working for nothing except to pay taxes to support parasites to govern them, and thousands of farms, all over the West, that will not rent for the taxes levied against them attest the fact that that condition is already here. The farmers and Frank O. Lowden, apparently, are the only people concerned about it. For the country as a whole, as represented by the politicians, is still on a wild spree of extravagant spending of public money, and taxes are still going up instead of being knocked down as they should be.

Hoover may be "o.k." but the Western farmers feel that he takes in a bit too much territory. We have won World Wars, saved bankrupt nations, and fed starving foreigners until millions of American citizens are bankrupt and thousands are suffering for food and clothes, if not actu-

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ally starving. It is time to take a dose of our own philanthropy at home to save our farmers from the sheriffs and the poor houses in the heart of the richest nation on the planet, and to bring to the farms a sufficient amount of that "unprecedented prosperity" to make life there livable.

Anyway, Lowden is a one-term man, and Hoover will get his chance in 1932. In this hour of crisis, the safest, sanest, surest man to pilot the Ship of State and keep her on an even keel is that statesman from Illinois, tried and true, Frank O. Lowden.

V — WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH

GLENN D. WHISLER

AS to who will be our next President, the gods will decide. To single out any individual candidate with reasons for his choice can be barely more than political biography. A writer in a current magazine names Smith and Hoover as the candidates. Many men on the street think that neither will be nominated.

But no Democrat will be elected in the year 1928. Governor Smith would be defeated on the wet score alone. This country is dry and it is going to stay dry with increasing majorities. The weakest of the present Republican candidates who might be named at Kansas City would beat Smith. Nor will Smith be nominated at Houston except in the event of a gesture of fatalism on the part of the Democrats. Reed has no chance for the nomination. The vitriolic and aggressive man never does have a chance at the Presidency. Walsh would make the best Democratic candidate, but he could not win. Why would the weakest of the Republicans defeat any of the three Democrats? Because he would have the full force of the Republican machine back of him and a great portion of the Harding and Coolidge votes. When it comes to candidates like Harding, men are nothing and parties are everything.

Hoover will not be nominated. He is not a Republican in the typical sense. Two things will defeat Hoover before he is well started. One, the politicians have taken Hoover in hand and the result will not be fortunate for him. Two, the Scripps-Howard papers (independent Democratic) have backed him. He is a novice in politics who thinks that the Scripps-Howard papers would not prefer Al Smith in the Presidency. And he is a novice in politics, indeed, who thinks that the Scripps-Howard editors have any idea that the Republican Convention will do their bidding. Smith and Hoover present a peculiar situation. Hoover would make an ideal Democratic candidate. Al Smith, in his personality alone, would make an ideal Republican candidate.

Dawes will not be nominated. The Vice-presidency has submerged him regardless of whether he may think so. He has a Vice-presidential and not a Presidential personality. Harding had the Presidential personality in plus terms.

Coolidge does not want the Presidency again for personal and political reasons. He would refuse if nominated at Kansas City. If he attempts to aid Hoover it will be unfortunate for Hoover. Coolidge is no political Roosevelt. Coolidge may be wise enough to say nothing.

Lowden in terms of Republicanism, affiliations, ability, respectability, and present expediency in politics, would make a good and a winning candidate and he has an even chance for the nomination.

Hughes is too cold and too inept at politics to receive consideration.

Borah, if the Republicans were smart enough to nominate him, would be safely elected, even in the face of his apparent quixotism about returning the Sinclair money to Sinclair.

The Republicans do not dare repeat the error, as it turned out, of nominating another man like Harding. Their only man without a single smudge upon him is Borah. And he happens to be the biggest, the most acceptable to the rank and file, and the most typically American of the possibilities. The Republicans have a Grover Cleveland knocking at their gate,

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if they but knew it — a man above reproach and of the highest ability.

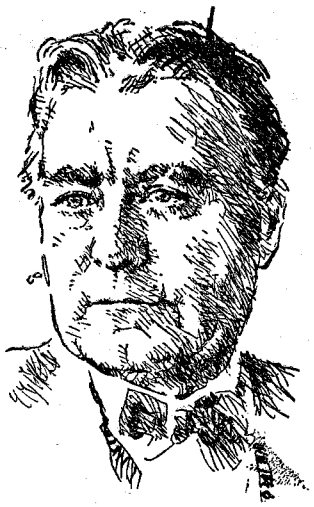
Teapot Dome, though it had no effect on the Coolidge election, may force the hands of the Republicans this time. It may in the end, and not beyond the bounds of reason, force them to nominate Borah. If they do, Borah will be the next President.

Smith would come closest to thrashing any man in the field in either party if he were not wet and were not a Catholic. He could probably overcome the stigma of his Tammany alliance, if that were the only objection to him. Teapot Dome made Tammany look amateurish.

The Republican candidate will be Borah and he will be the next President. The pendulum will swing from Harding to Borah, and that is how it should swing. Harding meant a party. Borah means an individual, but an individual Republican. The old-line Republican voters will not accept Hoover as a Republican by tens of thousands of votes. They will accept Borah, but they must accept him as another Cleveland, and they will do it gladly after the outcome of 1920. Borah is a Republican in the best Democratic sense. Hoover is a Democrat (League of Nations, etc.) in the worst Republican sense.

Borah is a statesman who matched his statesmanship against Wilson and won.

Borah is a statesman who more clearly



than any other knows the American mind and heart, as in its attitude toward the League of Nations and in its attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment.

Borah is a statesman who would mold events, rather than a creature of politics to be crushed by them.

Borah stands alone, but, standing alone, stands for the best in these United States in morals, in business, and in things of the highest political vision.

Borah is a Republican.

Borah is an American.

Borah is incorruptible.

Our next President: Borah of Boise!

Sinclair Lewis, in his latest book, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," presents a superb piece of irony on the mental processes of homo sapiens Americanus. Some of the papers printed above are dyed the same hue as this Lewis book, in that they predict the outcome of this year's campaign, not so much upon considerations of the candidates' abilities or qualifications, nor even upon political strategy, but upon a downright knowledge of how the average citizen's mind functions. Such essays are typical exhibits in our newly discovered museum of Americana.

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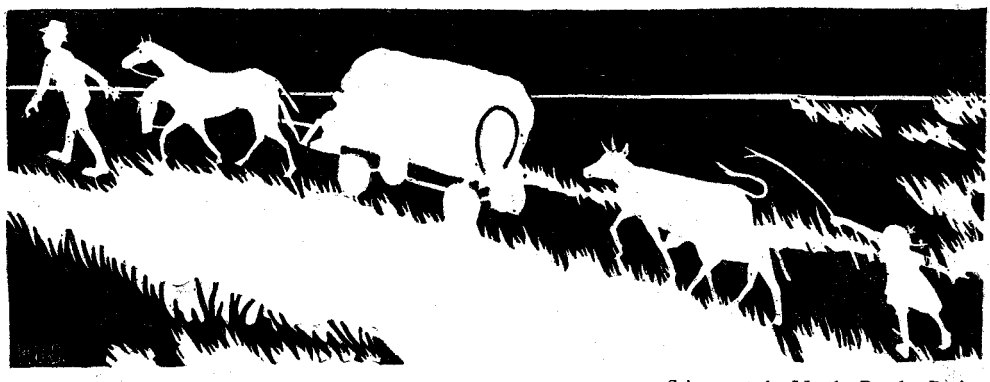

Scissor-cuts by Martha Bensley Bruère

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — IV

RAMSEY BENSON

AS a politician, Pick Overturf was dyed in the wool, so to speak. His father had been an Abolitionist before abolition — when to be known as an adherent of that faith brought a man into the shadow of the prison, if not of the noosed rope. His older brother had actually been jailed for attempting to smuggle arms to John Brown's crusaders; and when the Civil War broke out Pick, though still only a boy, enlisted and saw service. By these influences and experiences he was marked a Republican for life, through thick and thin, in good and evil report. He voted the straight ticket, and the platform of the national convention was his political gospel. Of course, Pick wasn't pleased with the position the *Voice* had taken, and he didn't hesitate to haul Sven Opsahl over the coals.

"Where would you and your paper be if it wasn't for what Hill has done to open up the country?" he demanded. Sven's usual answer was to ask if Hill hadn't been well paid for his services. Pick contended that such men have a right to fix their own pay. You couldn't hold them to any ordinary scale of wages and it wasn't for any ordinary man to say they were being overpaid.

"If Hill don't like the wages we can afford to pay, let him quit. There'll be somebody else glad to take the job off his hands," Sven countered.

"After he's gone and done what nobody else had the courage to do — do you call it fair, now that he's got his great work well started, to expect him to step out and let somebody else reap the reward?"

Yes, Sven called it fair — he thought the greatest good of the greatest number should govern. That was a form of words often in his mouth, and Pick was more and more annoyed by it — so annoyed at last that he was willing to be very rough shod indeed.

"The trouble with you, Sven," he snorted, "is you've got the swelled head!" He lost his temper, in other words, and Sven as good as pleaded guilty to the charge by losing his.

"Who," he shot right back, "has got the swelled head any worse than you?"

When, that very day, he found in his mail an invitation to a party at the Overturf home his first impulse was to pay no attention to it. He was too bashful to enjoy parties in any way pretentious, too conscious of his lack of social graces. But when he turned the printed card over

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and found that Weese had written a few words on the back urging him to be sure to come, he wondered. Did she know about his quarrel with her father earlier in the day, and had the quarrel anything to do with the invitation? The incident had left a bad taste in his mouth, but somehow, too, it seemed to have stiffened his backbone. He decided that he would go to the party.

The social graces were Morgan Wycherly's in a very high degree. His gift of song alone was enough to make him an ornament of any affair and he was always so ready to oblige — with "Old Madrid" or "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" or, if the humorous touch was desired, "The Little Peach of the Emerald Hue" or "Is That Mr. Riley They Speak of So Highly?" But his dancing was what made the big hit. He taught the young folks of Gumbo the Varsouvienne.

The Varsouvienne was the newest departure from the traditional square dances. It was very much a round dance — of the waltz family, but with variations that took it a step beyond anything yet. In it the partners remained clasped in each other's arms from first to last, and the propriety of embraces of that sort was still very seriously doubted. By comparison, the guarded clinches of the old square dances were tame and almost without offense.

There were girls in the village whose mothers wouldn't let them learn to dance the Varsouvienne, but Weese Overturf wasn't among them. In a very short time she was better at it than Morgan Wycherly.

There were dancing parties at the commodious Overturf mansion every now and then. In the invitations it was Mr. and Mrs. T. Pickering Overturf who desired your presence. Of course Weese got up the affairs and her parents were acting under her orders — wisely, no doubt, since it was certain that if she had been forbidden her father's house she would have hired a hall and had her dances anyhow.

Immediately after Easter, invitations went out in the usual way; but even so early people got the impression that the affair was going to be out of the ordinary; and, having put two and two together, nobody doubted that Mr. and Mrs. T. Pickering Overturf meant to take advantage of the occasion to announce the engagement of Weese and Morgan Wycherly. No engagement had been thus announced in Gumbo hitherto; but that was the way they did it in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and who had a better right to be in fashion than the Overturfs?

Nor were people at fault in that first impression — the affair was indeed out of the ordinary. A band of four pieces was brought down from Crookston to furnish the music, and that alone was enough to give the party distinction. The sherbet was the first ever served in Gumbo. Smilax adorned the rooms — and smilax was something new, too.

As for Weese, her exploits that night cast her previous performances in the shade. People didn't know what possessed her to act so. The amount of it being that she paid very little attention to Morgan Wycherly. She never danced with him once; and if she so much as spoke to him it had to be when nobody was looking and that couldn't be very often, for a good many sharp eyes did nothing else but watch the pair.

Wycherly showed very plainly that he wasn't pleased. In fact, he didn't stay to the end. It wasn't ten o'clock when he sought out the nominal head of the house and said good-night.

Weese was nowhere in sight. Pick went looking for her and found her on the shadowy front porch teaching Sven Opsahl to dance the Varsouvienne. Or rather trying to teach him. The dance went to a tune of its own, and inasmuch as the band inside was playing something else at the moment, Weese had to hum or whistle as she dragged the awkward Sven through the steps. Pick's displeasure was more than ever in evidence.

"Did you know Mr. Wycherly had gone?" he asked, severely.

"I saw somebody go just now — was it Mr. Wycherly?" Weese rejoined, lightly.

Guests had been prepared to hear it announced that Weese and Wycherly were betrothed, but no such announcement was forthcoming. What they heard, not at the party but shortly after, was that Weese intended to enter the state university in Minneapolis, paying her own way. It wasn't thought, though

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nobody knew, that Pick had refused tc finance the enterprise. Much more likely the girl had chosen to work and earn the needful funds.

The titanic Hill was first and foremost a railroad man, but he had a pronounced hobby, if not for farming, at least for advising farmers. Every little while you read in the public prints that he had been expressing some opinion about the oldest and most vital of industries; and he couldn't speak too often or too emphatically in commendation of diversified farming.

"In a business whose prosperity depends upon so many elements beyond our control," he contended, "we should have as many irons in the fire as possible. The farmer who depends on a single crop is like the man in the fable who put all his eggs in one basket and so lost everything when the basket was upset. The more crops a farmer raises, the more secure he is of a living."

He didn't stop with preaching, either. There came a day when Pick Overturf, acting as a kind of personal agent for Jim Hill, had some news for the farmers of Gumbo County and he sent word to the office of the *Voice*. Would somebody step over to the Bank and get an item? Sven Opsahl went in person and at once.

"Mr. Hill," Pick made known, blandly, his manner in no wise reminiscent of their quarrel, "offers to make any farmer a present of a thoroughbred bull or boar, with no conditions whatsoever except that the farmer is to permit his neighbors to have the freest use of the stock for breeding purposes. Mr. Hill believes we are going in too much for wheat and not enough for milk and meat, and he makes his offer in order to encourage us to take up high grade cattle and swine. Will you so notify the farmers in your paper?"

Sven didn't say whether he would or not. Indeed, he was so altogether at a loss that he didn't open his mouth.

The banker was radiant — evidently his bit of news afforded him the utmost satisfaction. "Mr. Hill doesn't care," he went on to explain, "whether we breed cattle for meat or for milk, and for that reason he allows the farmer to choose whether he will have a Durham bull or a Holstein, a Jersey, or a Polled Angus. Same with hogs, though hogs are never bred for anything but meat — the farmer can have a Poland China boar or a Red Duroc or a Berkshire or a Chester — just as he prefers. I'm asking you to say so in the *Voice*. Tell the farmers if they're interested to come and see me."

Sven went away without promising. Of course, the information was news of the newsiest kind, and it was bound to come out whether he printed it or not. But, on the other hand, if his classical learning didn't go so far as to make him acquainted with the warning against the Greeks bearing gifts, he had the sense of it by instinct and he was deeply distrustful.

He consulted with Moberg. "I don't doubt there's a trap in it," said Sven, "but where?" Moberg, however, was assailed by no doubts. He heard about the offer and without a moment's hesitation gave it his hearty approval.

"For my part, I'll risk the trap," he said. "Hill is right about diversified farming. If we keep on raising wheat and nothing but wheat, some day our soil will run out and the country will be a desert. If he gets us interested in live stock he'll have less wheat to haul out, but the difference will be more than made up by the dairy products and fat cattle and hogs. Hogs and cattle go together — the hogs save what the cattle waste. Hill knows that. He's shrewd. We don't have to think he does it because he loves us — he does it for his own good. No need to look for the trap — there is no trap."

He warmed. "The Swedes are a dairying people," he pointed out. "We know about cows better than any other branch of farming. We kept cows in the old country. We know the good Holsteins from Holland and Denmark and we know the good Jerseys from the little island over by the shores of England. My choice is the Jerseys — less milk but the best of milk. I am going right now and ask Mr. Overturf to have Mr. Hill send me a Jersey bull."

Sven printed the bare item in the next week's *Voice*, without comment; and nobody responded to Hill's overtures more enthusiastically than the Swedes of Gumbo. A crowd gathered at the station the day the first consignment of bulls was unloaded — Moberg's Jersey, slender and

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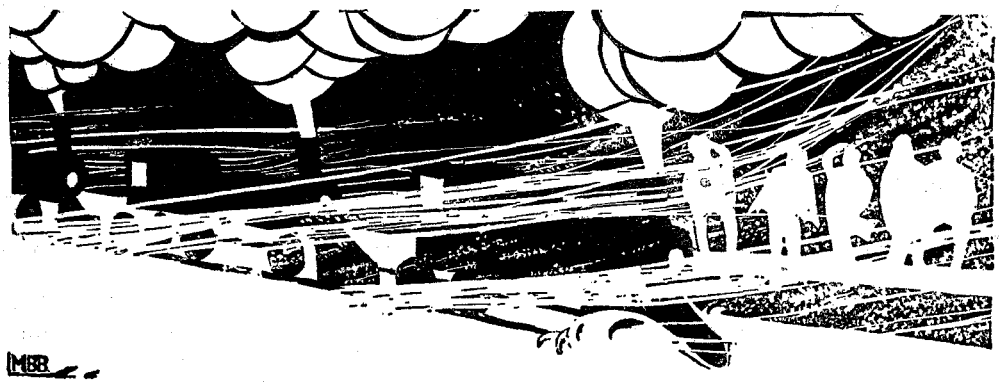
clean of limb as a wild deer, and two Holstein yearlings, beautifully belted, for other farmers. The cattle came by express, in crates. The crowd pressed up to get a good look at them as the boards were knocked away, and there was no denying that they were in every respect splendid specimens — fancy stock in the best sense of the term. If Hill had done the handsome thing, he was doing it in a handsome way and sparing no expense



Jim Hill's locomotives battle through

to make his gifts worthy. Pick Overturf stood up on a box and swung his hat.

"Three cheers for Jim Hill!" he cried, and led off with a rousing whoop. Sven Opsahl didn't join in the acclamations. The mainspring of the radical uprising which he so ardently desired to prosper was agrarian discontent, and he wouldn't have that discontent allayed until it should have served to get the farmers' wrongs righted. If these pretty bulls were in fact a species of bribe, how should they look like munificence to him?

He kept his thoughts to himself, however. Nobody could have understood them except Moberg, and he was as tickled with his Jersey calf as a small boy with his first new boots. The bull's registry papers came along with him, and in them he was designated by a long number and a fancy foreign name. Moberg changed the name, on the spot, to Jim Hill.

The coldest day on record in Minnesota was Christmas 1879 — thirty-nine degrees below zero by the official reading and anywhere from forty to sixty degrees unofficially. A stinging morning. But the coldest winter, taken as a whole, was in 1886.

Gumbo came through the ordeal pretty well. Perhaps the most trying discomfort people there had to put up with was the fear of what might happen if the railroad should fail to keep its tracks open. Not far away, to the southward, the Hastings & Dakota — an east-and-west line, exposed to the crosswise sweep of the northerly storms and traversing a rougher country where the cuts were deeper — had actually to be abandoned to the snow and ice, after a fight against them so plucky that the whole nation was absorbed in watching it; and Gumbo people, speculating dismally, shivered more at the thought that it might be their turn next than they shivered with the actual cold. Except Pick Overturf. He made light of such forebodings. If he wasn't undismayed, at any rate he could make a convincing show of being so.

"Never fear — Jim Hill will keep his tracks open!" he predicted, confidently.

There were no such appliances for bucking the drifts in those days as we have to-day. A modern rotary, with its whirling blades that chew up the toughest crust, would have simplified the problem, making it almost no problem at all; but with only the crude old plows that went into the drifts like a wedge into wood — packing the snow in front of them and increasing the resistance faster than they overcame it — the problem was fit to appall the stoutest heart. After every blizzard people prayed — in their hearts if not with their lips — that the plow

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might not fail to pound its way through; and when, sometimes not until after many an anxious hour, its coming was heralded by the faint sound of a whistle borne from afar on the frosty air, they could well-nigh forget the cold, they were so glad.

By the time the outfit reached Gumbo, it was a sight to see. There might be as many as half a dozen ponderous engines pushing, and so jacketed were they in snow and ice that their familiar features were just about obliterated. The crews were dressed like Arctic adventurers; and the snow, cascading back from the plow, would have overwhelmed them at their posts except for the heavy canvas curtains hung about the cabs. Always the engines replenished their supply of water at Gumbo and the crews had to look sharp lest the overflow from the tanks, splashing down and freezing almost instantly, should cement the great wheels to the track and tie up the expedition until they could be chopped loose with axes.

But Pick Overturf prophesied truly. Jim Hill kept his tracks open in spite of everything.

X

Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and soul that when you enter the crowd an atmosphere of desire and command enter with you, and everyone is impress'd with your Personality?

After a while the *St. Paul Globe*, well known to be Jim Hill's property, sent a man out to Gumbo County to learn what the thoroughbred boars and bulls had done and bade fair yet to do for the farmers of that region. Gumbo was chosen as a typical wheat county, its soil neither better nor worse than that of the Red River Valley generally, its people about the usual mixture of foreign and domestic stocks.

The man's name was Sargeant, and he didn't look as if he knew much about farming. He wore a tall silk hat with a band that came up within an inch of the top — the mark of a sporting character, the style having been set, it was said, by no less exalted a personage than John L. Sullivan. Anyhow, pictures of the champion of champions, tolerably familiar even in so far a corner of the world, showed him in that kind of tall silk hat.

But though Sargeant looked like a "sport," the way he went over the ground betrayed a pretty thorough understanding of what he was about. It showed him to be something of an adept, in fact. He wrote beautifully, too, as none could deny after reading his findings in the *Globe*. They painted a glowing picture of the prosperity, present and prospective, of the people of Gumbo County. That Hill's gift of blooded live stock had been a godsend was not left to inference — it was asserted in so many words, more learnedly than a hat banded like his would have led you to expect.

Sargeant also quoted several farmers in praise of Hill, but there he wasn't so convincing — the language he put in their mouths was too flowery to ring true. Moberg's especially. Of course Moberg was pleased with his bull and his boar, but Sven Opsahl hadn't read ten words before he felt sure that it wasn't the parson talking. Moberg didn't deny that the words quoted were his, though they sounded so little like him; but neither would he acknowledge that they were his, even in substance.

Sven went back to his office boiling over. He, at least, saw through the trick; and if others failed to see likewise, he was determined that it shouldn't be his fault. In other words, he was going to tell the world.

Through the *Gumbo Voice?* It seemed an inadequate channel. What he made up his mind to do at length was to write a letter to the *St. Paul Globe*.

He apprehended no difficulty. The big dailies often printed letters written in by various persons about a variety of subjects. Sven got the idea that almost anybody might write in about almost anything.

Not unmindful of his limitations, he took a good deal of pains with his letter. He looked up in his big dictionary every word concerning which he had the shadow of a doubt and he worked his sentences over and over till they flowed as he thought English ought to flow. When he had finished the letter and copied it off in a fair hand, Sven was persuaded that it did him no discredit.

He was as well read in English history as he could be without access to more books. He knew Macaulay and he knew

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Hallam. The English people's long struggle for liberty commanded his best respect. He had often drawn inspiration from it and from it he drew inspiration now; so that his letter contained references to the barons at Runnymede, the Long Parliament, and the Bill of Rights. It was going pretty far to liken Jim Hill to King John or Charles I but Sven more than hinted at something of the sort.

Dwelling upon the grievances of the farmers of Gumbo County and other counties in and out of Minnesota, Sven admitted that there were more thoroughbred bulls and boars in the land than there would be but for Mr. Hill's generosity; but wouldn't it be better, since Mr. Hill was so anxious to benefit the people along his railroad, if he were to do something about the extortionate freight rates he was charging them? Or the system of grading wheat which permitted the elevators to pay for No. 2 and get paid at the other end for No. 1?

"There are men," the letter wound up, "who by small favors can be made to forget great injuries; but there are likewise men who can't. Your Mr. Sargeant should have talked with both kinds if he desired to form a proper estimate of Mr. Hill's services to the farmers up here."

Sven sent his letter off by the morning mail and he looked for it in the next day's *Globe*. It wasn't there. Crowded out, perhaps, by a press of advertising. But another day's *Globe* came to hand, and still the letter wasn't in it, though two other letters were printed that filled together more than a column of space.

After three days, Sven's letter came back to him and scrawled across it in blue pencil were these comments:

"We don't find Runnymede on the map. Haven't you got it mixed up with Koochiching or Yellow Medicine or some other place?

"Do you mean lumber barons or coal barons?

"As for the Bill of Rights we don't remember owing any such bill and anyhow we never pay till after the first of the month.

"Who is Patrick Henry? Pat Kelly hands out the pie in Minnesota since March 4, 1885."

The *Globe's* nearest rival in the newspaper field was the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. Sven fixed up another copy of his letter and sent it there; but though he searched that paper every day for two weeks he found no letter. After two weeks he sent a copy to the *Minneapolis Tribune*. The *Tribune* was likewise a rival of the *Globe's* and it often printed letters, but it never printed Sven's.

So it came out in the *Voice* after all. Perhaps it might be reprinted, as others of his writings had been reprinted from time to time, in papers near and far, the *Weekly Times* of Chicago as an outside possibility. Sven was so far from leaving any stone unturned that he sent a marked copy of the *Voice* to the *Times* and a hundred other newspapers. None of them reprinted the letter, however, or any part of it. As for any effect in Gumbo he could not detect the faintest ripple.

Sven was embittered. The experience made him feel small, and it made Jim Hill look mighty big. Was there no limit to the man's power? Sven was determined to find out though the power should crush him in the end. If he died, at least he would die fighting.

The ebb and flow of the tide of prosperity couldn't help affecting the agrarian discontent without which the revolution wasn't going to get far. In obedience to a law grounded in human nature, the Farmers' Alliance underwent a slump in these better days. It might be Jim Hill's bounty in salving the farmers' sores or it might be some influence less obvious, but anyway there wasn't as much interest as there had been in the farmers' wrongs; and when the call went out for a state convention of the Alliance to meet and form a platform and lay out a plan of campaign, there was very little response from that part of the Valley.

The county was assigned two delegates in the convention, but there would have been a complete default of any representation if Sven Opsahl had not offered to go as a delegate and pay his own expenses. He hadn't chosen to spend his time and his money merely in order that the county might not fail of representation, however. He intended, when the convention should have come to the right moment in its proceedings, to stand up and make a speech about Jim Hill and his designs upon the liberties of the people. Sven

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had never yet spoken or tried to speak in public and until very recently he hadn't thought of making his influence felt in that way. Only since he failed to get his letter printed except in his own little paper had he been considering the more primitive means of telling the world — the word of mouth.

Though the notion rather frightened him at first, so that he put it away as an expedient not to be thought of, he did think of it notwithstanding and was more and more fascinated by it. Beyond a doubt there was a very particular glamour to oratory, a dramatic touch and an intimacy of contact such as no printed discourse could afford. Might it not be, after all, his calling? Almost, at length, he could believe that it might, as the notion grew on him. He began to see visions and dream dreams. He thought of Burke and the two Pitts and Gladstone — and Bob Ingersoll and Bill Erwin.

Sven's command of English caused him some misgivings. In his writing he made use of a rugged, forceful vocabulary that answered very well — there he could think first of the Swedish word and then of its English equivalent. But oratory was a horse of another color. Unless he should speak only set speeches and commit them to memory, how should he trust to his vocabulary?

Moreover, though Sven could make shift to pick his words with good effect and so overcome the difficulty of his vocabulary, there was still his foreign accent. He had never been able to shake it off wholly — try as he might, he could not be sure that it wouldn't crop out, especially in the very earnest moments when he least wished it to do so. The speech he had now in contemplation was to be a denunciation of Jim Hill; and the chances were that somewhere in the course of it, being never more earnest, Sven would say "Yim" Hill.

In the end he compromised. Though no set speech could be a great speech, he decided, in view of his accent and his command of English, to write out his maiden effort in advance and stick closely to his text. It would suit him better to pour out his message extemporaneously, hot from his heart, but he dared not run the risk.

He composed his speech with the utmost care; and, that done, he rehearsed it in the privacy of his shop at night, after his neighbors in the adjoining places of business had gone home. Bill Erwin, the criminal lawyer, was by far the most effective speaker he had ever heard; and like Erwin, or as nearly like him as possible, Sven thundered and whispered and crouched and sprang and beat the air with his arms.

When he started for the convention he had three or four copies of the speech stowed away in his grip, ready to hand out to the reporters of the big dailies. A letter that came to them through the mail they might ignore — a speech that had been publicly delivered and in its delivery had swayed a multitude would be another matter.

The convention was held at Minneapolis, in the chapel of the state university — an unusual and inconvenient place for an assembly of that character, but the chapel there was to be had without money and without price, the only condition being that the convention should give way, every morning at eleven o'clock for the brief religious services which the students were required to attend. Sven Opsahl, mounting the stairs the first day, overheard a student proposing to others of a group that they go up and watch the animals perform.

The dominating figure of the gathering, so distinguished indeed as to seem out of place in that company, was Ignatius Donnelly, the Sage of Nininger, renowned on two continents by reason of his brilliant if ineffectual endeavor to convince the world that Shakespeare was Bacon. But no eminence in letters could satisfy the restless ambition of the Sage — his fondest wish was to rank among the politically great of earth, as if no other kind of greatness was so much worth while. He had already held high office, but he aspired to higher; and inasmuch as the old parties had not extended to him the recognition which he deemed his right, he was now espousing, with characteristic energy, the cause of the downtrodden farmers.

His was not a light destined to be hid. If the students had some reason to think of the delegates as performing animals, Donnelly was the ringmaster. If they did not literally jump through hoops when

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he cracked the whip, at any rate the action they took was always and in every respect the action he wished taken.

There was the usual delay at the start, and the first day's business was no more than fairly under way when the hour of eleven struck and delegates drew back into the galleries while the students swarmed in and filled the floor. During the religious exercises Sven looked out over the body of students to see if Weese Overturf was there. She was — in a seat not far away, with a pencil thrust in her hair and a heap of books in her lap. She had been in his mind before — as long ago as when his thunderbolt was in the forging; and the thought that she might be at hand when he hurled it had no doubt been an inspiration. But just now he didn't know whether he wished her to hear him or not. It was certain that if the thunderbolt should for any reason fail of its effect, she was the last person in the world whom he would have a witness to his discomfiture.

Apparently she didn't see him now. Perhaps she didn't wish to see him. She drifted out with the others and never once glanced in his direction.

Delegates to the convention found accommodations at the various inns and clubs where the students lived and Sven, seeking cheap entertainment, was directed to a resort familiarly known as Bed Rock, where the landlady was glad to give him bed and board for a dollar a day. At Bed Rock Sven fell in with Hodgson. He, too, was a figure in the convention, where, though neither distinguished nor dominating, he played an important part. No older than Donnelly, perhaps, the years had not been so kind to Hodgson. His hair was gray and his face showed the traces of hard knocks. But withal there was a cheerful serenity about him that testified to a strong soul and he made his influence felt. If the farmers stood in awe of Donnelly, a stranger among them whose sincerity was at best open to doubt, they swore by Hodgson; for he was their own kind and knew their troubles because they were his troubles as well. Shrewd, clear of vision and level of head, thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly honest, he commanded more confidence than any man in the convention.

He was kind, too, though none of the gushing sort, and he went out of his way to cultivate Sven Opsahl's acquaintance over Bed Rock's corned beef and cabbage. A Yankee himself, residing in a section of the state where foreigners were not so numerous, Hodgson was desirous of learning more about the Swedes at first hand. He plied Sven with questions, always in a sympathetic vein, and he seemed more than pleased with the answers he got.

Sven, on his part, was encouraged to be confidential and before the end of their first dinner together he had told Hodgson about the speech he meant to make. Hodgson later read the speech through, every word.

"You think — you would advise me to speak?" Sven faltered.

"Why not? We need honest men and honest advice. If you are honest you've no reason to hang your head before anybody."

Sven couldn't help being encouraged and still he was in something of a difficulty.

"I'm afraid I may not get the chance. I can't get up and start talking just any time, can I? It seems to me there ought to be something leading up to it."

"There'll likely be a good opening when the resolutions are reported," Hodgson advised him. "I don't doubt the resolutions will be very much in the spirit of your speech and when they are reported and the chairman asks if there is any debate, that will be your chance — stand up and let them have it right from the shoulder."

Sven went back to the chapel after dinner, a good deal encouraged. He had the impression that Hodgson agreed with him in not thinking so very highly of Donnelly.

Indeed, his confidence was so far revived that he hoped Weese Overturf might be present when the resolutions were reported.

Donnelly was chairman of the committee on resolutions and he framed the committee's report — framed it and read it to the convention. It was toward the end of the day and the westering sun slanted its rays through the tall windows of the chapel and lit up the scene in a particularly impressive way. If Donnelly had chosen his moment, he chose well —

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the stage couldn't have been set to a better advantage.

He was not cast in a heroic mold. Short and pudgy, to tell the truth. In actual inches he stood below most of the men near him that day. Yet he seemed to tower over them all. Scarcely had he lifted up his voice — and it was not a voice in any sense extraordinary — than you sensed the magic of the man, the might of his mind. You forgot to doubt his sincerity. You were under such a spell that there was no room left in your mind for disparagement.

The report couldn't very well be anything but a recital of the farmer's wrongs, as he saw them, and a denunciation of his enemies, as he identified these. To that extent there was nothing unusual about the resolutions. Nevertheless they were in striking contrast with the pronouncements put forth by most political conventions. The turgid bombast, so familiar in such documents as to be almost an established form, was wholly lacking here. The language was sinewy and straightforward. Not a word was wasted and none failed of its effect.

When Donnelly had finished the reading he laid the sheets of paper down and offered the motion needful in order to bring the resolutions properly before the house. There had been no sound not of his own making since he began to read, and when he fell silent the hush was almost painful. It lasted but a moment, however. Donnelly waited for no second to his motion, though strict parliamentary usage required him to do so. Instead, he took a step or so forward and launched into a speech which many have deemed the most extraordinary that ever fell from his gifted lips.

It was invective from start to finish. Not a kind word in it. Bitter, biting, pitiless.

Against Jim Hill.

Donnelly's denunciations were gigantic, like boulders torn up and hurled by the hand of a demigod — gigantic and appalling, so that his hearers hung upon his words with something of a frightened air. No doubt he was giving them back their own thoughts, but thoughts so transformed by the tremendous imagery in which he clothed them as to be almost beyond recognition. Hatred — no other word could so well describe the sentiment which these farmers of the Alliance held toward Hill; but with them it was an impersonal hatred, so that Donnelly's ferocity shocked them. Almost they recoiled, as if he had led them up to the brink of a yawning pit.

Especially disturbing in that sense was the figure by which the Sage likened Hill to some huge and hideous monster of the deep, reaching out with its slimy arms to lay hold of its victims before they were aware and draw them to it and envelop them in its folds and strangle them and devour them. You saw the darkling caverns where the monster lurked, its tentacles now groping, now darting swift as lightning, now winding about their prey. Many tentacles, working out in every direction, drawing whatever they touched to the monster's maw — it was a picture such as might well cause you to shudder. Donnelly could vary his delivery from the passionate intensity of some ancient bard to the calm of conversational commonplace.

"When you enter the general offices of the Manitoba railroad in St. Paul," he said, quietly, "you see in a far corner a door painted across with the words, 'The President.' If they permit you to pass through into the holy of holies — and I will say that many a less important personage is more hedged about with guards — you discover, sitting at a common kind of table and without a touch of magnificence anywhere about, a common kind of man. In stature he is low and though of stocky build his weight is under rather than over the average. His face, in repose, is dull. Long hair mingling with a bushy beard gives him an untidy aspect — a mark of singularity rather than distinction. Nevertheless, from that unpretentious room, as from some murky cavern under the sea, and from that seemingly undistinguished man, as from the monster of the deep, there reach out the tentacles — unseen but only the more deadly dangerous for that — which fasten upon you and me to our undoing.

"We think we live under a democratic government where men are equal before the law and no man has more political power than another, except as it is delegated to him by the voice of the people. We are mistaken. We think we elect,

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from time to time, our congressmen, our members of the legislature and other public servants. Once more we are mistaken. Our government is an autocracy and Jim Hill is the autocrat. He it is who chooses our public servants. He determines who shall sit among the elders of the land and make the laws, what laws shall be made — everything, in short. He determines everything.

"Wherefore? Why should he care who makes the laws or what laws are made? I answer in a word — tribute. He wishes to take his toll from us and he wishes not to be molested in so doing. We pay taxes to maintain a form of government which only plays at governing, while our real master exacts tenfold more in payment for what he is pleased to term, with a species of ghastly humor, his services.

"Like the monster under the sea, he works in the dark. He is dealing with a people who can be robbed only as they are deluded. Hence the various adroit arts by means of which he seeks to lull his victims, as it were, to sleep."

At the last Donnelly reverted to his more vehement manner. "Farmers of Minnesota," he cried out, with a great voice, "will you sell your birthright for a mess of pottage? Will you be beguiled by the gift of a few black pigs and hornless bulls?"

Donnelly was done, and Sven Opsahl gasped for breath. He heard somebody move an adjournment for the day and directly he was in the midst of a crowd of delegates jostling out.

Near the door a hand touched his shoulder and he faced about to find Hodgson right behind him. But he was still too dazed to think of anything to say.

Hodgson's eyes twinkled. "Looks like the Sage stole your thunder, eh?" he chuckled.

Sven had nothing to say, and Hodgson turned away — he didn't act a bit sorry and Sven thought it an unkind cut. At the second landing of the long stairs, Weese Overturf was waiting — perhaps for him, perhaps for somebody else. She held out her hand. "Poor Yim!" she sighed.

Mockery, of course, and it nettled him. Whether or not she so meant it, he took it as a fling at his accent and he thought it not only unkind but unladylike. He shook hands but without much spirit; and he was as dumb with Weese as he had been a moment since with Hodgson, though he wasn't so much dazed now as he was sore.

"Donnelly has got Shakespeare pulverized — our Mr. Hill seems to be next on his list!" Weese laughed.

Sven passed on without a word. He had no call to stand up for Donnelly but neither did he relish Weese's disparaging banter. The way he left her standing there was as good as a snub, but he was reckless. With his dreams tumbling about him and nobody offering any sympathy, why should he care? He caught a parting glimpse of Weese out of the corner of his eye and it didn't cheer him any — she seemed not so much hurt or offended as amused. He didn't stay through the convention but took the next train back to Gumbo. On the way, he tore up the copies of his speech and threw the bits out of the window.

For some weeks the *Voice* had been flying, as a sort of gonfalon, these immortal words in big black type:

> "You can fool some of the people all of the time or all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."
>
> — Abraham Lincoln

Sven hadn't been long back from the convention when the mail brought him a letter postmarked Minneapolis. In it were the gonfalon, cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper, and another quotation, likewise in print:

> "The men who say a thing can't be done are forever being overtaken and thrust aside by the men who are actually doing it."
>
> — James J. Hill

Underneath the two blocks of print somebody had scrawled, "Cheer up!"

There was no signature but none was needed. The scrawl was beyond a doubt Weese Overturf's.

XI

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As for me, I know of nothing else but miracles.

Sven Opsahl came home disgruntled

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and out of sorts. The way Donnelly had taken the wind out of his sails left him with a sense of having been badly used.

He was in a mood to be particularly stung by Weese Overturf's mockery, for he could make nothing else of it. It enraged him, and in his wrath he vowed that he was done with her. She had made fun of him; and while he could do nothing but swallow the affront, he would see that she had no opportunity to repeat it. He would studiously avoid her. If they should meet by chance, he wouldn't speak to her or, if he spoke, only very briefly and coldly. In short, he would steel his heart against her.

It was a resolution easier taken than kept, however. He very soon discovered that he wasn't done with Weese. Even though he should shun her and snub her, he knew perfectly well that by no such device was he going to banish her from his life. Though he should run away to the ends of the earth and never more lay eyes on her, she was in his life to stay; and that was perhaps the bitterest drop in the cup he had to drink in those days.

Gloomy days, but there came to him a ray of comfort in the form of a letter from Hodgson.

"Don't take Donnelly too seriously," he wrote. "He is a very able man but how much he can do for a cause like ours, even though his intentions should be of the best, is problematical. His heart may be in the right place, but his hands are not horny enough. In my opinion, his espousal of the farmer's cause is chiefly important as a portent. Donnelly is an old hand at the political game and he wouldn't be enlisting under our banner if he wasn't pretty well convinced that we are going to win.

"I have a proposal to make to you — why not ask your neighbors in Gumbo County to elect you their member of the legislature?

"If I am not much mistaken, there will be great doings in St. Paul next winter. First, if not foremost, there will be the business of electing a United States Senator and it is no secret that a United States Senator is what Donnelly most wishes to be. Once upon a time, while yet he was rated a Republican, he came within one vote of gaining the toga. Of course, after the way he has wandered from the faith, he has nothing further to expect from the Republicans as a party, but he has some reason to count upon the support of the Alliance.

"I am not urging you to go to the legislature in order to vote for Donnelly, yet I am free to confess that you might do worse. I am not against him. I can think of scarcely another office which is of less actual importance to the farmers of the Northwest. On the other hand, it might be a good stroke of advertising if Minnesota, for a change, should send to the American House of Lords a man who at least knows beans when the bag is open. Certainly no man knows better how to stir up the animals. I am told that his speech excoriating the Washburn family, when he and so many of them were members of the lower house of Congress, is still quoted as a classic.

"But whoever is elected Senator, there will come before the legislature other business which I regard as being of the utmost consequence, and that is why I wish to see good men on guard. Nothing is further from my intention than to flatter you; but at the same time I do not hesitate to say that you have rather uncommon elements of strength as a political possibility.

"I plainly foresee a day when a man will have to be either a Swede or a Republican in order to gain high office in Minnesota. For that reason, if no other, the political hope of the Alliance is in young and able Swedes like yourself. We should have a number of them in training.

"You have a level head, as heads go. You have made a study of public affairs beyond the majority of your countrymen. You are honest within the limits of your prejudices, and no more than that can be asked of any man. You have a personality which does not stand in your way. In short you possess, or can develop, the qualities of a leader and leaders are what we sorely need."

The thought of holding public office wasn't new to Sven. He had harbored political ambitions, but what did more to determine him now was his mood. It was such that he needed little urging, and he made up his mind almost on the spot. Particularly as he had no reason to expect that he would be elected without a fight.

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His mood, at the moment, made the prospect of a fight altogether attractive.

Another thing — only a day or two after Hodgson's letter came to hand, Sven heard that Pick Overturf was going to be the Republican candidate for Gumbo County's seat in the legislature. To say nothing of worthier considerations, the memory of Weese Overturf's flippant banter, the taunting look of amusement in her face when he turned away from her without speaking — these so affected him, and the effect so abode with him, that he was more than ever glad to get into the fight after he learned that Weese's father was to be his adversary.

Overturf had no rival in his own party. He had the whole Republican strength behind him. But he had more. He was popular in his own right. Whoever dealt with him at the bank was pretty apt to go away with a liking for him. The slump in the agrarian discontent played into Pick's hand, too. But the darker the prospects, the less was Sven discouraged by them. When leaders of the Alliance as good as refused to call a convention to nominate a candidate, he announced that he would run as an independent without party affiliation of any sort, though espousing Alliance principles. He could do that — a voter might scribble his choice on any scrap that came to hand and it was a valid ballot so long as he made his intentions clear.

Pick and Sven were the only entries in the race, and it wasn't doubted that Pick would win in a walk.

Indeed the Swede boy, having ventured so far, would be lucky to suffer nothing more serious than the defeat of his political ambitions. During that campaign, as a result of his contumacy, Gumbo's second newspaper was launched, and by it his very bread and butter was threatened.

The new paper was called the *Beacon*, and while Overturf's hand didn't appear openly, he was known to be financing the venture. The editor was Luth Rand, a Swede, and he came to Gumbo uncommonly well recommended. His ancestry, if not exactly aristocratic, was such as to command the very particular respect of a people not yet imbued, except superficially, with the ideals of democracy. He was highly educated moreover. The editor of the *Beacon* was rather a glittering personality — so glittering that Sven Opsahl was cast in the shade. People were bound to make comparisons and he couldn't help suffering.

Rand had been connected with the *Tribune* in Minneapolis and he had caught something of the metropolitan fashion of doing things. Witness the cartoons his paper printed every week. They were absurdly crude, for the processes which fill the periodical press of to-day with good pictures were then in their infancy or not invented. A metal plate was smeared with a preparation of chalk. Into the surface so formed, the artist etched his lines with a steel point, and that was the matrix from which the cut was cast directly.

The artistry was about as crude as the process of reproduction in print, and the ideas were often childish in their simplicity, like pictorial relics of some aboriginal race. As effective a cartoon as any in the *Beacon's* series was the one depicting a great, vigorous tree and a man perched far out on a limb with a saw in his hand, sawing the limb off at a point between him and the trunk. The tree was labeled General Prosperity, the branch was Minnesota, the man was the Alliance. The saw bore its label as well — Crank Legislation. What gave the cartoon particular zest, however, was the discovery, or fancied discovery, that the man with the saw looked like Sven Opsahl. It was certain that nothing of the sort had been intended, because the picture was wholly a foreign product, but for days afterward Sven encountered snickers and grins wherever he went.

Of course the *Beacon* was strictly Republican in its politics. It never tired of extolling the Grand Old Party that had freed the slaves and lifted trade and industry out of the slough of despond by the enactment of a protective tariff. The Republican party, you learned from its columns, was the party of progress, but likewise it was the party of safety and sanity. It was the farmer's party, the workingman's party, the party alike of the rich and the poor, of the weak and the strong. It was quick to espouse any new cause that deserved to be espoused, but it never ran after strange gods to the bewilderment and confusion of honest men.

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Equally of course, under the circumstances, the *Beacon* had no purpose more cherished than that of securing the election of Pickering Overturf to the legislature.

Sven, meanwhile, had to toot his own horn — if he didn't toot it himself, it would remain untooted. Week after week, the *Voice* was filled with praises of himself written — as everybody knew, by himself — and with disparagement of his adversary. Neither helped his cause very much. That Pick was spending a good deal of money anybody could see; but when Sven asserted that the money was being spent in any degree corruptly, few in that community could be made to believe him.

Even less believed was his charge that if the banker went to St. Paul he would work there with sinister interests bent on plunder. There was some merit in his plea that unless the fashion of spending so much money in elections should be emphatically rebuked, the result would be that no poor man, however fit, could aspire to public office; but if there was merit in that plea, Sven spoiled it by his savagely spiteful manner of presenting it.

The demeanor of the *Beacon* was in marked contrast. It mentioned Sven often and never otherwise than in a kindly way. Further, it was free to aver that it had nothing against him as a candidate but his youth and inexperience, both faults which time was sure to cure. As for the charges which he brought against Pick Overturf, the *Beacon* passed them by in silence.

It could have chosen no shrewder course. The campaign drew on. The nominations were in August; and if in the beginning Sven stood some ghost of a show, by October that ghost had been pretty effectually laid. In another figure his goose was cooked. In still another it was all over but the shouting.

The last week in September, Pick Overturf got up, at his own cost and in compliment to his neighbors, what he styled a Harvest Home Festival, and there were big doings in Gumbo that day. Farmers had the season's work well in hand and they came flocking from every direction, it being understood that anybody in the county was Pick's neighbor.

Oyster stew for everybody and his wife and his babies and as many helpings as they cared to come back and get. For drink there was lemonade by the tubful, free as water. A carnival company, especially hired for the occasion, furnished entertainment with a variety of circus acts, likewise free. The band played and paraded, their music a joy to the ear and their flashing uniforms to the eye. A programme of sports, open to any who chose to enter, was productive of hilarity and yet more hilarity. Farmers wrestled and ran races and lifted great weights while onlookers laughed their heads off — in short, joy reigned everywhere unconfined.

There wasn't a hint of politics from first to last; and though it was known to be Pick's treat, he kept pretty well in the background and took to himself less glory than rightly belonged to him. Only once, indeed, did he assume to play anything like a conspicuous part. The great doings were in the open street. Sven Opsahl, going to and from his office, had to make his way through the thickest of the throng; and Pick, spying him out, ran after him and pounced upon him and dragged him, almost by main strength, up to the temporary platform where some acrobats were performing. The acrobats were good, too, and onlookers were gazing up at them with open mouths; but they ceased to be of interest from the moment Pick and Sven showed their faces, side by side.

However, it couldn't be doubted that the cheers were mostly for Pick. He was doing the graceful, generous thing and his neighbors so esteemed it — the more so because Sven, taken altogether off his guard and not knowing what to think or how to act, made no very brave spectacle by comparison. He broke away as soon as he could and faded out of sight.

Weese Overturf had been at home during part of the summer vacation and she stayed over until after the festival. Sven caught a glimpse or two of her that day, but the glimpses had no such effect upon him as to make him wish for a nearer contact. She was radiant with a radiance that hurt him, much as a studied affront might, though he hadn't the faintest shadow of a right to expect her to be otherwise. If she wasn't enjoying life hugely and without a drawback, then the signs went for nothing.

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In the front door of his office he had cut a slit wide enough to admit a slip of paper. Behind the slit he had nailed up a box and there, at his cordial and oft repeated invitation, villagers and others used to drop their items of news. The next morning after the festival there were two items of news and another scrap of paper. The scrap was written over, in coarse, pothook characters, manifestly disguised, with these words:

"Ask him if, as a member of the legislature, he will vote to vacate the forfeiture of the B. & G. M. land grant."

Truly a strange message, but stranger even than its contents was the way it connected itself in his mind, almost on the instant, with Weese Overturf. It wasn't a grateful feeling. If the message was Weese's work, he couldn't imagine what purpose she might have, unless to play some trick on him, to lead him off on some false scent that would end with making a fool of him.

He speculated about the letters B. & G. M. They might be the initials of a railroad — indeed the mention, in connection with them, of a land grant made it seem certain that they were the initials of a railroad. Either that or fiction outright. He had a cheap advertising map of the state hung up by his desk and he went over it minutely, but nowhere could he find a B. & G. M.

If there was, or had been, a land grant of that description, there ought to be a record of it somewhere. In the end he wrote a letter to the commissioner of public lands in St. Paul, asking for information. The commissioner answered promptly.

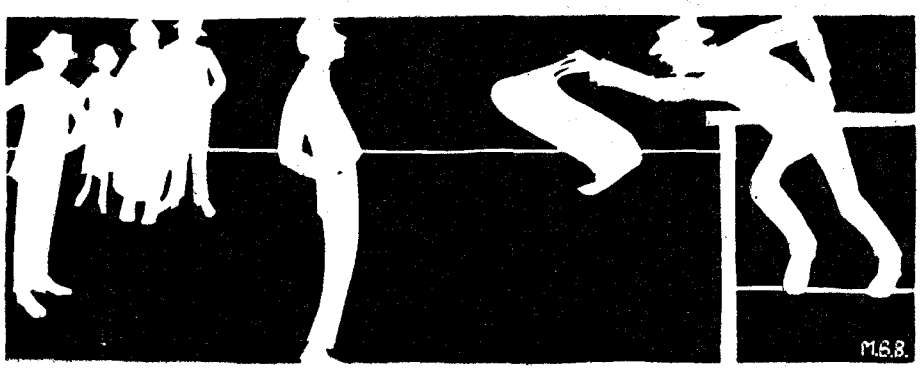
"You probably refer," he wrote, "to the grant in aid of the Bemidji & Grand Marais Railroad."

His letter wasn't long but it contained enough to give an entirely new significance to the scrap of paper. There had been a grant. Moreover it had been forfeited. Moreover, the forfeiture might be vacated by an act of the legislature.

"Inasmuch as it voted the grant in the first place," the commissioner stated, "the legislature undoubtedly has the power to set aside or vacate the forfeiture. Such a vacation would amount to no more than a new grant."

To Sven's mind at least these disclosures were proof positive that Weese Overturf hadn't had anything to do with the scrap of paper. He was as thoroughly convinced as ever that she could have no purpose but to make a fool of him; and, such being her disposition, there was no reason why she should have put him in the way of finding out what he had found out. On the contrary, there was every reason why she shouldn't.

TO BE CONTINUED



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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion

A Democratic Catholic presents pertinent views on Al Smith and the South.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am asked for an expression of views on a question which is of immediate public interest — will the Southern states vote for a Catholic for President? While this inquiry is general in form, everyone knows that it has relation only to the candidate of the Democratic party, for at this time no candidate of the Republican party, whatever his religious faith, may hope to receive the vote of the Southern states, unless as a protest against the selection of the Democratic party.

Since the subject is attracting wide attention and the question has not only been broached but is being debated, it can do no harm to indulge in some considerations that may be of interest to those who — like myself — wish to be enlightened on the attitude of the South toward, let us say, Governor Smith, in the event that the Democratic party should nominate him for the Presidency.

It is not unlikely that the candidacy of Governor Smith may be the test by which the attitude of the South will be ascertained. We cannot lose sight of the fact that there is a vital difference between his position now and his position of four years ago. Then it might have been debatable whether he was — all things considered — the outstanding presidential possibility in his party. Since November 2, 1926, it has been obvious that he must be the candidate unless some positive veto should be invoked. [EDITOR'S NOTE. — At the time these observations were written the selection of delegates to the Democratic Convention had not begun. Governor Smith's availability was assumed but had not been demonstrated as it has been since; and the naming of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana as a possible Democratic candidate had not yet been seriously discussed in political circles.]

The Democratic party, like any other political party, is made up of men and women who differ widely in opinion on a great variety of subjects, and if the Democratic party awaited the production of a condition of perfect unanimity on all subjects as an essential preliminary to undertaking the responsibilities of government, its availability as a possible source of political candidates or governmental policies would cease and a more dependable agency would be organized to take its place.

Accepting this obvious truth, we proceed to another. Since the Democratic party presents the only alternative to the party now engaged in the discharge of national government, the Democrats will take advantage of all circumstances of importance tending to realize the purpose for which they are organized. Of major importance is the choice of a candidate who will make a strong appeal to the voters. That the opponents of the Democratic party — to prevent such a choice — should seek to profit by a revival of ancient prejudices is likewise a thing to be expected. That Democrats themselves

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should, however, be asked and expected to take the lead in an enterprise for the weakening, even the destruction, of their own organization and for the loss of their outstanding opportunity is a little too much for even those to expect who misdoubt their collective capacity for statesmanship. Yet it is apparent that the Democratic party is to be maneuvred into this very situation, if the hopes of those who are seeking to invoke religious disqualification are successful.

Moreover, it is in its very stronghold that the wisdom of the Democratic party is challenged. The real question is not whether a Catholic candidate for the Presidency can be elected, but whether, under pressure from interested sources, the Democrats of the South will be stampeded by an appeal to religious prejudice into rejecting an opportunity which in other conditions they would instantly seize. For it is sober truth, and not mere partisan talk, to say that if the Democratic party confers its nomination for the highest office upon Governor Smith, everything in our history justifies the expectation that his candidacy will be supported at the polls.

Here, then, is the question reduced to its simplest terms: Will the Democratic Party reject, deliberately and of purpose, the leadership of a man who has all the qualifications so eagerly sought and so rarely found, but who happens also to be a Catholic? Will the South put him aside for that reason? Can there be any other justification for a belief that the Democrats of the South will destroy their outstanding opportunity, except a pure assumption that they will yield to this interested appeal to prejudice to which, in a multitude of ways, they are and will be encouraged to yield?

There is no real evidence that the Democrats of the South have discarded that article of Democratic faith — Jefferson's "Statute of Religious Freedom" — declared by the Father of the Party in whose ranks they serve to be his permanent and important contribution to the Gospel of Democracy. Although for the past few years a certain organized anti-Catholic effort has made of the chief city of Georgia a seat or storm centre of religious bigotry, no one can be unmindful that this same State of Georgia sent Patrick Walsh — a Catholic, born in Ireland — to the United States Senate. It must be assumed that in so doing the people of Georgia were influenced and guided by considerations which should govern every selection for high political office. They knew the man, approved of his record, and had confidence in his character. There is no reason to believe that they ever had occasion to regret their action or that his memory as the representative of their State in the highest Council of the Nation is less cherished than that of any other whom they have similarly honored.

Georgia is certainly a fair sample of that Southland which is held up as a place of irreconcilable religious antagonism. May it not be taken, therefore, as a permissible premise that, if the Democrats of the Southern states realize that there is in the party an outstanding presidential candidate, who commands their confidence, of whose public record they can be as proud as are their party colleagues in New York, whose traits of character they — in common with all other Americans — frankly admire, they will accept and support him as the people of Georgia supported Patrick Walsh?

There is no doubt, however, that, despite the men of Catholic faith whom the South has honored — and there are many of them — there is a general impression that the South is the great reservoir of religious prejudice. This belief will be utilized to the utmost by those, who, in any and every part of this country, will seek to draw on prejudice as a political weapon, attempting to justify their activities in opposition to the choice of a Catholic by the Democratic party.

Every duty, every interest, and every decent motive would seem to enforce a rejection of this suggestion of traditional intolerance, which is essentially insulting to the South itself. Even if there were such a tradition, the time has come to discard it. The Democrats of the South are not living in a world apart. They know the political map and their place on it.

The question proposed by the Editor of THE FORUM can only be answered, therefore, by an expression of hope that the Democrats of the South — whose capacity for rendering a fair and sound judgment we of New York would be the last to challenge — will decline to play

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what is obviously the game of their political opponents. It is not, after all, the rights of a Catholic citizen that are in issue; those rights have been defined and confirmed beyond dispute, let us hope, for all time. It is rather the political sagacity, capacity, and availability of one of the great political parties that are tested by the answer to the question. For want of political wisdom, parties have been rent asunder before now. It has always been much easier to render them impotent by dissension than to restore them to beneficial activity once the mischief has been done.

I am sure that the Democrats of the South are sensible of their unique opportunity and great responsibility. They, and they alone, can lay forever the Banquo's Ghost of American politics. Their party is now face to face with the spectre of religious prejudice. The issue must be met. When the standards are unfurled, the Democrats of the South will be found serving under the flag of Jefferson, the champion of religious liberty.

MARTIN CONBOY
(*Ex-President, New York Catholic Club*)
New York City

Static

The Fundamentalists of every age
Shut up their reason in a cage.
In flowing robes of black and white
Fond worshipers do still delight.

In their windows — Noah's ark,
Suffering Jonah in the shark,
God engulfing wicked worlds,
Skeptics into Hades hurled —
These emblazoned in the glass
Give the Church distinctive class.

The Priest stands by the sacred shrine
Proclaiming words he deems divine;
While in the pew I sit and sing
Because I'm such a static thing.

J. W. R.

Retort Courteous

An open letter to Mr. Mencken's "I do not choose to answer" in the April FORUM.

Dear Mencken:

I notice your letter in THE FORUM, saying that you never reply to critics of yourself. It is impressive, quite regal, but it won't work in a country like America, which has so many critics who have to be set right. See what an advantage it gives me over you! I have a great critic, and as a result I rank as the American Aristotle (see the *American Mercury* for March) while you are only a Weasel!

I think I have the solution of the problem. You appoint me your official answerer, and make formal announcement that as the only man in America great enough to understand you, Upton Sinclair, the American Aristotle, will hereafter answer all critics and explain you to the world. So, gradually, all those people who think you are a cynic will understand that you are our leading Socialist Unaware; you really desire that every man may have the chance to be a self-developing individual, and not herded into Boobery by predatory interests which thrive upon his ignorance. Also I can explain that you are our leading Prohibitionist Unaware; since you set forth so eloquently (see the *American Mercury* for April) that sickness of soul which comes from living in too close proximity to the open saloon. I remember you told me there were two thousand of them in Baltimore, and all but one of them were good. In his book, *John Barleycorn*, Jack London describes this Saloon *Schmerz* under the name of the White Logic. It is a very dangerous affliction, and when the public understands about it, all your critics will be much more gentle with you, and you will be able to collect material for a *Trauerlexicon*.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Long Beach, Calif.

Retort Legal

Mr. Arthur Train replies to Mr. Upton Sinclair with whom last month he debated the question, "Can a Rich Man Be Convicted?" In spite of Mr. Sinclair's arguments to the contrary, Mr. Train still believes he can.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Sinclair seems deliberately to have ignored the question he was asked to debate, in order to indulge in a general diatribe against the veniality of big business and politics. The issue is not "Do rich men commit crimes of which they are not convicted?" any more than it is "Do poor

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men commit crimes of which they are not convicted?"

The question propounded by THE FORUM's Editor was obviously directed to the integrity of our criminal procedure, in particular the jury system. What he wanted to know was whether, when the public saw fit to invoke the legal process against a rich man, there was less chance of convicting him than if he were poor. Mr. Sinclair's tirade against the sins of bankers, bootleggers, railroads, street car companies, oil, water, and movie magnates, while exhilarating, is wholly irrelevant. The number of rich men (or of poor men) who escape prosecution by destroying the evidence of their crimes or by running away, or who, through the negligence or connivance of the police or the indifference of the public, are not even arrested, has nothing to do with it. Where there is no complaint, no proof of guilt, no public demand, and, possibly (owing to this absence) no defendant, of course nobody can be convicted. The fact that thousands of thugs, pickpockets, burglars, blackmailers, and murderers escape prosecution does not prove that a poor man cannot be convicted. Indeed, it would seem that, when Mr. Sinclair says, "The reason we can't send our rich criminals to jail is that we don't want to," he implies that, if we did want to send them to jail, we could do so, and thus necessarily concedes that rich men can be convicted and so reads himself out of court.

Mr. Sinclair and I agree that a lot of crime and near-crime goes unpunished. He apparently disagrees with me in my opinion that, once a rich man is brought to the bar of justice, he has little advantage over a poor man before the jury. On this point his impassioned reiteration that a great many rich men commit crimes for which they are not punished has no bearing. Of course, everybody knows that they do, and the Editor of THE FORUM did not ask us to explain any such self-evident proposition to his readers.

But even on the aspect of the discussion to which Mr. Sinclair has seen fit to devote his attention, I cannot help feeling that his constitutional irritation with present civilization has led him to jazz his picture considerably. There is something about his extravagance of statement that is curiously unconvincing. How unfortunate that so many of his authorities are nameless and their information to him confidential! Apparently that two or more are vainglorious bribe-givers and jury-fixers does not lessen their credibility with Mr. Sinclair. Is it possible that he believes what he wants to believe? When he says that "the corporation heads and great bankers who put up the money are criminals, but you can't prove it, and that is why rich criminals cannot be sent to jail," does he not perceive that his own assertion of their criminality is equally unprovable? Does he really believe that rich men are not and cannot be convicted if once they are brought to trial? Does he really think that the judiciary of New York State is "owned," that great reputations in the criminal law are made only by fixing juries and framing witnesses? And, if he does believe it, does he also believe that rich men alone profit by it? I am not dwelling, as Mr. Sinclair seems to think, in a dreamland of twenty years ago. I practised law, at both the civil and criminal bars, for a quarter of a century and gave it up only five years ago. Out of that experience, permit me to be so unparliamentary as to declare these statements of his to be sheer nonsense.

In one instance only does he give the name of an informant — when he quotes James B. Dill, now dead, as saying to him: "There are twenty-two judges of the Supreme Court in this (New York) state, and nineteen of them are owned." It is a fair inference that Mr. Sinclair believes and wishes the reader to believe that the New York judiciary is still corrupt and that one of these "owned" judges would not permit a rich man, who happened to be a friend of his "owners," to be convicted before him. It is not necessary to speculate as to the source of Mr. Dill's information — the general and figurative nature of his statement, the date when it was made, just what he meant by it, or the accuracy of Mr. Sinclair's reporting — to know that nothing of the kind is true today. Even in the era of the Tweed Ring, the most corrupt epoch in municipal history, no such allegation would have been even remotely true — and that was half a century ago. Mr. Dill's alleged remark sounds like many of those similar generalities by which all plumbers are stigmatized as crooks and all members of an opposite

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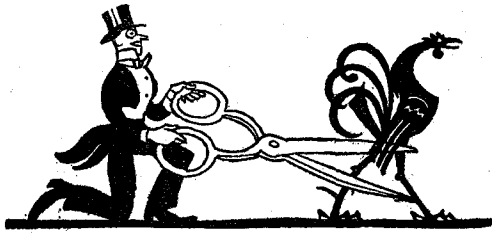
political party as thieves and liars. I am glad to have a concrete illustration of how Mr. Sinclair gets his data and of just how his mind works. I admire his sincerity and his capacity for indignation, even if it savors of anger. The capacity for indignation is a much needed quality in America. Indignation supported by energy and sincerity is a powerful force — too dangerous to be coupled to a myopic credulity.

ARTHUR TRAIN

New York City



The Escaped Cock

This poor bird continues to have his wings clipped.

A magazine's mere hulk
Subscribers bulk,
But one may sulk
In sheer abhorrence,
When you descend to bilk
Your friends in silk
With garbage, ilk
O' D. H. Lawrence.

JACQ WILSON

Indianapolis, Ind.

Navy Versus Broun

A leading coach answers the plea for professionalism in athletics.

Editor of THE FORUM:

After reading Mr. Broun's article to the finish, my first thought was "Why bring that up?" Up to the first turn of the article I was mildly sympathetic toward Mr. Broun's idea. But when he dashed off the course about football, I woke up and understood, of course, that he was romping cynically along letting his shots fall where they might.

First off, football as played in the institutions of critical learning to-day is just about as clean as it is possible for honest, hard-working graduate managers and coaches to make it. Of course, there will always be certain managers and coaches of the garden variety who will try to beat the game, but they will not be found in the leading educational institutions.

How Mr. Broun can imagine "Big Bill" Edwards leading a frenzied Princeton snake dance after Princeton's hard-boiled plug-uglies had wrestled, mauled, and stalled a slightly less hard-boiled gang from Yale for four periods of very listless and uninteresting football, is more than I can understand. Professional football has a tough job paying the few boys that now indulge in it. How will the colleges or universities finance its (*sic*) other athletic teams with a team of professionals?

Where are these professional football players coming from, I should like to know? From the sand lots, prep schools, or just grow like the immortal Topsy? Is the boy of seventeen or eighteen tender years going out and take a beating learning to play professional football against a bunch of grown men who have been at the game for years? He is not. He will go out and take his beating for the fun of it against men who are doing it for the fun, but it is too tough a racket to do for the money.

Let us leave college football alone. It packs 'em in now and finances all the other sports besides. If we mess around with it there is no telling what will happen. Professional football will die a natural death — amateur members of the pigskin fraternity coming in huskily at the burial. There are not enough "Red" Granges.

I will admit that something should be done toward a universal definition of just what constitutes a professional and his younger brother, the amateur. It does seem funny that Arnold Statz, a professional baseball player, is allowed to play amateur golf and Mary K. Browne, a professional tennis player, is not allowed to play amateur golf. Equality for all. Why not? But how? That is the big question.

I am afraid that things will just have to improve slowly along the way they are going. I really think that there is as little commercialism in athletics at this time as there ever has been. Put it up to the managers of the sporting shows to keep the game as free from the sordid as possible. Believe me, the manager of a set of track and field games is not going to hand

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out any more of his gate receipts than he has to. He is tight with the purse strings and is a real ally to amateur sports. Ask any amateur athlete.

Pretty big job, Heywood; guess we had better leave it alone.

EARL J. THOMSON
(*Coach, Naval Academy*)
Annapolis, Md.

Forum Airs Ideas

Broadcasting is no longer a new feature for THE FORUM. *It has been established in the last five months, and through Station WABC, New York City, there has been presented a kaleidoscopic group — singing, playing, talking: Winthrop Parkhurst in a piano recital that brought clamorous suggestions for more of the same in Carnegie Hall; Frederick Hoppin, and a most thrilling prophecy of balloon jumping as a new sport; Catherine Bakeless, Alice Lowell, Fitzhugh Green, Donald Rose in a monthly forecast — all have been most gracious. Features are at seven-fifteen on Fridays — but letters from* FORUM *readers are broadcast other nights at nine.*

We Won't Cry "Quits"

If all our readers "get even" with us in the same spirit as Mr. Snyder — we hope the scores against us are many and long.

Editor of THE FORUM:

My subscription to THE FORUM was secured as a result of a number of letters sent out by your Advertising or Promotion Department. I am now taking advantage of this opportunity to "get even." So much for the prologue. I was very much interested in the debate between Mr. Bohn and Mr. Hapgood on the subject of Government Control of Superpower, reported in your March issue. I found Mr. Hapgood's presentation the more stimulating. It seemed to me, however, that he might have greatly augmented his argument. For instance, he quotes as an authority on economics and finance, Mr. Untermeyer — and quite ignores Mr. W. R. Hearst! True enough, Mr. Hearst has found it necessary to increase materially the price of his newspapers during recent years; but these same newspapers contain a wealth of material which Mr. Hapgood might have quoted, showing why the utilities do not have to follow Mr. Hearst's own example. Again, I was impressed with the masterful way in which Mr. Hapgood disposes of the question of government ownership of railroads. He says that Mr. Walter D. Hines was full of admiration for what Mr. McAdoo accomplished. That is the simplest and briefest summation that I have ever seen. It is fortunate that it did not occur to Mr. Hapgood to include the publication of magazines in the public utility class, though he would no doubt rate the public value of such periodicals as second to none. The logical development of such a scheme, however, would seem to be to place editors upon a civil service basis at a yearly salary, let us say, of $3,000. It appears unlikely that Mr. Hapgood would approve of such a programme.

I was shocked, however, at the callousness he exhibited toward Mr. Hired Man and his Wife, discharged from the farm of B. L. Siple of Ontario. Mr. Hapgood does not dispose of these two characters, but we must assume that they trudged wearily from farm to farm vainly seeking an opportunity to earn a livelihood at their usual occupations. Eventually their strength must have completely ebbed and mayhap they laid down at the roadside to die. Here their last agonies of death were soothed by the hum of electric wires overhead — wires which presumably hum twice as loud as they do here because electricity is only half as expensive in Ontario. From the standpoint of economics, however, Ontario must be acknowledged as having, even here, an advantage over New York State; for Mr. Hired Man and his Wife might well be considered as having been electrocuted, but at no cost whatever for current.

H. S. SNYDER
New Rochelle, N. Y.

"Backward, Turn Backward . . ."

Any reference to the "old days" is apt to rouse sentimental longings — if one doesn't have to live them again!

Editor of THE FORUM:

Will you kindly allow me to express my appreciation for the communication

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of William B. Fisher in the March number of THE FORUM, entitled "Good Old Days?" I was "fotch up" in the hills of East Tennessee where we also had good old days. I have "toted" "aigs" to the country store and sold them for ten cents a dozen and purchased coffee — sometimes called in that community "scald tongue" — at two pounds for a quarter, and, if there were anything left from the proceeds of my basket, taken the rest in sugar. In winter I have tramped through the snow and hunted "cotton tailed" rabbits, and carried them to the store to sell for five cents apiece, the proceeds going for powder and shot to be used in killing more rabbits. In the joyous summer I have explored the deep hollows of the big woods in quest of "sang" (ginseng) with which to buy fish hooks and sinkers. Of course in the spring time the family needed tonic, and to supply this need I peeled dogwood, yellow poplar, and wild cherry bark in ample sufficiency to steep in blackberry wine or apple brandy to make all the bitters necessary to give us an appetite for hog's jowl and turnip greens. The hill folk to a great extent were their own doctors. In the autumn they gathered the herbs necessary for winter ills. There was boneset for colds, pennyroyal to produce "prespiration," and every family took the precaution to raise at least three strings of red pepper. It is written into law in Tennessee that the head of each family shall be allowed three strings of red pepper and a punger gourd, which shall be exempt from execution for his debts. And be it said to the eternal honor of that state that no reformer has dared to attempt the repeal of that law. To do so would be to commit political suicide. The hill folk are jealous of their rights as well as their gourds and red pepper. Boneset, pennyroyal, bitters, and red pepper may afford homely treatment and some of the devotees of it have lived for a hundred years. Again when I was a boy tobacco was also regarded as a medicine, and a first-class remedy for dyspepsia. Judging from the way it was "chawed," dyspepsia must have been a persistent epidemic among the sturdy yeomanry, for most of them carried a twist of "long green" for frequent emergencies.

When I was a small boy in the harvest field where the men were "cradle-ing" wheat, I once came in direct contact with the business end of an infuriated wasp, and a friend in need quickly said, "Son, let me put a 'chaw' of 'terbacker' on the place where the wasp stung you and you'll soon be all right." Tobacco was good for stings, but it took whiskey for "snake bites." When not engaged in work, or on "wet days" the men gathered at the country store to argue religion, or pitch horse shoes — two great pastimes of the good old days. Religious arguments raged around the question, "Which is the proper way to baptize a man: by immersion or sprinkling?"

Those were days when I heard much about Philip and the eunuch, and was incidentally apprised of the fact that there was much water at Enon. Those were glorious days, and the arguments always continued until the mail carrier arrived on a "star route plug horse" to bring a few letters from John, Pete, and Jake who had moved out West, patent medicine circulars, and garden seed which the Congressman bestowed upon his constituents.

B. CLAY MIDDLETON

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Would Mr. Fisher like to live again amid the joys that he describes so vividly in his remembrances of the "good old days"? If so, he is cordially invited to this Oklahoma farm where he can enjoy to his heart's content — daily baths in wash tubs (you pump the water yourself); coal stoves that have to be refueled every ten minutes; he can go to bed at 8:30 and arise at 4:00 in an icy room. Should he have company he can entertain them with a game of flinch or checkers. If the company likes music he might play a few records on a wheezy old phonograph. Those preferred are "Uncle Josh" and "The Altoona Freight Wreck." Should he happen to fall ill while here, he would be adequately doctored from the medicine chest wherein are kept all the salves and patent medicines on the market. A physician is never called except in case of smallpox or some other atrocious disease. The weekly news sheet would give all the local happenings and the choice scandals and murders of the outside world. It might have a book review once a month by some prominent member of the Ladies

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Missionary Society. (It would probably be one of the novels by Harold Bell Wright.)

I can supply more details should Mr. Fisher contemplate a visit.

FAITH GARTRELL

Tulsa, Okla.

Against the Skyline

A discussion of Mr. Kimball's "Family Tree of the Skyscraper" in the March issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article on skyscrapers by Fiske Kimball forces the casual reader to ask: "Can there be a respectable and distinct architecture evolved from these structures?" So far there has not been. Louis Henry Sullivan's idea of accentuating the steel frame must be nothing better artistically than the curley-kew frosting on a wedding cake in a baker's window, since the steel is of necessity covered with terra cotta, brick, or some other fire resistive material. The basic idea of having the structure express the design can, it is true, be used effectively and honestly in reinforced concrete construction, where the structural members stand "naked and unashamed," but the same cannot be said for the metallic construction used in very tall buildings.

But, even if our architects can find a distinct school of design that conforms to the structural requirements of skyscrapers, their efforts will probably be wasted. To enjoy a work of art, whether it is painting, a violin solo, a sonnet, or a building, one must be able to contemplate it as a unit without undue strain of the faculties. Under modern conditions, this is impossible with skyscrapers. One cannot get far enough away to take one in from top to bottom without straining the muscles of his neck. If a skyscraper were located by itself in the middle of a square mile tract, it might assume some beauty. But, when one can get an uninterrupted view of its entire height only from the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street, one cannot contemplate it with any degree of physical ease, nor can one acquire any sense of its unity. The building becomes one of a clump of façades, and loses whatever doubtful beauty it may have by being placed in an inappropriate frame.

It is true that a few buildings have been blessed by advantageous sites which enable spectators to see them as a whole from a distance. The Tribune Tower, in Chicago, enjoys this distinction, and as a consequence its Gothic design (hardly an architecture born of the structural requirements of tall buildings) can be seen to advantage. But this is a rare exception. In most cases one cannot see the trees because of the forest.

JAMES E. FOSTER

Chicago, Ill.

ODE TO A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

When the Editor writes: "You're a sportsman, I know — "
Which means he is hedging, to soften the blow;
Or — "I'd grieve to announce it: Your place in the sun
Has been grabbed by the yarns other spinners have spun;
But *you'll* come again; I haven't a doubt;
So, the latch-string, as usual, is turned wrong-side out" —

A sportsman you say — and not lured by pelf . . .
Yet how zestless the race whose goal is — the shelf!
Shall a Jiggsian appetite be applesauce-fed? . . .
Then *sportsmanlike* — I'll hurl me this Ode — at — your — head!

HALA JEAN HAMMOND

Muskogee, Okla.

Historical Heroes

Humans or legends?

Editor of THE FORUM:

I enjoyed and agreed with Mr. Muzzey and with all who want to write and teach

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history in as scientific a way as possible, for vital human beings. The truth should be recorded. But that all the truth should be given to young, immature, and unanalytically-minded adolescents is a serious question. There are certain facts concerning the private acts of some of the "Fathers of the Republic" that are not to their credit, but would only be, I think, a detriment in helping to form an estimate of the man as one who should be judged by his *public deeds*. The value of the man in his time, to the issues of his day — not whether he drank or gambled too much — but whether he served his country up to his capacity, and above all whether he was honorable in his dealings with his fellow citizens, are the important questions. Of course, if his private habits entered into his public service to the injury of his public trust, then I should say that might be given to high school children. I feel sure that my idealization of Abraham Lincoln when I was an adolescent was only useful in shaping my sense of the obligation of every citizen to consider citizenship as a public trust. I am not so afraid of idealization of the Fathers of the Republic as I am of the cynicism and too early analysis — or attempt at analysis — of the character of public men by immature young persons.

Let us have history written scientifically and taught by trained teachers who lead children to search for all sides of the matter before them. I fancy if this were so, we would save young people from the evils of prejudice and bias in history writing if the teacher who is the interpreter felt responsible for the students' mental integrity. The personal equation may, after all, upset all the scientific work done by the historian.

I fear I am more troubled over securing teachers with the scientific truth-loving mind than I am over the historian or the legend makers.

Grant, we know, drank all his life until he became President. This I knew from my uncle, Major-General Irvin McDowell, in command on the Pacific Coast at the time Grant returned from his world tour. The men were at West Point together and my uncle knew Grant well, and he told me that a Grant aide said that not a drop of alcoholic liquor passed Grant's lips when he visited the courts of Europe.

Give the adults the truth in history, but do not give children all the truth. Of course, what is more dangerous is a book like *The Poison Loving Cup* or any other showing real bias in writing history.

MARY E. McDOWELL
(*University of Chicago Settlement*)
Chicago, Ill.

Hardy Criticism

Or, as Horatio Alger might have said, "Turning the Tables."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Criticism is valuable only in so far as it is impartial. While your reviewer of Thomas Hardy tries to be fair, he makes some important mistakes. In a careful reading of his article and look at his diagram, which is interesting, one comes to the conclusion that he has little sympathy with the view of life found in Hardy's novels. In discussing *The Woodlanders* he remarks that he is grateful to Hardy for converting him to the love of trees. This is a little window through which we can look and see that Mr. Phelps had to learn a love of nature and appreciation of the exposition of it — which may or may not be thoroughgoing. It seems that an inborn feeling of oneness with nature is the *sine qua non* for a complete understanding of Hardy. Neither is his dismissal of *The Well-Beloved* acceptable. He says that in other hands this novel, or idea, would be a farce. Yet the theme of *The Well-Beloved* is one of the most deeply ingrained characteristics of weak human nature, and as such has been cried aloud many times. Wasn't it Heine who said something like this?

"Who loves a first time is a God
Tho' he should be forsaken.
Who hapless loves a second time
Must for a fool be taken.
And such a fool, who loves without return of love am I —
Sun, moon and stars they laugh at me,
And I laugh too, and die."

The Mayor of Casterbridge is placed below *The Woodlanders*. He remarks that the bad luck is too well planned — ignoring structure, plot, and characters, all superior to *The Woodlanders* people — and here we get another peep through the

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window. In discussing *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, he remembers going to bed for a week after he read it, but does not even get the heroine's name correctly. This is, possibly, a small thing, but is irritating to a real Hardyite. The crowning blow, however, is in the placing of *Jude The Obscure* next to bottom. This is really unbelievable. Overlook the truly supreme achievement of such a book, valuable for its clear presentment of the very question that is now, thirty years later, occupying the "more thinking among mankind," because it is "propaganda"! The scene of poor Jude's death, in itself, raises this work above most of the others. I should place it third in rank, if not second. The reviewer is quite right in calling *The Return of the Native* Hardy's best novel. However, he will find just as much bad luck, or more, in this book as in any of the others.

I wish some mention had been made of the short stories of Thomas Hardy, for surely they deserve notice in as important a review as this. It seems that a reviewer should approach this subject with his shoes wholly off, so to speak — not shuffling along in a half-hearted manner.

ANNA W. SCHLEY

Shepherdstown, W. Va.

The Borden Case

Lizzie's parents must have been devotees of that fascinating game "Axe Me Another."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your correspondent in the May Rostrum objects to the work of the anonymous jingle-maker of 1892 who wrote:

"Lizzie Borden took an ax
And gave her Mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done —
She gave her Father forty-one!"

Your correspondent is evidently a devotee of mathematical accuracy and of *vers libre*. Very well, let him have it so. Here is the poem as he would prefer it, amended in accordance with the report of the autopsies:

"Lizzie Borden took an ax
And gave her Stepmother one wound
in the back, just below the neck,
and eighteen incised and crushing
wounds on the head;
When she saw what she had done, or
at least, an hour and a half to two
hours afterward,
She gave her Father ten incised wounds
on the head and face."

EDMUND PEARSON

New York City, N. Y.

Propaganda and Big Bill

A poet discusses the "annexation" of the United States by Great Britain.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Mayor of Chicago has so bungled his resistance to British propaganda that it is hard for a sober person, even partially, to take his side. It does, however, seem to me that no American can remember the elaborate, insidious, and subversive campaign conducted by Great Britain to involve us in the late War without suspecting that the Bulldog may again, and with equal mischief, assume sheep's clothing. It is not at all to our credit that we could have been so completely hoodwinked; and perhaps when the British have once proved themselves much cleverer than we are, it behooves us at all times to be on guard. Any world traveler is well aware of Great Britain's extraordinarily successful policy of using other peoples to fight her battles, of setting other peoples against one another for her own advantage. Her tricky and successful continuance, moreover, of a selfish imperialistic policy throughout the world cannot help influencing our own State Department and people. Without Britain's suave hypocricies as an example, I doubt if Americans would be tolerating this government's policies among South American republics.

No one more than I desires peace in the world, or realizes the importance toward that end of friendship between the two greatest powers. It is sad, though, to see those two powers encouraging one another in policies which make for anything but peace.

WITTER BYNNER

Santa Fé, N. M.

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Can a Rich Man be Convicted?

"YES," asserted Mr. Arthur Train in the May debate. "NO," vehemently declared Mr. Upton Sinclair. The following letters show what some of the hundreds who expressed themselves believe.

YES

It must be remembered that rich people have far fewer temptations to crime than those whose conditions in life are desolate or desperate. Hence, the percentage of convictions seems to be adverse to the poor and favorable to the rich. What is to be avoided in the discussion of a question and a problem such as this, is the easy expedient of surface judgment.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY
(*Attorney*)
Washington, D. C.

Rich criminals can and will be convicted if the politicians and the people themselves let the prosecuting officers alone; for I am taking the view that, by and large, prosecutions are conducted honestly.

AL. F. WILLIAMS
(*United States Attorney, District of Kansas*)
Topeka, Kans.

You ask me whether the rich man can be convicted of crime. *Of course*, he can. I don't mean by that that it is a simple matter to convict him — but it can be done and frequently is done. Observation has convinced me that it is almost as hard to convict a poor man of crime, provided he has violated some unpopular law. In fact, it is no easy matter to convict anybody in these days of ours, be he rich or poor. It takes a lot of time, a lot of the state's money, and a great deal of patience on the part of the law to hang a murderer to-day, no matter how improverished he may be. Still, I'd sooner be a rich criminal than a poor one.

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
Pinehurst, N. C.

Given the same crime and the same evidence to prove the crime, I believe that there is generally throughout the country to-day a greater probability of conviction of the rich man than of the poor man.

LOUIS H. PORTER
(*Attorney*)
New York City

There is no question in my mind but that rich men, when they are guilty, can and will be convicted by the courts — state and federal — the same as poor men. Notwithstanding the clamors of the socialists, the records show that the courts of our country are still functioning and dispensing justice without fear or favor.

EDWARD J. WHITE
(*Vice-President, Missouri Pacific Railroad*)
St. Louis, Mo.

The suggestion that the rich are immune from conviction of crime is as pertinent as would be a suggestion that the rich are immune from death.

R. L. RUTTER
(*President, Spokane & Eastern Trust Co.*)
Spokane, Wash.

NO

Back of the primitive acts of some criminals is, I believe, a conviction that a poor man must administer justice himself as he conceives it because he believes that the courts and their technicalities are not for such as he. Of course, rich men have been convicted of crime, but I believe it is no exaggeration to say that it is the general opinion of poor people that the crime must be flagrant to bring about a conviction.

LILLIAN D. WALD
(*Henry Street Settlement*)
New York City

In my opinion the rich can be convicted of crime, but not often. Firstly, the rich are not so likely to commit serious crimes; and if they do commit them and are caught, it is quite likely that in many cases — through the power of wealth — they can delay or avoid conviction. The expenditure of large amounts of money acts as a favorable factor to the defendant in many cases. There are, however, cases where the judge and jury may be prejudiced against the wealthy and may convict a rich person where they would perhaps let a poorer person go free.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN
New York City

Rich men can be convicted of crimes — but far too often they escape, owing to the technicalities and delays characteristic of American courts, which work to the advantage of men able to employ able counsel. Fundamentally, American justice is sound and the American people believe profoundly that the law should be enforced equally upon rich and poor. However, the unwarranted technicalities and delays are a disgrace to our country. They are making our courts a farce in the eyes of countries such as Canada and England, where justice is more speedy and more sure.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS
Columbia, Mo.

I am firmly convinced that the rich cannot be convicted. As a matter of fact, there seems to be a certain "honor" connected with the misdemeanors of the wealthy. The greatest argument and the one having the greatest weight in the practical world is "money." If you have a sufficient amount of that kind of "argument" you can do anything — particularly in this country.

ARNO B. LUCKHARDT
(*Department of Physiology, University of Chicago*)
Chicago, Ill.

The rich *can* be convicted of crime, but they aren't. Why they are not, is not so much because of the power of their money, but because there are values that money can buy that money cannot pay for.

JAMES P. WHYTE
Lewisburg, Pa.

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